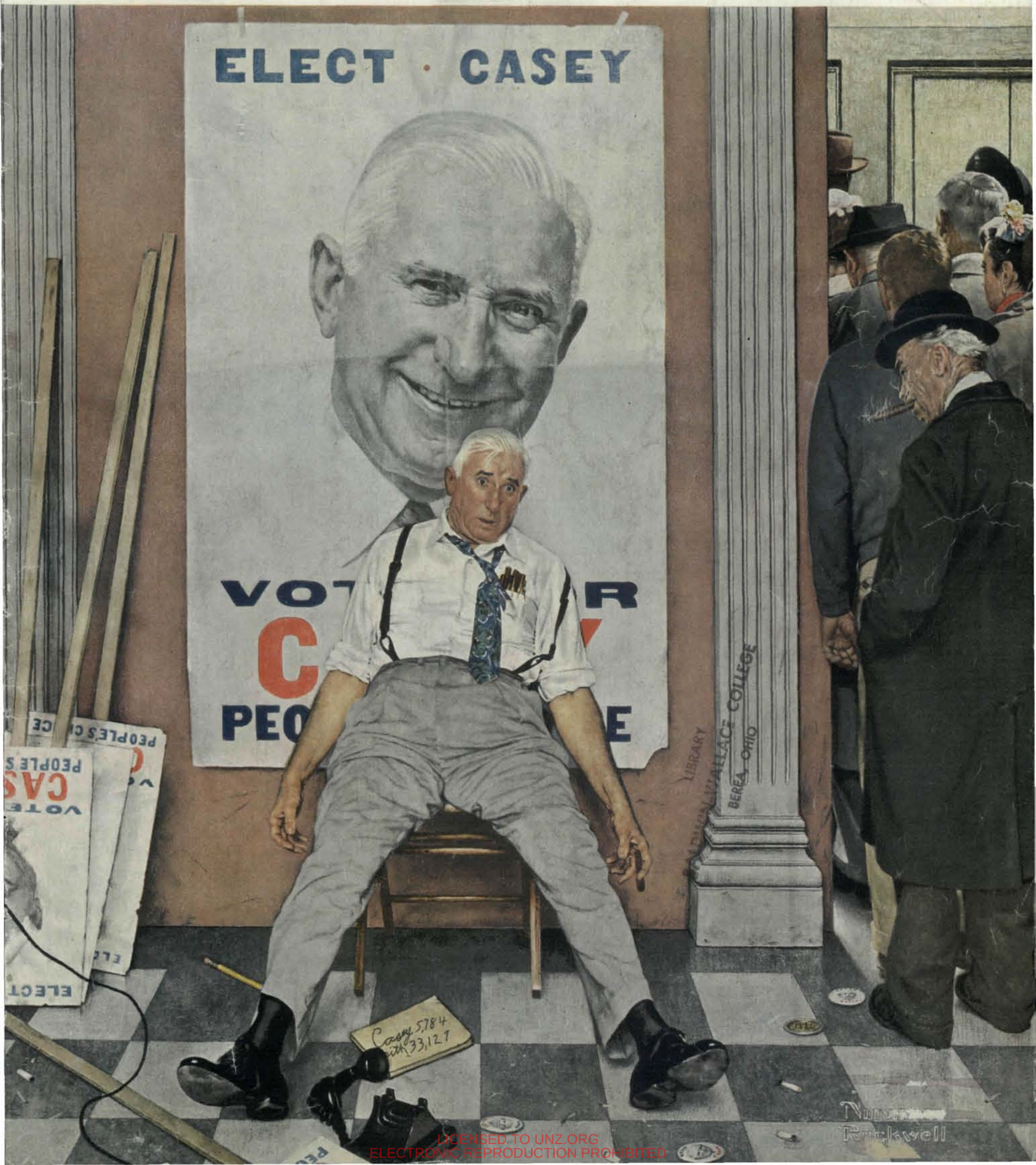
The Saturday Evening
POST
November 8, 1958 – 15¢

NOV 4 '58

Our Own Inside Story
By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

RALPH BELLAMY:
The Man Who Plays FDR



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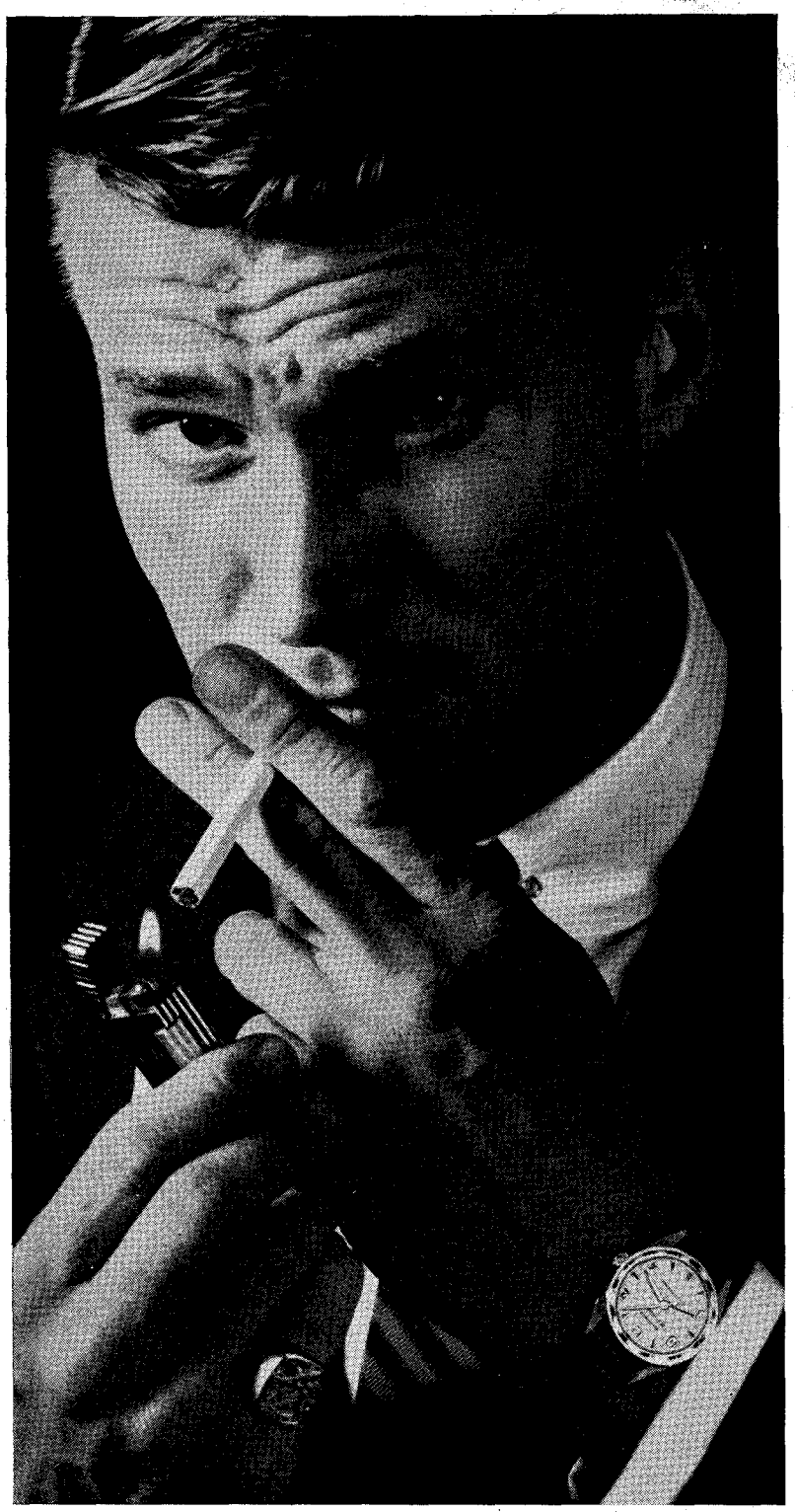

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(looks, brains
and brawn)

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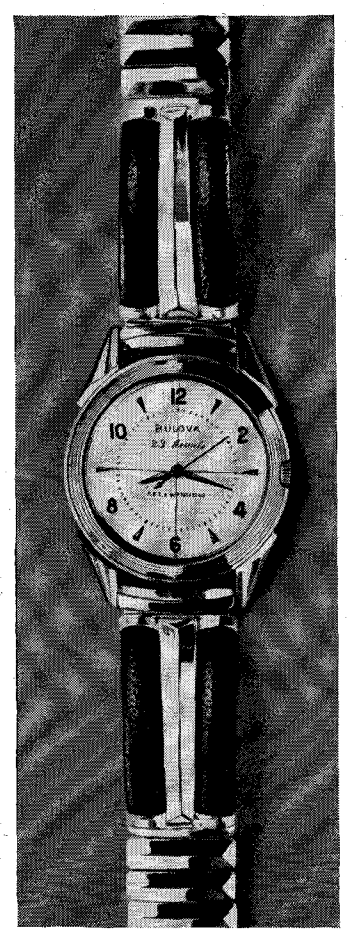

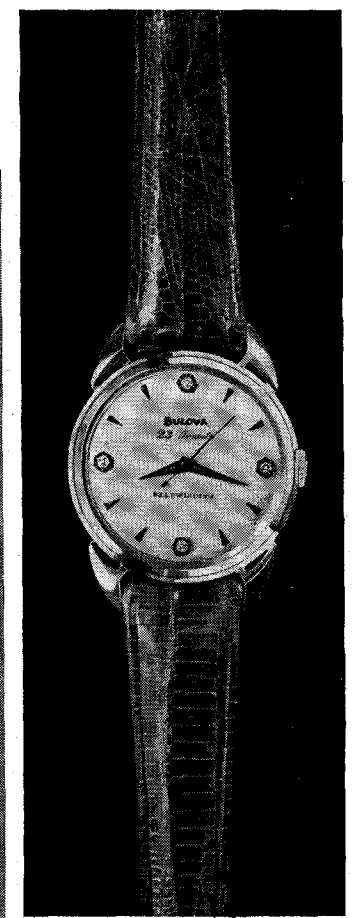

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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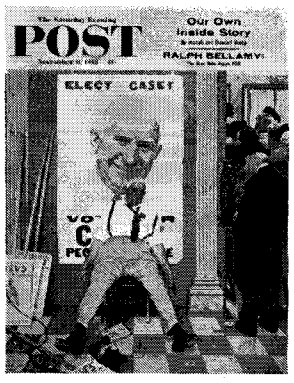

THE COVER

Candidate Casey has had it; the people's choice has not been chosen by the people. While Casey's fair-weather friends drift away, artist Norman Rockwell hastens to say that in real life the delightful chap with the cigar in his mouth (Tom Carey, of Stockbridge, Mass.) is definitely an all-weather friend. Now then, is the candidate's head bloody but unbowed—will Casey rise again? "He'd better, after I did all that posing to get him on the cover," says Bernard T. Casey (Democrat), of Boston. Some years ago Mr. Casey, a telephone-company executive, served eight terms in the state legislature; then he quit running, to concentrate on earning his daily bread. But this natural-born political leader with the winning smile never did quit helping other people run—and win.

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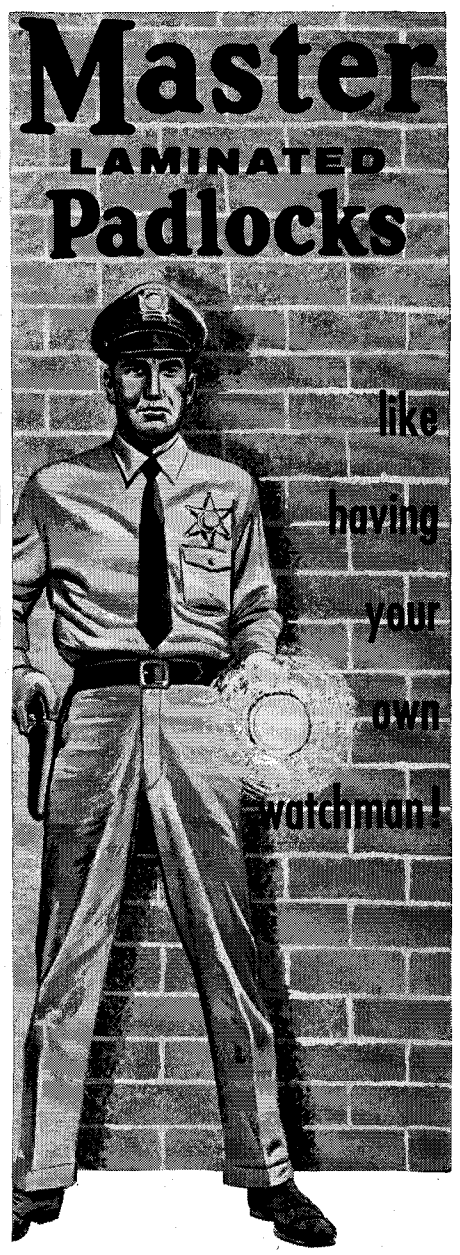

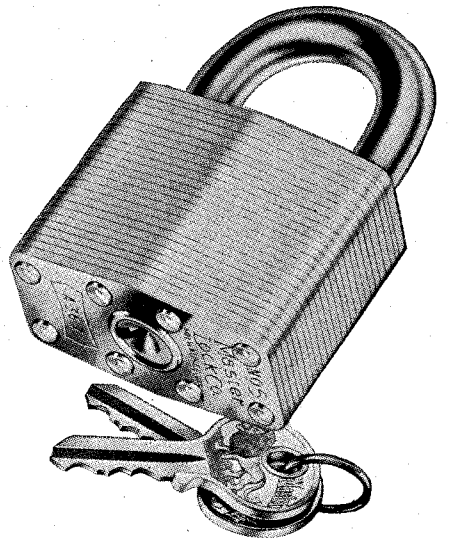

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BAYER ASPIRIN is what millions take, because—

BAYER Brings Fastest Relief

...the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get!

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Letters

Americans Abroad

Dear Sirs:

You are to be commended for carrying such a moving and important story as THE UGLY AMERICAN [by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick, Oct. 4–Nov. 8].

My only hope is that others who read it, see past the action to the warning that lies there.

DOUGLAS SWEETLAND
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Now that you seem so impressed with The Ugly American, I wonder if you shouldn't take a second look at The Quiet American [by Graham Greene] which upset you so a few years ago.

JOHN MCCARTHY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

This is one of a veritable flood of pieces selling America and Americans short.

They're untrue.

I'm sick of them.

Why don't you guys stop being the national conscience?

J. P. RICH
Orangeburg, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Are there not now enough Communists who deride, disparage and belittle our government and our officials?

Must you, in The Ugly American, grossly caricature a Senator of the United States and Ambassador of our country as a contemptible character of the most uncouth and crass vulgarity and of complete stupidity?

I think our Nation deserves better of you than that.

SYLVESTER J. MCATEE
Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

HOW TRUE. CONGRATULATIONS.

CLAUDIO R. ARCE
Hicksville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Accolades to writers Burdick and Lederer. Their book can't miss being a best seller. Thanks, also, to the SEP for giving its readers an opportunity to preview this gripping story and its urgent message.

VIRGINIA H. CONREY
St. Louis, Mo.

● *Ten days after publication, 15,000 copies of The Ugly American had been sold and it was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.* —ED.

The Civil War and Man o' War

Dear Sirs:

The spurning of Man o' War by the British was not an after effect of the Civil War [SO WE COMMEMORATE: The Horse the English Snubbed, by Ivor Mac Ivor, Sept. 27] but rather the result of the Jersey Act passed by the English Jockey Club in 1913, at a time when racing was shut down in the United States, and England threatened with a deluge of American exports to the embarrassment of the native breeding industry. It's a long story, but suffice it to say that no loss of the records of Man o' War's ancestors is connected with it.

This act has since been rescinded and the descendants of Man o' War are welcome to registry in the English Stud Book; in fact, his great-grandson, the 1954 [English] Derby and St. Leger winner, Never Say Die, stands at the British National Stud.

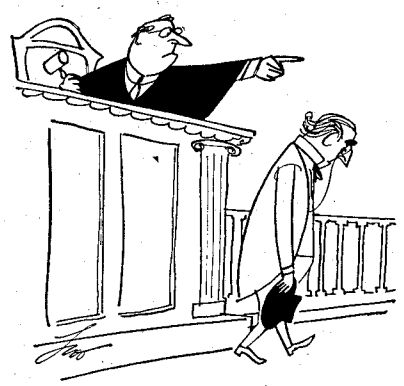
WILLIAM ROBERTSON
Managing Editor
The Thoroughbred Record
Lexington, Ky.

Are Congressmen Facing Extinction?

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial on the failure of the Congress to accept the challenge of the Supreme Court [IS CONGRESS RECONCILED TO BEING CURBED BY THE COURT? Sept. 27] forces one to wonder if possibly Congressmen are not approaching extinction, since they fear offending groups of any kind, large or small, and apparently exist for the sole purpose of being re-elected.

The Congress abdicated its position of leadership to public opinion as we approached the Second World War and has never re-asserted itself. . . .



The Supreme Court has taken advantage of this situation and goes on and on in its merry way, distorting the Constitution and existing laws with only a little whimpering on occasion from the Congress, and it should beware lest the Kings of the Court with their law student Jesters, in their new found spirit of caprice, think of abolishing the whole body for nonfeasance.

PHILIP D. PORTER
Detroit, Mich.

Aku-Aku

Dear Sirs:

I've just finished Thor Heyerdahl's AKU-AKU: The Secret of Easter Island [Sept. 6–27]. This is undoubtedly *the* story of the year. . . . This man is amazing! Every article was fascinating reading.

MRS. DAVID AYERS
Laurel, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Don't give us any more Heyerdahl. He, like Richard Halliburton in The Royal Road to Romance, makes small ordinary things look like perilous adventure. Not all Americans are gullible.

GEORGE TYLER
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

An exceptionally exciting adventure in archaeology.

MRS. C. L. SMITH
Panama City, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

My little "Aku-Aku" kept tugging and pulling at my left pants leg 'till I'm forced to write (Continued on Page 6)

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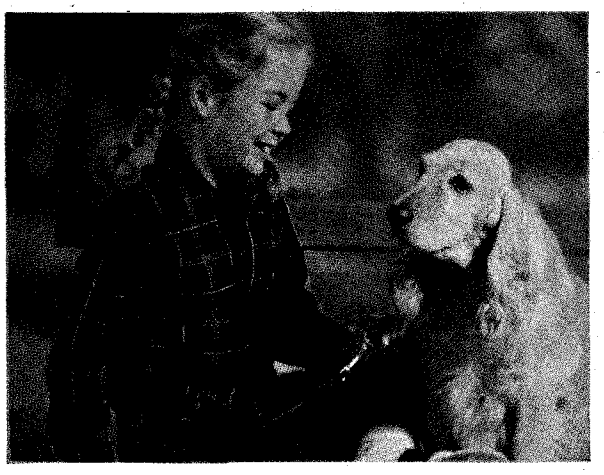
1 . . . is the key for white and colorfast cottons and linens that need hot water and vigorous washing action. Fast spin extracts so much water they'll dry in no time at all.



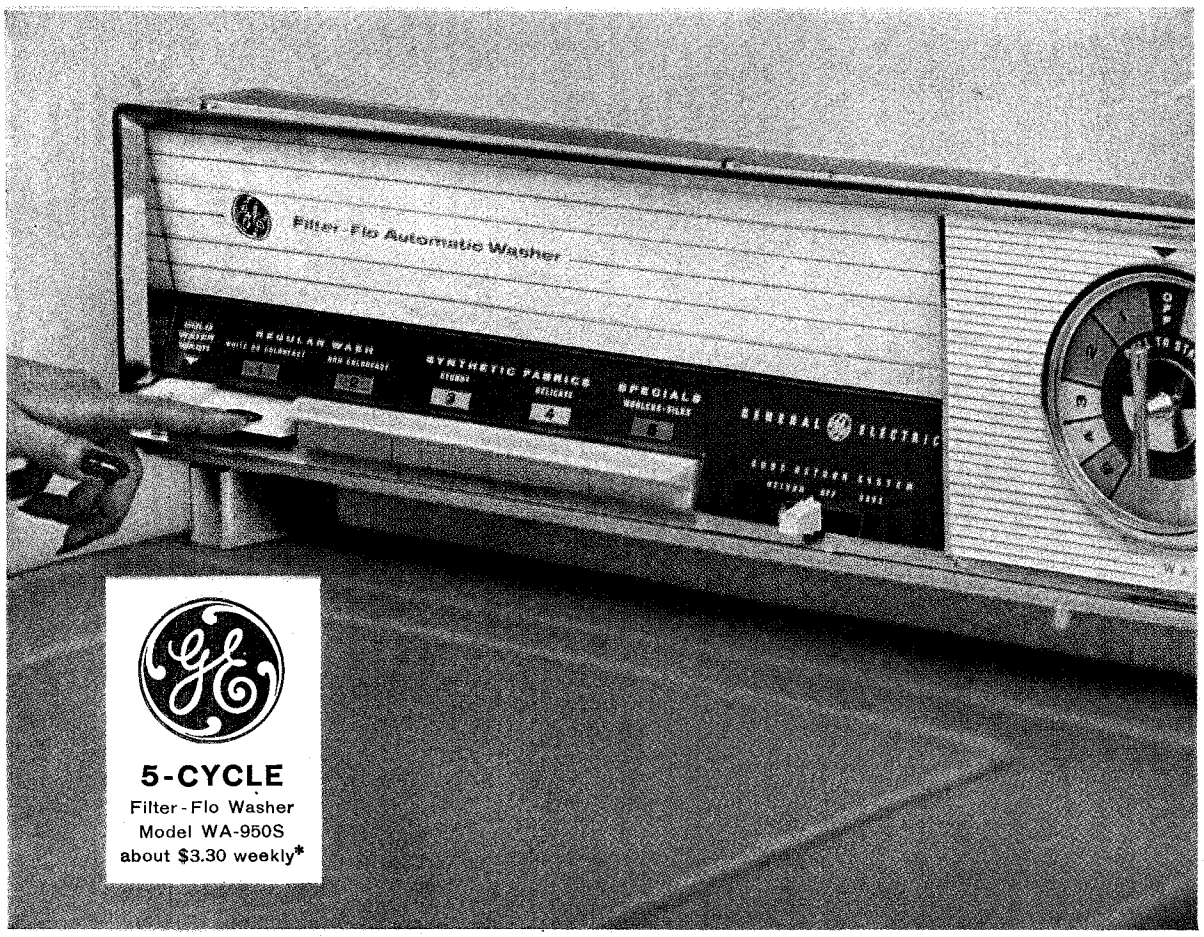
2 . . . is pre-set to give dark or nonfast colors the warm water temperatures and fast spin they need. Brisk activation gets even the grimiest blue jeans clean as a whistle.

3 . . . is for sturdy, well-constructed wash 'n wear clothes of synthetics and blends. Warm wash water, brisk activation get them clean; slow spin prevents deep-set wrinkles.

New as today's fabrics . . . 1959 G-E

5-CYCLE FILTER-FLO® WASHER!

The washer with **5** separate, pre-set cycles to give all your washables custom care . . . automatically!



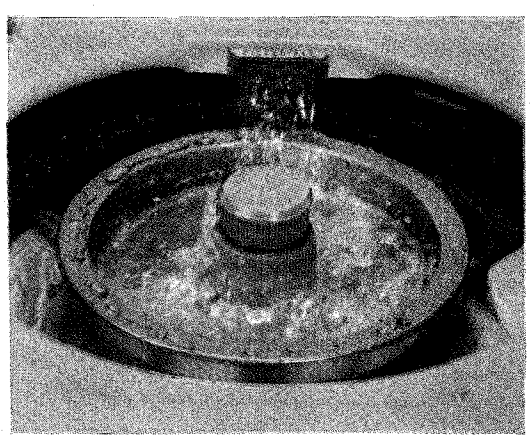
5-CYCLE
Filter-Flo Washer
Model WA-950S
about $3.30 weekly*

4 . . . is for delicates . . . those fragile wash 'n wear clothes you've been washing by hand. They're washed gently in warm water; a slow spin protects sheer fabrics, seams and trim.

5 . . . is for "specials." Slow wash speed in warm water is kind to woolens—won't "pill" blankets or sweaters. Fast spin speed gets out the extra water that woolens absorb.

You just touch one key—turn the dial to the matching number! And that's *all* you do to get just-right washing care for your every-week laundering . . . or those once-in-a-while loads. This wonderful new General Electric 5-Cycle Filter-Flo Washer has an *automatic cycle* to fit *all* your washing needs!

NO LINT FUZZ! Famous Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans wash and rinse waters constantly to give you cleaner clothes. And this filter is *dependable*—can't clog or impede water flow! Empties without brushing. A handy detergent dispenser, too.



OTHER FEATURES: Big capacity; Cold Water Wash; Rinse Dispenser; Suds Return (optional); General Electric Written Warranty; choice of colors or white. At your G-E dealer's now, with matching dryer.

*After small down payment. See your G-E dealer for his prices and liberal terms. *Buy now for extra values!* General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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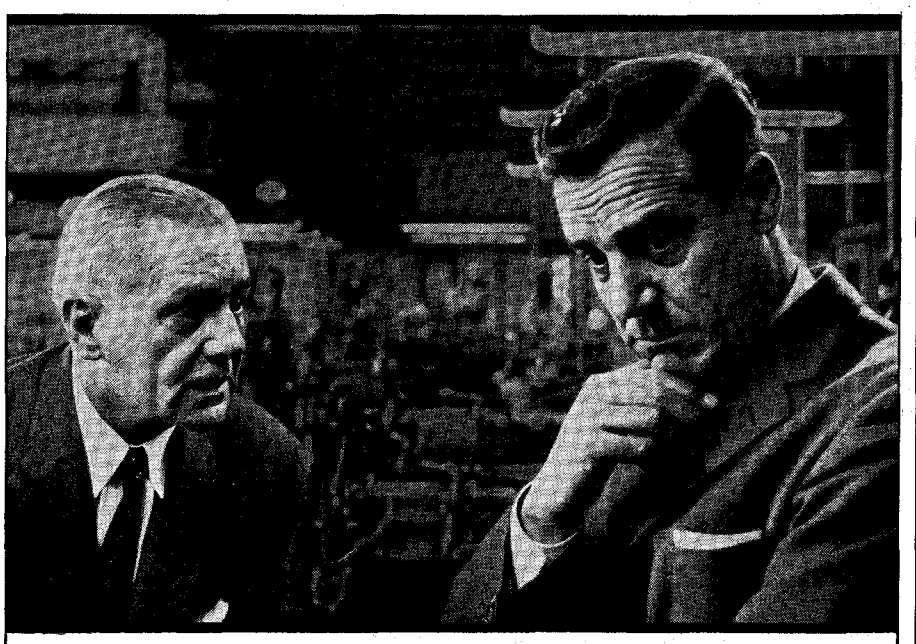
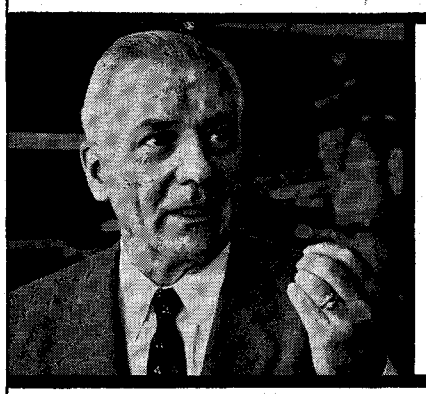


How Do You Know Your Business Is Really Covered by Adequate Insurance?



You don't—unless you insure through an independent insurance agent.

Here's why:

No Single Insurance Company Offers Every Type of Business Insurance.

If you buy insurance directly from an insurance company, it's likely you will hear only about the policy or policies that company offers. But if you insure your business through an independent insurance agent, here's what happens: 1. He personally surveys your plant or working site. 2. He suggests ways you may be able to reduce the premiums you pay. 3. He determines your insurance needs. 4. He chooses for you the best insurance for your business out of hundreds of policies offered by different, competing insurance companies.

You can be sure your business has adequate insurance coverage when you insure through an independent insurance agent.
So, look for this seal before you buy insurance. Only an independent insurance agent can display it.

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF INSURANCE AGENTS, INC.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

and tell you how much I enjoyed my trip with you to Easter Island. It was truly wonderful!

EDGAR R. JURICA
Woodsboro, Texas

Dear Sirs:
Let's have more by Thor.

MRS. GENEVIEVE MITCHELL
Gloversville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
While I enjoyed Mr. Heyerdahl's, "Aku-Aku" very much, I wonder if it has occurred to him or anyone else that, in his zeal to give these treasures to the world, he hoodwinked the natives into giving up cherished family possessions?

I wonder how many of us would give up great-great-grandmother's prize vase to a stranger with a fast tongue and a piece of cloth?

Shades of the American Indian and some glass beads!

MRS. MARIAN SPRINGER
Columbus, Ohio

Modern Churches

Dear Sirs:
I was impressed by the article THE CHURCHES GO MODERN, by Pietro Belluschi, in the Post of Oct. 4. It poses interesting and vital questions. . . .

I like the traditional architectural designs for churches. However, considering the ultimate in desire, the edifice where a searching people find God, regardless of architectural form, is the thing that will count. If He is found in the modern churches described in the Belluschi article, well and good, but on the other hand, if a modern trend adds to the ever present danger of secularism, then it would be better if we steered away from it.

EDGAR RAY PRICKETT
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:
Should the church cause divisions within itself by extremism in art and thus set back its true purpose on earth?

Modernistic art is very controversial, even among artists, and the churches should be very cautious in this area.

C. B. NORRIS
Phoenix, Ariz.

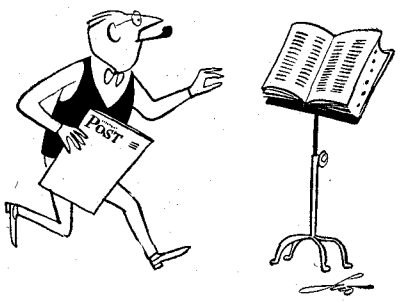
Dear Sirs:
We need more old-fashioned Christians and less modern churches.

D. L. DAVIS
East Liverpool, Ohio

Words, Words, Words . . .

Dear Sirs:
Was Jean Stafford [THE RELUCTANT GAMBLER, Oct. 4] preparing a dictionary quiz for the average reader?

Apocryphal, auroral, beldam, cachet, cicerone, ebullient, effluvium, enervated, euphoria, flaccid, fungoid, gazebos, gregarious, ha has, incommensurable, lugubrious, malaise, miasma, multitudinous, nubbly, palpable, paradoxical, pleas-



ances, puce, resilient, sanguine, septuagenarians, spinneys, sporadic, venality, wattled, and all those foreign phrases too.

Oh, yes, I knew some of them. I was so busy reading words, I forgot the story.

AGNES O'CONNOR
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:
Jean Stafford's story . . . was a gem of careful writing—and, dictionary by my side, I added richly to my vocabulary—with words like "wattled," "cicerone," "puce," "pleasances," "ha-has" and "gazebos" and "spinneys," and "schipperkes," and "beldam." How many other readers had to look them up, too?

MRS. ARNOLD STEELE
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:
Ye Gods, what's the gal shootin' at? Shakespeare had a vocabulary of 400 words.

Arise, readers. You have nothing to lose but your ignorance.

PLATTE OVERTON
Milwaukee, Wisc.

● *Shakespeare's Globe Theatre audiences accepted, without batting an eye, such words as robustious, videlicet, prolixious, callet, fustilarian, etc. His vocabulary has been estimated between 15,000 and 25,000 words.* —ED.

New Citizen

Dear Sirs:
Beverly Smith, Jr.'s story THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS COUNTRY [Oct. 4] hit me hard—it is poignant—moving—tore my heart! Perhaps it will make some of our too smug Americans know what they have and what they should be grateful for.

ARTHUR WILLIAM ROW
East Islip, Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
Was it just a coincidence that the story of the Marinaros and their happy association with Robert Buell and other "beautiful" Americans appeared in the same issue, back to back, with the first installment of "The Ugly American"?

ETHEL SCHOTTMAN
Oklahoma City, Okla.

● *Perhaps.*—ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:
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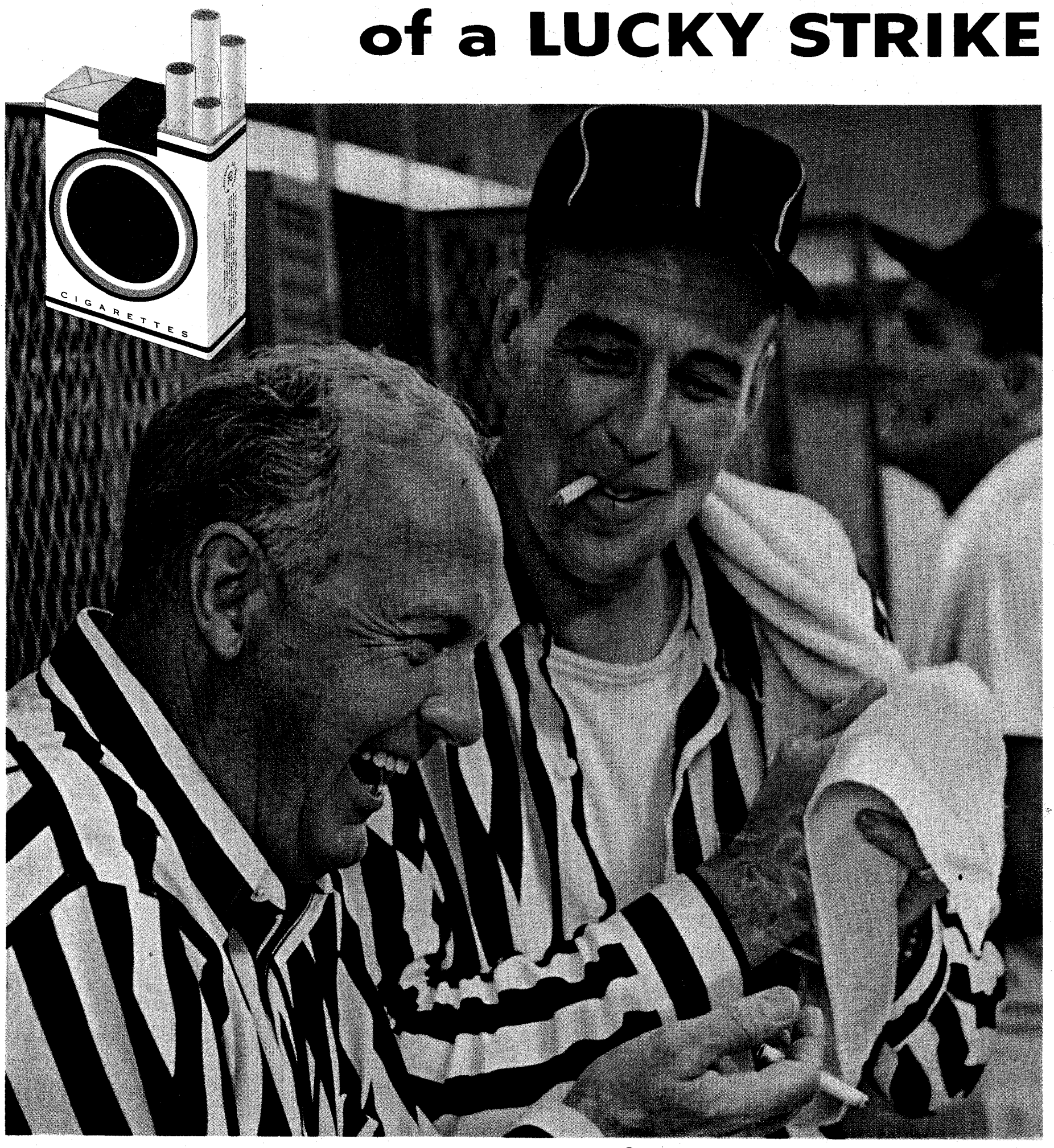
Plenty of brands talk taste. Lucky Strike delivers it: the unforgettable taste of fine, golden tobacco. Next time: **get the genuine article . . .**

Get the honest taste of a LUCKY STRIKE



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Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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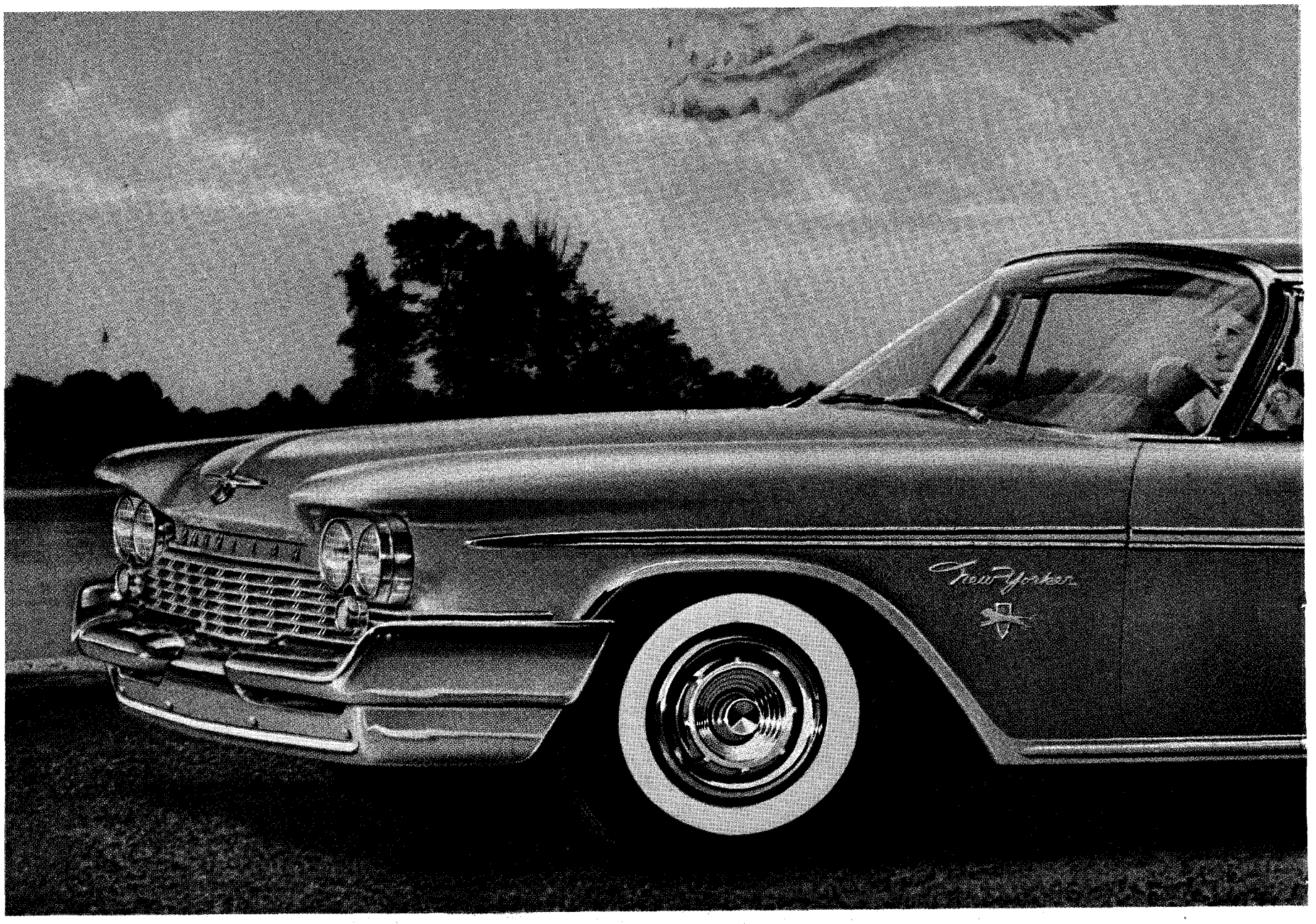

Presenting . . .

NEW CHRYSLER '59

the lion-hearted car that's every inch a new adventure

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In the style that set the standard for an industry: Chrysler New Yorker 4-door hardtop in Lustre-Bond metallic Light Ruby

Your new setting for adventure... Chrysler '59. It's every inch a new and different car!

From regal grille to channeled roof to gently rising fins there's newness in every line. This Chrysler's mood is motion!

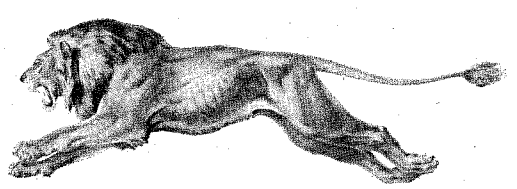
Answer that impulse to get in and go. Chrysler's Swivel Seat, available in '59, ushers you inside. Around you, exciting fabrics, generous head and legroom, wide tempered safety glass windows.

You feel new excitement grow at your fingertips as Chrysler's all-new Golden Lion engine murmurs its might. This swift and efficient engine puts out more power per pound, more torque per pound, than any Chrysler engine in history! It eats up the miles . . . eases up on gas.

Now, just push a button and give this lion-hearted new beauty its head!

Snarling town traffic is easily tamed in this cat-quick Chrysler. But a highway really highlights its virtues. Newly available True-Level Torsion-Aire suspension easily banishes bumps. Auto-Pilot, Chrysler's optional drive assist, warns if you go too fast . . . holds your speed . . . lets your right foot rest.

Yes, driving's adventurous again! Your Chrysler dealer has 15 new models in a wide price range. Drive one soon.



LION-HEARTED

CHRYSLER '59

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Editorials

Crop Controls Loom as Tyranny in Modern Dress

By CHARLES W. WHITE

In various parts of the country, farmers are getting into serious trouble with the United States Government because they don't believe in crop supports and controls and don't like the idea of Agricultural Stabilization committees, or anybody else, telling them how they must run their farms. These dissenters refuse to accept Government crop payments of any kind and don't vote in Agriculture Department referendums. Fines have been levied against several wheat farmers who, the committees say, have exceeded their allotments.

Until lately, the embattled individual farmers, who remind one of their ancestors who stood up against the redcoats at Lexington, haven't done very well in Federal courts. They've suffered some tough judgments and property seizures. But they keep right on resisting, and there are signs not only that the courts are beginning to relent but that Congress itself may take remedial action at its next session.

An example is the case of Stanley Yankus, Jr., twenty-one-year-old farmer near Dowagiac, Michigan, whose case was described last summer by George Mellon, reporter for the Wall Street Journal, after on-the-scene investigation. Yankus, a poultry-and-egg farmer, was fined $900 by his regional Agricultural Stabilization committee for growing thirty-eight acres of wheat instead of the twelve acres assigned him by A.S.C. The quota had been imposed as a result of a wheat referendum in which farmers of Cass County had voted for acreage controls and subsidies. Yankus wasn't eligible to vote in the referendum, because his allotment was twelve acres and you have to be allotted fifteen acres to qualify as a voter. This looks like a new switch on taxation without representation.

Wheat farmers say this automatically excludes a majority who grow small acreages for use on their own farms. Some of them, like Samuel Blinn, near Marion, Indiana, insist this method is used by stabilization committees and their pro-government friends to crack down on opponents. Mr. Blinn was fined $478.51, and said let 'em come, he wouldn't pay it. Government agents came with a vengeance, however, in the Yankus case. They got a Federal judgment for $3848 against him, based on A.S.C. fines, and seized his bank account. He has since been forced to sell more than 1000 of his flock of 6000 chickens, reducing his egg income substantially. He's still fighting the allotment setup, nevertheless. "I know I'd be better off if I went along. I'm just trying to get more Americans to help in this fight to save freedom," Farmer Yankus says.

A similar case is that of Ethan Stangland, fifty-six-year-old Indiana farmer who, after losing the use of two tractors most of the summer on an A.S.C. claim of $394.24 for growing thirty acres of wheat when he was allowed only fourteen, got the Government's execution quashed by Federal Judge Robert A. Grant, on technical grounds that the Department of Justice hadn't allowed him credit for $9.27 which they'd seized from his bank account in addition to the tractors. Despite protests of Hoosier newspapers and citizens, the Government went after Mr. Stangland again. Their claim against him has grown to more than $600. Once again they levied on one of his tractors worth about $1000. "My intention is never to give up the fight," he says. "As un-American as this is, we can't give up."

Mr. Stangland has accepted no money from Uncle Sam. All the wheat he grew "illegally" was used on his own place. Just how illegal this was, however, came into question in September when a Federal judge in Dallas, Texas, J. Whitfield Davidson, declared Congress has no authority "to tell the farmer what to plant, what to eat, what to do or how to work." Judge Davidson denied an A.S.C. claim and fine of $506.11 against two wheat farmers.

When one considers that Secretary of Agriculture Benson himself, backed up by the Eisenhower Administration, is opposed to rigid crop controls, allotments and subsidies; and when one remembers that in nearly all of these cases American farmers have resisted on principle, rather than for financial reasons, it looks as though the whole subject needs early review.

The least the Department of Agriculture could do immediately would be to change the referendum system and quit trying to collect those A.S.C. fines. The whole system is based on the New Dealish Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938. Congress could settle the matter once for all by repealing or revising the act. So far as independent-minded United States farmers are concerned, particularly wheat growers, the present system doesn't seem to work, anyway.

Armistice Day Needs More of the Patriotic Zeal of its 1918 Beginning

So much has happened since eleven A.M. on November 11, 1918, that many Americans have forgotten that Armistice Day, which is celebrated next Tuesday, was not originally proclaimed as a day in which to commemorate the dead who served in all American wars, or as an occasion to deplore war in general and plump for peace whatever the cost. On the contrary, Armistice Day began as a joyous, hysterical and in many places riotous shout of relief from all over the allied world, because one particular war was over. In Tennessee they call November eleventh "Victory Day," which is closer to the original idea. The hideous four-year slaughter was over.

The victory, which was to have made the world "safe for democracy" and, in the view of even more imaginative individuals, to have made war forever impossible, has been disappointing. The brains of the statesmen did not equal the sacrificial effort of the men in the trenches, in the air, and on the sea who had made the victory possible. For the moment, all that mattered was that we had "tied a can to the Kaiser," and at long last the boys could come home.

All this was forty years ago, and the men who fought in that war are nearing their sixties or well into them. Younger people see them occasionally in convention assembled, driving around town in small locomotives or boxcars labeled "quarante hommes, ou huit chevaux"—the big gag of World War I. But the cause for which they fought and won is pretty well obscured by two later wars, one of which we described as a "police action," and a bewildering series of crises imposed on us by our ex-allies, the Communists. Nevertheless, the victory of 1918 was an important milestone in the history of the United States. For good or ill—but certainly inevitably—it precipitated this country into the stream of world affairs from which "disengagement," as isolationism is now described in "liberal" circles, is impossible.

Anyway, the finales of World War II and the affair in Korea were greeted by no such delirium as shook America twice in November, 1918—first on November eighth, when a false news flash that an armistice had been signed started mass demonstrations from coast to coast; and again on November eleventh, when the official sign went up, and the fighting was really over. In 1945, the joy that greeted the end of the fighting in Europe and Asia was tainted by the suspicion that this was where we came in, that war was more likely to become routine than to be abolished forever. By the time the Korean armistice came along, the relief, while intense among the men in the service and their families, hardly produced a firecracker or a hangover, "stateside."

Now 15,000 marines are sent off to Lebanon with hardly a ripple of public excitement. Perhaps that is what happens when a nation becomes a "world power" loaded down with global responsibilities. Nevertheless on November eleventh, it is fitting to wonder whether world leadership can long succeed without some of the patriotic fervor which sent 2,000,000 Americans into a war overseas, and the bedlam of joy which welcomed them back.

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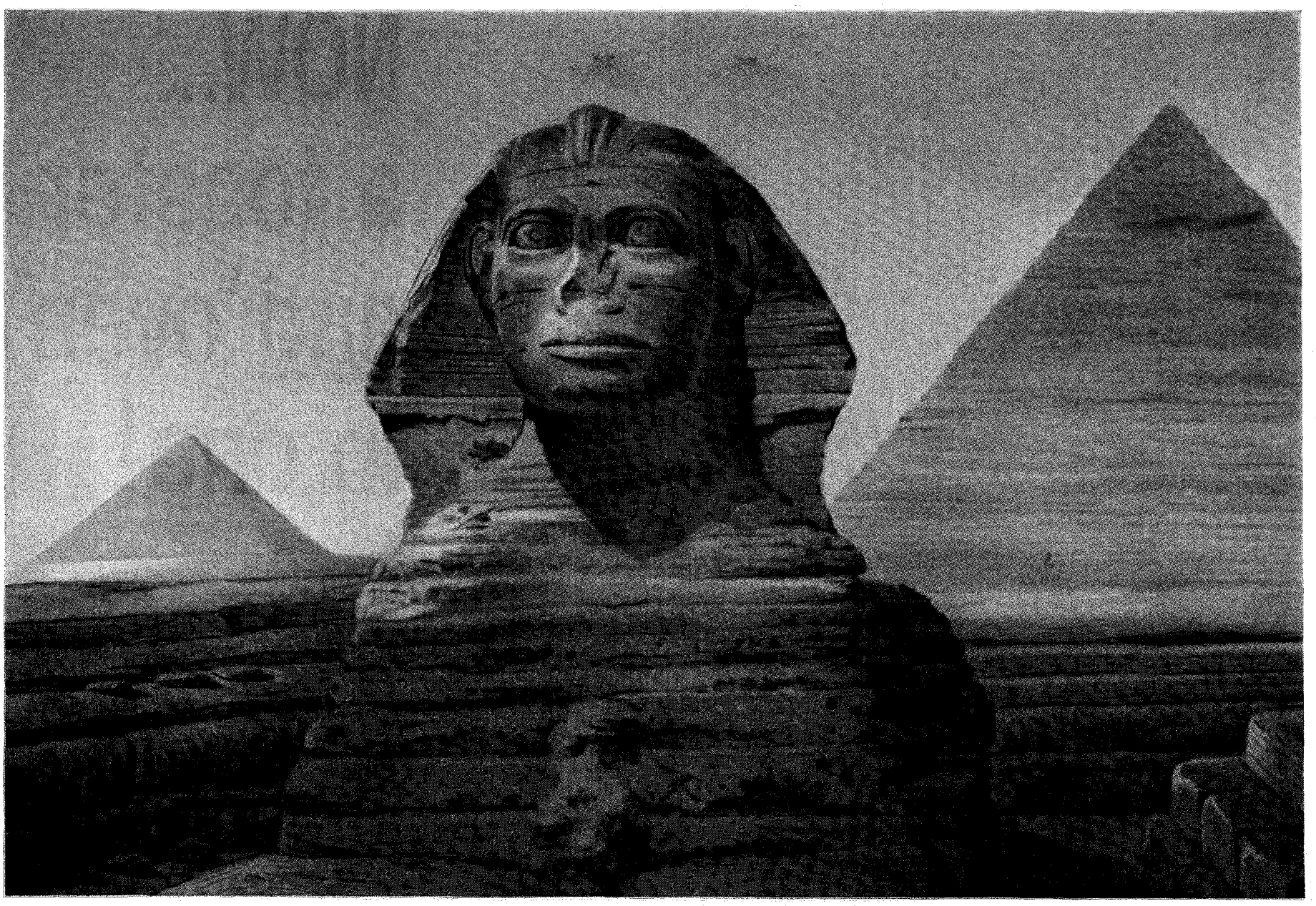

Why is ARTHRITIS called "the Sphinx of diseases"?

ARTHRITIS . . . the oldest disease of which we have evidence . . . has been likened to the ancient Sphinx. For arthritis, no less than the Sphinx, is still strange and mysterious in many ways.

For example, the *exact* cause of some types of arthritis remains unknown. Nor do doctors fully understand why it sometimes flares up in certain patients and smoulders or develops gradually in others . . . why treatment beneficial for one victim may not help another . . . why rheumatoid arthritis strikes women three times as often as men.

Despite such mysteries, the outlook for those who have arthritis has never been so good as it is today. When proper treatment is started early . . . or before the affected body joints have been severely damaged . . . there is great likelihood of lasting relief and marked improvement.

Proper treatment for arthritis and other rheumatic diseases . . . affecting about eleven million Americans 14 years of age and older . . . must be based on the needs of the *individual* patient.

This is because arthritis occurs in *many* forms, each of which requires special management. Yet, many people brush aside treatment prescribed by their doctors to seek some cure promising quick and complete recovery. *There is no such thing.*

At least 50 different forms of arthritis are known to medical science. But only two of the forms together make up more than seventy percent of all rheumatic complaints. These are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis.*

Osteoarthritis, or degenerative joint disease, begins as a rule in the thirties or forties as part of the process of aging. It usually attacks joints that undergo greatest wear and tear.

Osteoarthritis is usually mild . . . more of a nuisance than a real disability. Under proper medical care, a great deal can be done to lessen discomfort and reduce further damage to joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis may be more serious. Though it involves the joints, it also affects the entire body. Moreover, it strikes in the prime of life, generally between the ages of 20 and 50.

If neglected, rheumatoid arthritis can cause severe crippling. But when it is diagnosed early and treatment is faithfully followed, many patients can be spared disability and helped considerably.

Even if the disease does not yield to treatment, rehabilitation can often help a badly handicapped individual continue a useful life.

If your joints become sore, stiff, painful or swollen, consult your doctor . . . and always avoid self-treatment. The sooner you seek his help, the better your chances to head off trouble.

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THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

a booklet

Millions of people in the United States and Canada suffer the aches and pains of arthritis. Fortunately, many of them have only mild discomfort, sometimes

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet "*Arthritis,*" 11-58-E.

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NOW... a toaster and "oven" in one!

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC TOAST-R-OVEN* HAS A **PLUS**...AN "OVEN" THAT KEEPS TOAST WARM, TOASTS MUFFINS AND SANDWICHES!

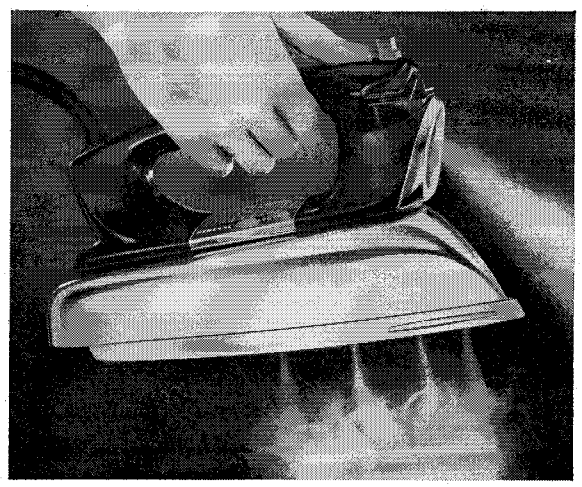
Do just about all your toasting and warming jobs, right at the table!

"Upstairs," set the dial and you get toast to your exact taste. Toast pops up extra-high.

"Downstairs," you heat buns, rolls . . . toast cheese sandwiches, garlic bread and more! It's the newest, most practical idea in toasters!

See the General Electric Toast-R-Oven at your dealer's! General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

There's always a PLUS in General Electric!



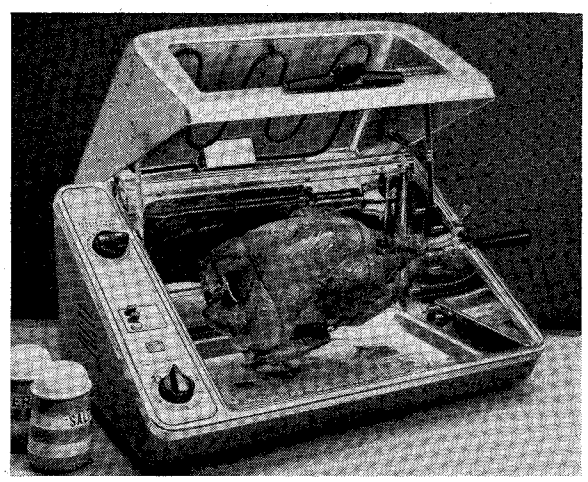
It's a steam and dry iron!
PLUS a built-in sprinkler, too!

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron sprinkles as you iron! Erases stubborn wrinkles in a jiffy—gives you knife-like creases, makes all ironing easier. Switches instantly to steam or to dry.

**Trade-mark of General Electric Company*

Brews delicious coffee!
PLUS shows how many cups are left!

New General Electric Peek•A•Brew* Coffee Maker is *first* with a built-in level that shows at a glance how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it*.



It's a rotisserie!
PLUS it's a second oven, too!

New General Electric Rotisserie Oven gives you the accuracy of a fine range oven! Rotisserizes, roasts, broils, bakes like a *second oven*. Exclusive new tilt-top design for easy access, easy cleaning.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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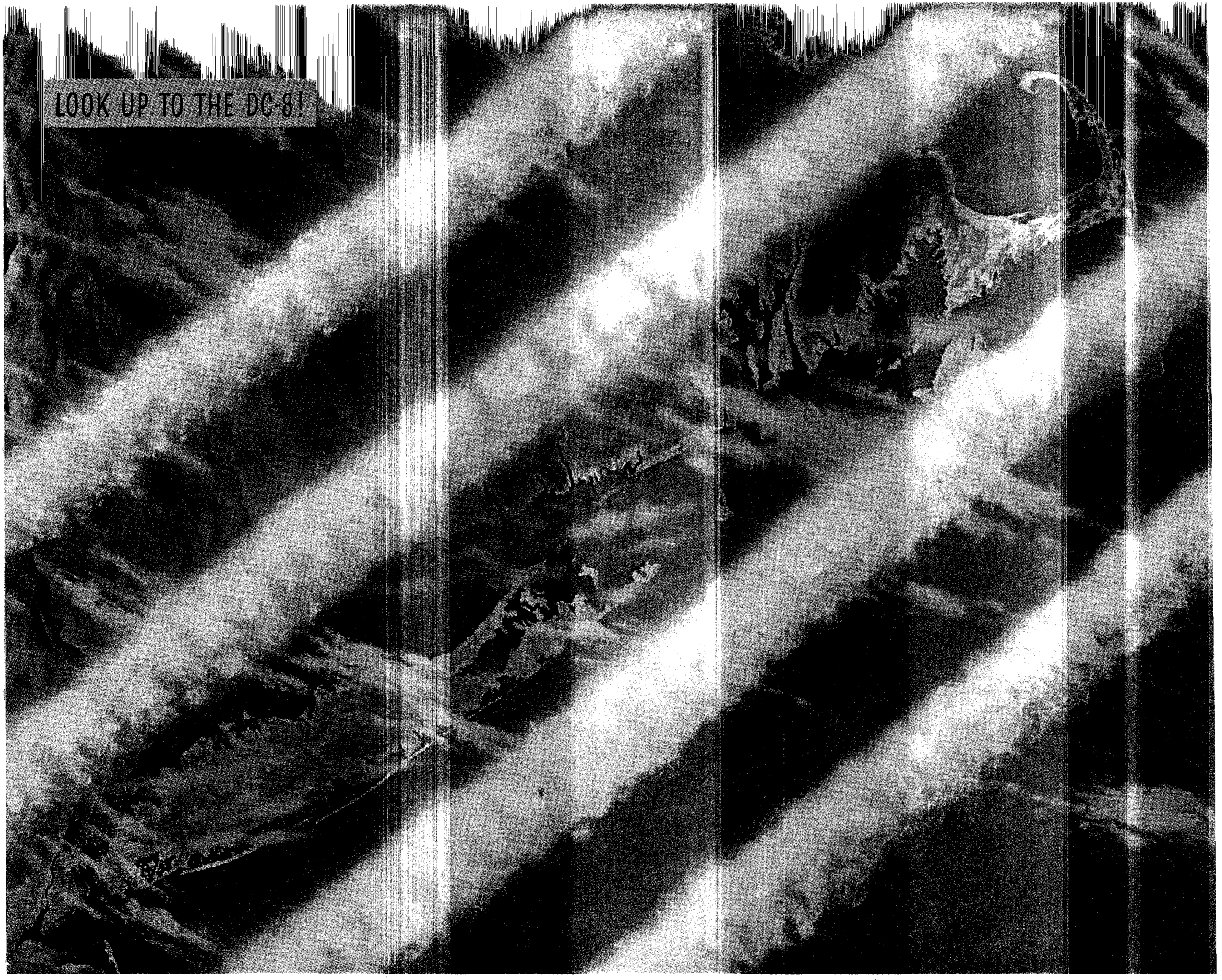


The DC-8, now flying, will add new horizons to your life

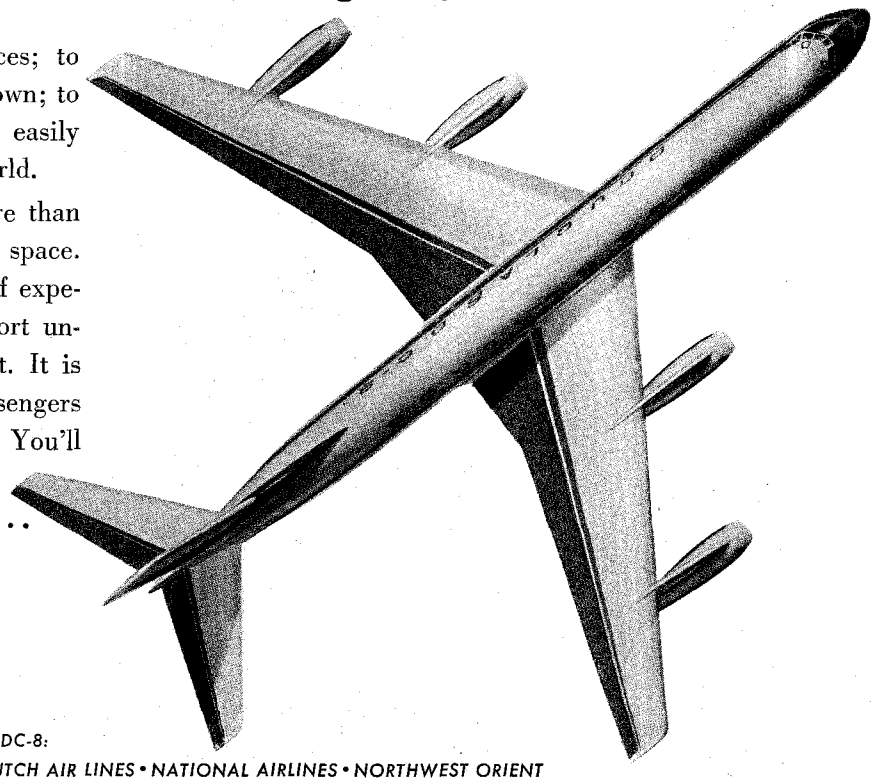
The DC-8 makes history...and remakes geography!

On the wings of the Douglas DC-8, world's most advanced jetliner, will come a new concept of geography almost as startling as the first knowledge that the earth was round.

With its scorn for the boundaries of hours and distance, the DC-8 will make the people of all other nations practically your next-door neighbors.

This new-found opportunity to meet people of other ways and other environments will enrich your life manyfold. It will allow you and your family to broaden your human experiences; to unfold cultures other than your own; to conduct your business affairs easily face-to-face anywhere in the world.

But the DC-8 offers you more than the wider horizons of time and space. It brings you a family history of experience, dependability and comfort unmatched in the annals of flight. It is this *and more* which makes passengers and pilots look up to Douglas. You'll sense it all when you take your first fabulous flight in the . . .



DOUGLAS DC-8 JETLINER

Built by the most respected name in aviation

These famous air lines already have purchased the DC-8:

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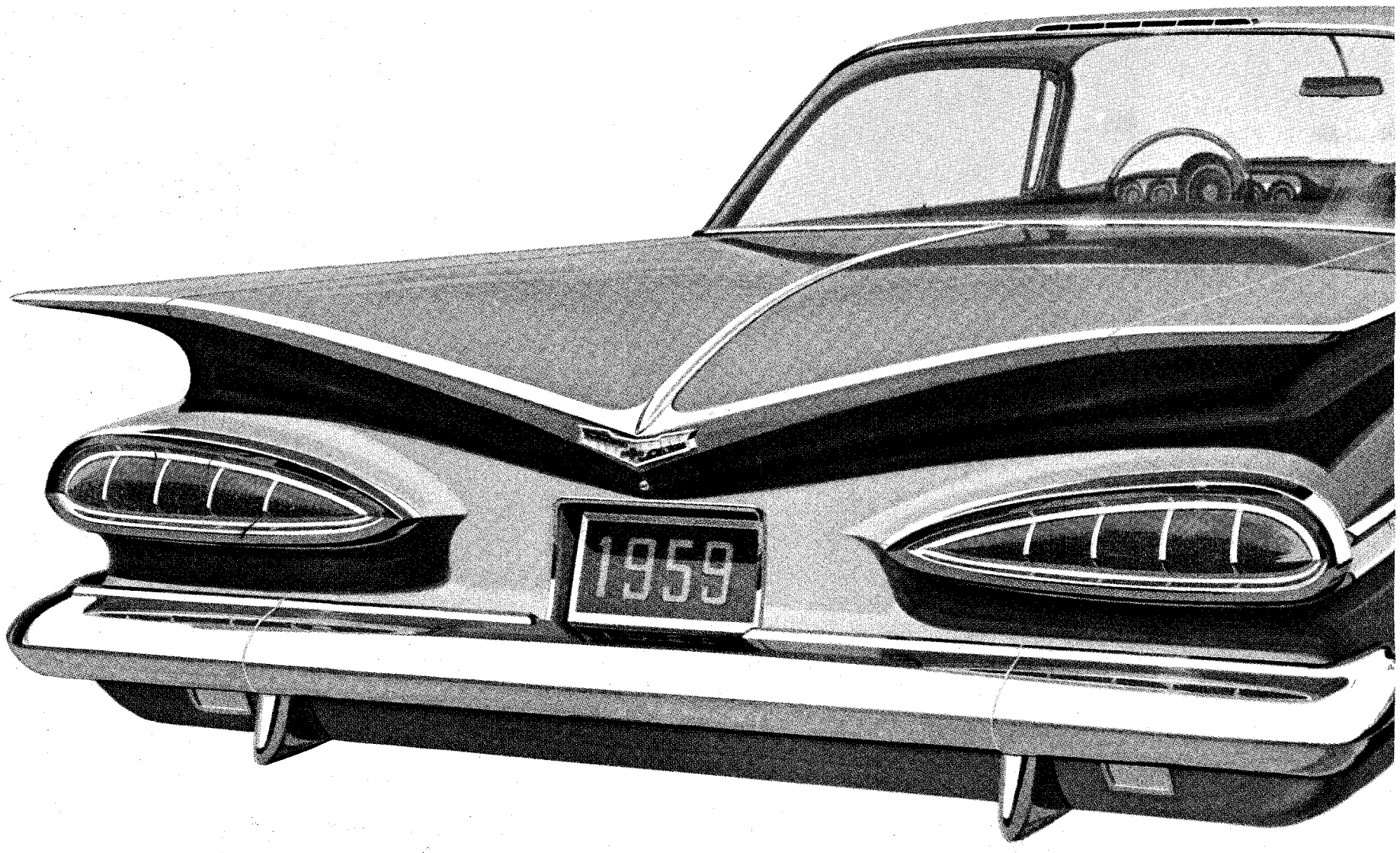
NOTHING'S NEW



From the winging shape of its saucy rear deck to the simple elegance of its grille, this car shows you it's new in a decidedly different way. You get more of what you want—more spacious interiors, vast new areas of visibility, bigger brakes for safer stops, a longer lasting finish, a new Hi-Thrift 6, new handling and riding ease. And you get all the solid virtues of economy and practicality you've come to expect in a Chevy.

One look at this '59 Chevrolet tells you here's a car with a whole new slant on driving. You see the transformation in its low-set headlights, the overhead curve of its windshield, the sheen of its Magic-Mirror finish—a new acrylic lacquer that practically does away with waxing and polishing.

But to discover all that's fresh and fine you must relax in Chevy's wider seats (up to 4.2 inches more room in front, 3.3 inches in back), feel the loungelike comfort of its new interior (with durable, color-key upholstery that now extends snug to t windows), experience the hushed tra quillity of its new kind of ride (offering choice of improved Full Coil or gentle than-ever Level Air suspension*).

Once on the road you'll also find su basic benefits as bigger, better cool Safety-Master brakes that last more th 50% longer, a solidly built Body by Fish that reduces road noise, new easy rat

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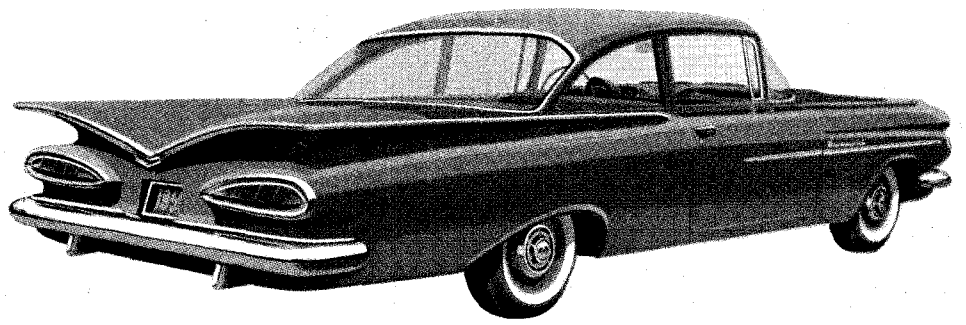
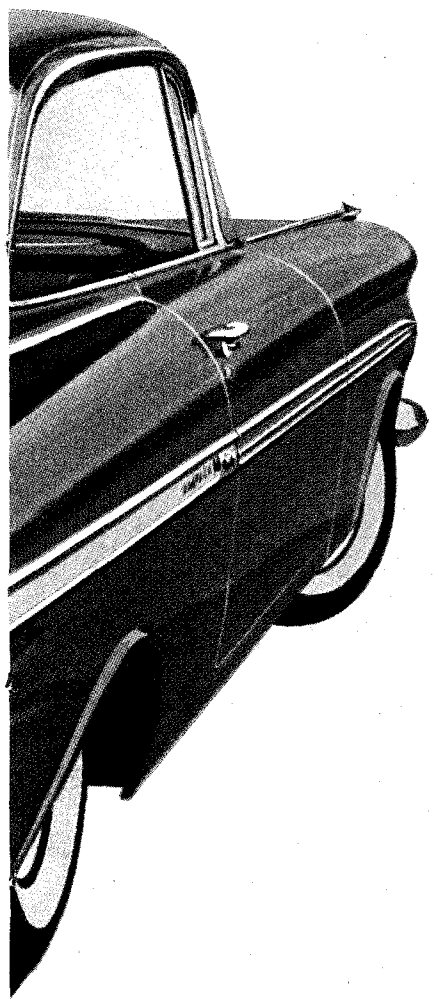
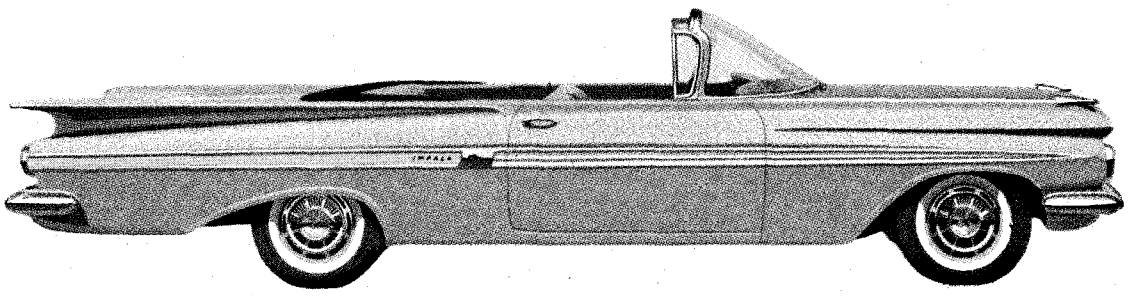
November 8, 1958

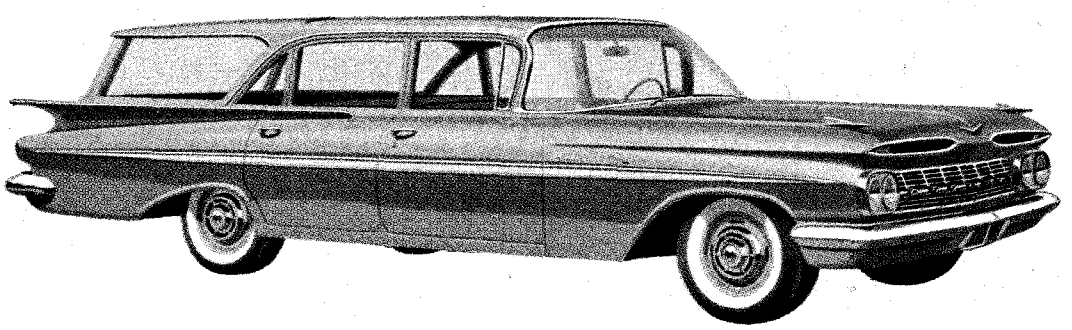


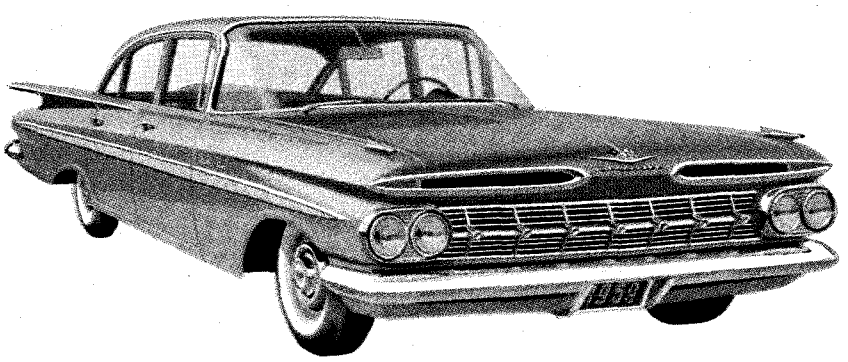
LIKE CHEVY'S NEW!



The Impala Sport Coupe with a roomier Body by Fisher.







Top to bottom: the Biscayne 2-Door Sedan, the Impala Convertible, the 6-passenger Parkwood wagon, the Bel Air 4-Door Sedan

:eering that comes next to power steering
)r effort-free turning. Another thing you'll
e quick to notice is the engineful of ginger
ou get in this new Chevy, whether you
ick one of the vim-packed V8's or the new
i-Thrift 6 that actually gets up to 10
ercent more miles a gallon.

Your dealer's waiting with the car
iat's shaped to the new American taste.
. . Chevrolet Division of General Motors,
)etroit 2, Michigan. **Extra-cost option*

CHEVROLET

What America wants, America gets in a Chevy!

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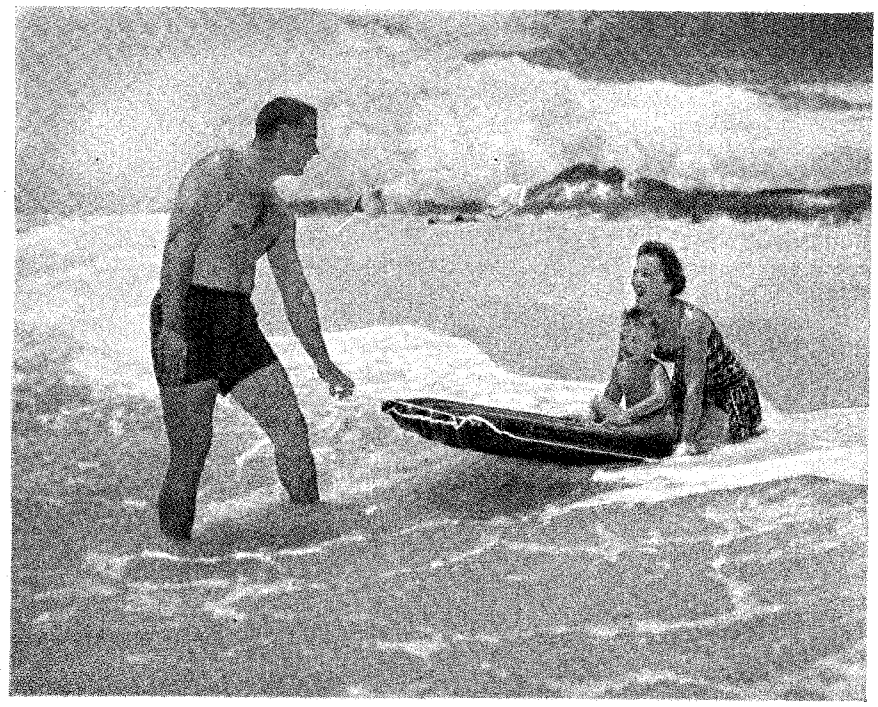
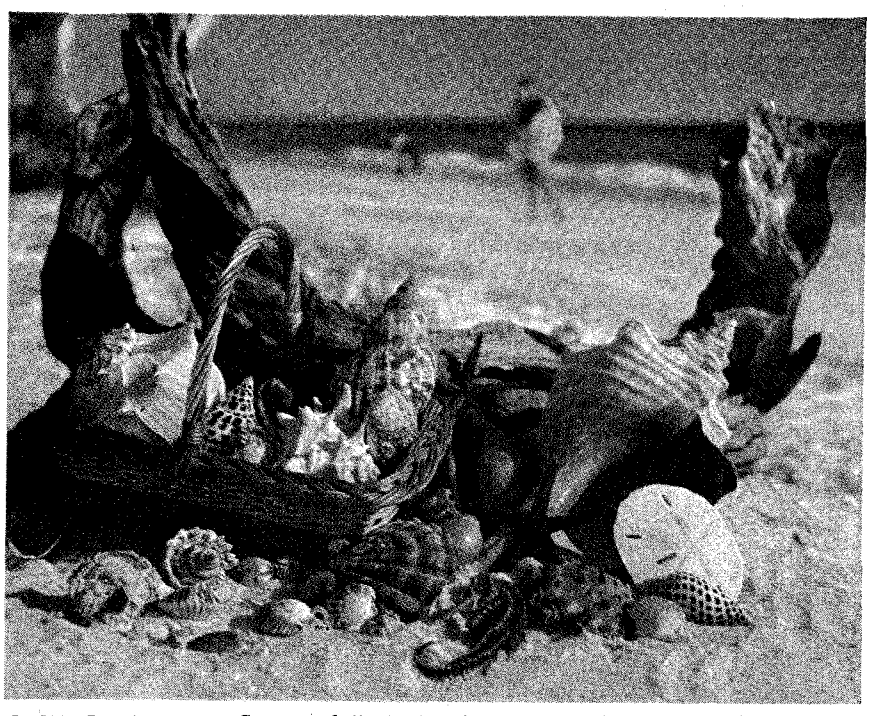
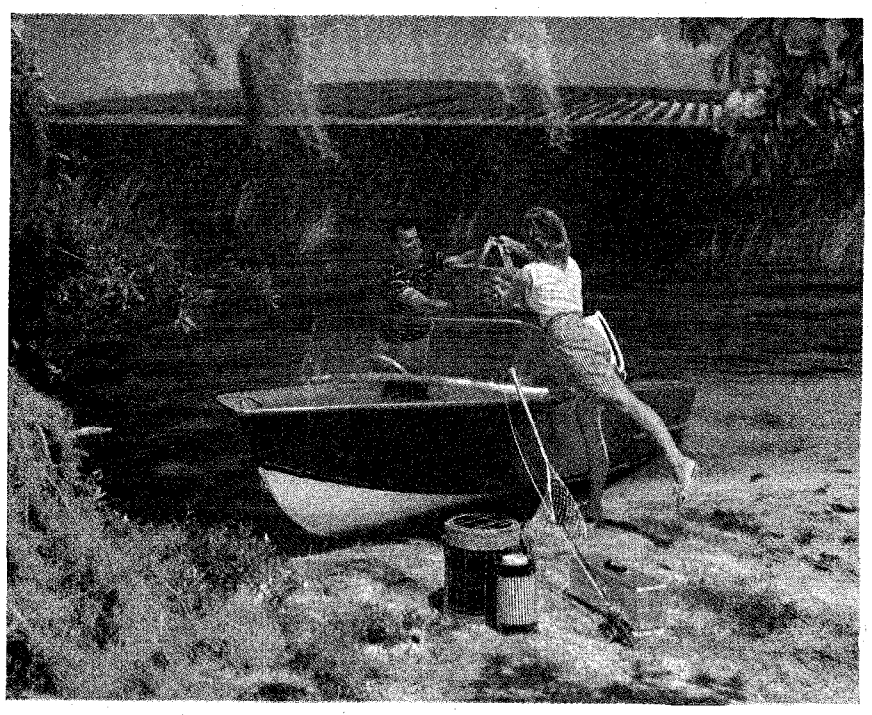


1. NORTHWEST FLORIDA: A family-fun vacationland famous for its sugar-white beaches on the Gulf of Mexico between Pensacola, Fort Walton, Panama City, Port St. Joe. Fine bathing, boating, fishing. Take scenic drives, see historic sights.

2. NORTH FLORIDA: A sportsman's paradise. Great wing shooting along Gulf Coast marshes. Many lakes and rivers for fishing, swimming. Hunt in vast forests. See Tallahassee, the Stephen Foster Memorial at White Springs on Suwannee River.

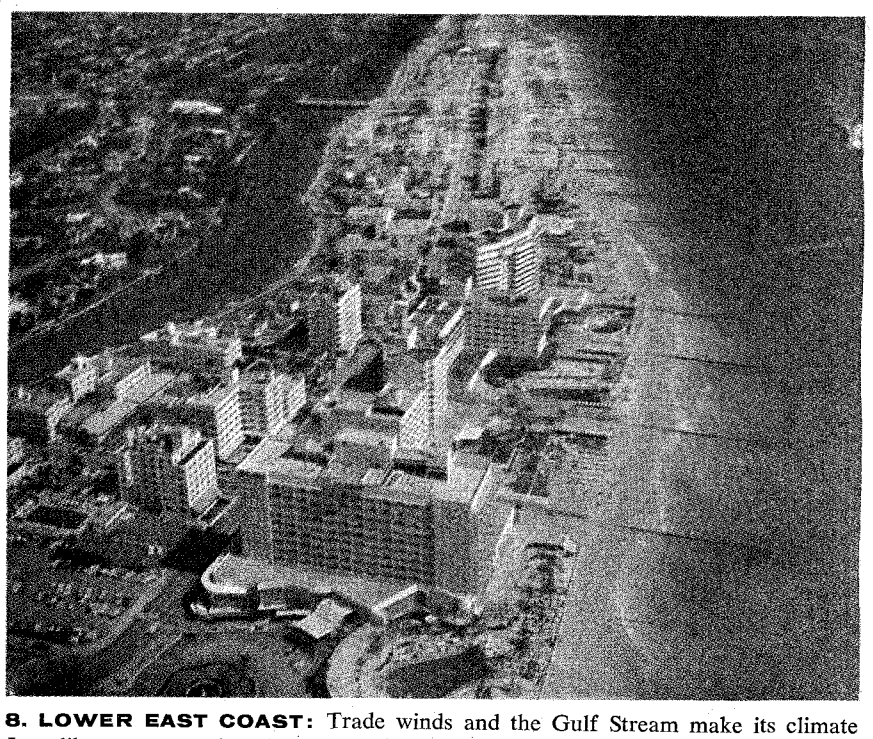


4. WEST COAST: Scores of lively beach resorts from Clearwater to Naples. Find rare shells on offshore islands. Great fishing, bathing, boating. See Tarpon Springs sponge fleet. Tampa's Gasparilla Pirate Festival, many more attractions.



5. CENTRAL FLORIDA: Count on big and varied pleasures here. Thousands of lakes for every water sport, much family fun. Golf on rolling courses. See endless orange groves, water-ski shows, crystal springs, rodeos. Fish for sporty black bass.

7. THE EVERGLADES: Explore this vast wilderness from any south Florida city —by airboat, by car across Tamiami Trail, or visit Everglades National Park. See Seminole Indians, exotic subtropic plants, rare birds, animals in their natural habitat.



8. LOWER EAST COAST: Trade winds and the Gulf Stream make its climate June-like year around. Deluxe hotels for grand-scale living. Casual family resorts for budget-minded holidays. Many spectator events and attractions, all sun-time sports.

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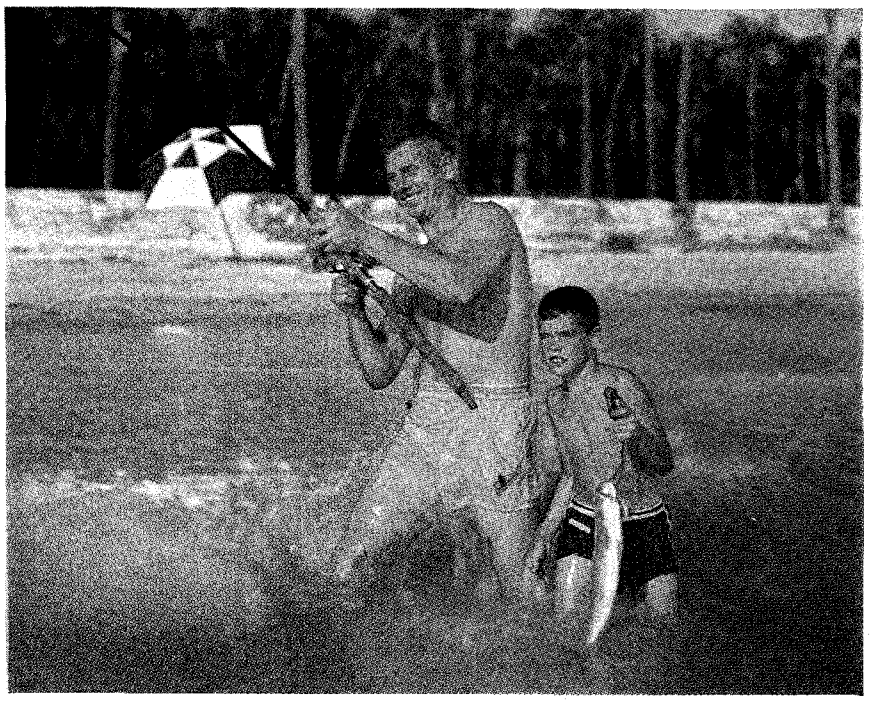
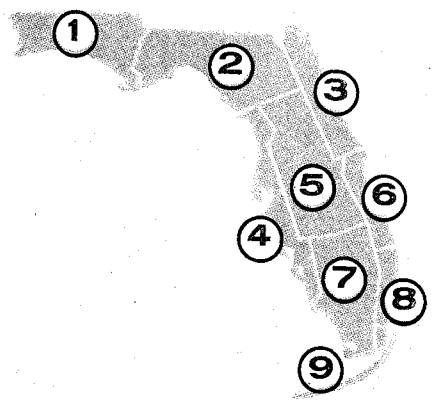
3. UPPER EAST COAST: Jacksonville is the gateway to this oldest Florida region discovered by Ponce de Leon. Historic St. Augustine is a must. So is a drive on the sands at famed Daytona Beach, the thrill of big-bass fishing on St. Johns River.



6. INDIAN RIVER: A top salt-water fishing region. Surf cast for blues, sea trout, pompano. Troll on lagoons and bays. Go deep-sea fishing just offshore. Sample premium citrus, ship some home. Stay at secluded beach resorts at modest rates.

9. FLORIDA KEYS: Drive the Overseas Highway to these tropic islands to get away and relax. Even the waters are a tranquilizing sight. Fish and swim. Stay in modern resorts, many with pools. At the end of the road—enchanting old Key West.



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Fact is, there's much more to tell you than we have room for here. But the *free,* new Florida Vacation Guide book gives full details. Read about it below, then mail the coupon today for your complimentary copy. And come visit Florida soon.

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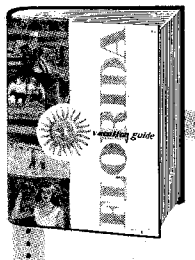

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New "soft smoke" King Sano

Already smokers report new advance "Softens The Smoke"

"Recently in Washington and New York," reports John S. Young, former U. S. diplomat, "I notice many important people under pressure are smoking this new 'soft smoke' cigarette."

Nicotine reduced 50%...and tars below any cigarette....and that is the truth

If you are serious about cutting down on nicotine and tars, here is wonderful news for you.

Cigarette science has today stepped ahead with a *reduction of nicotine and tars* so advanced that you taste the difference in 'softer smoke'.

The reason is that the new King Sano goes a step beyond any filter.

Only King Sano has perfected the method of reducing nicotine and tars in the tobacco itself. No other cigarette does it.

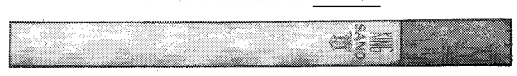
If you, like so many other Americans, want the utmost nicotine and tar reduction plus a new 'soft' taste—we urge you to try the new 'soft smoke' King Sano.

Surely it is well worth the difference in price. Now in stores everywhere.

• The content of nicotine and tars in the smoke of new King Sano is based on the results of a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.

Not just a filter...

a more advanced method



Advanced method extracts nicotine and tars from the tobacco.

New filter further reduces undesirable elements in the smoke.

THE ULTIMATE IN NICOTINE AND TAR REDUCTION

FINE TOBACCOS REDUCED IN TARS AND NICOTINE ARE ALSO USED IN REGULAR SIZE SANO CIGARETTES, SANO ALL-HAVANA CIGARS AND SANO PIPE TOBACCO, PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

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The Rutherford, High Fidelity TV with Son-R.

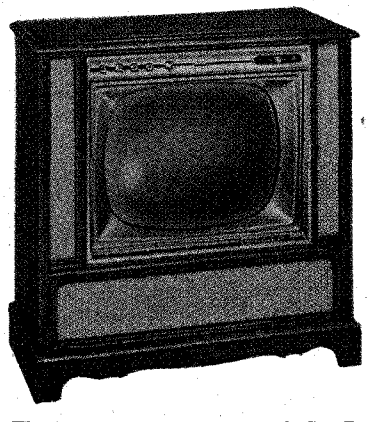
New 1959 Admiral TV

High Fidelity Picture! High Fidelity Sound! Son-R Remote Control AT NO EXTRA COST

Announcing the first really new kind of television in 7 years! Brilliantly alive high fidelity pictures and 4-speaker high fidelity sound. And you never have to touch the set. It's remote controlled with the *wireless* Son-R in your hand.

Son-R adjusts volume to not just one level like ordinary remote controls—but to 4 levels! One push button gives you all 4... *silence, whisper-soft, normal talking range, and full room volume.* Ultrasonic magic works silently to turn TV on-off and change channels in either direction. Operates from anywhere in the room. Stations always come in sharply fine tuned!

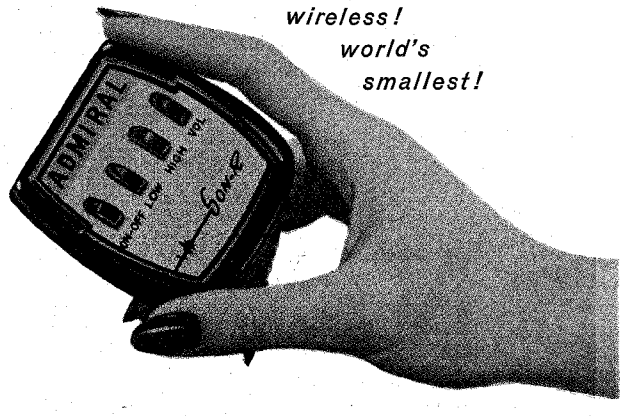
All this at no extra cost. It's standard equipment on new 1959 Admiral High Fidelity TV. Wide selection of Slimline, fine furniture models with the jeweler's touch. Also decorator-approved Originals. See, hear this new kind of quality TV today.



The Wilshire (CHS21H77) with Son-R. Slimmer than ever cabinet. Mahogany and cherry finished veneers. 4 hi-fi speakers. Extra hi-fi amplifier. 20,000 volt picture power. Touch-a-matic bar tuning. Stereophonic phono jack. New 110° picture tube. 21 in. overall diagonal, 262 sq. in. viewable area.

Push button... click... there's your channel!

Tune perfectly from your arm chair with Son-R remote control. Tiny as milady's compact. No wires! No batteries! No tubes to wear out! Automatic 4-level sound control, originated by Admiral. When not in use, Son-R slips into *magnetic* pocket on side of set.



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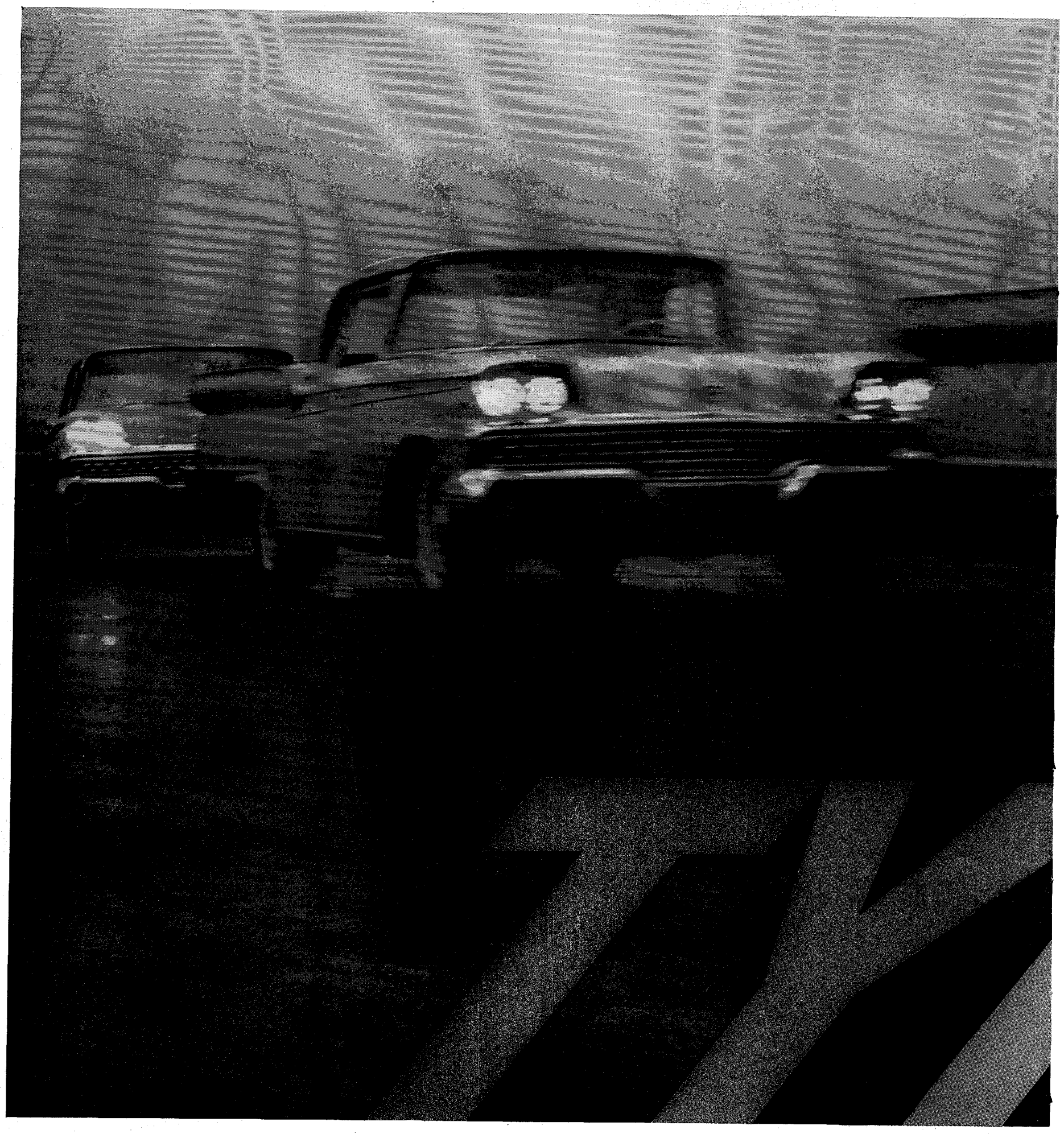
SCIENCE FINDS NEW WAY TO MAKE



Tyrex...certified yarn for the tire cord of

NEW IN TIRES ON THE NEW

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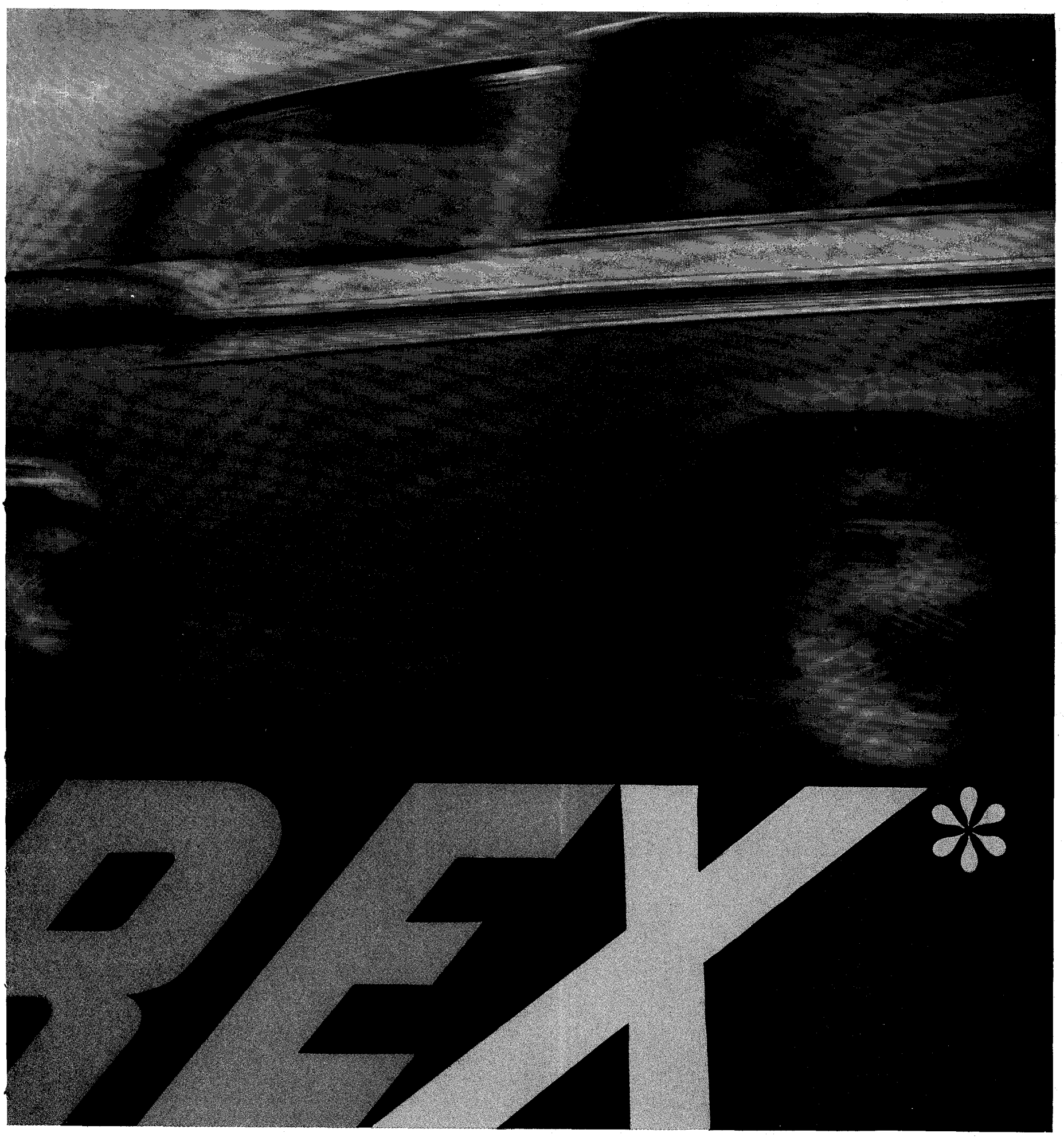
November 8, 1958

TIRES SAFER, LONGER WEARING...



the future

1959 FORDS!

The popular 1959 Ford is one of many new cars leaving the factories with tires containing tire cord made of TYREX yarn as standard equipment. Millions of dollars and years of research produced this *ideal* yarn for tire cord, to make driving safer than ever before. Test after test proved TYREX certified yarn best.

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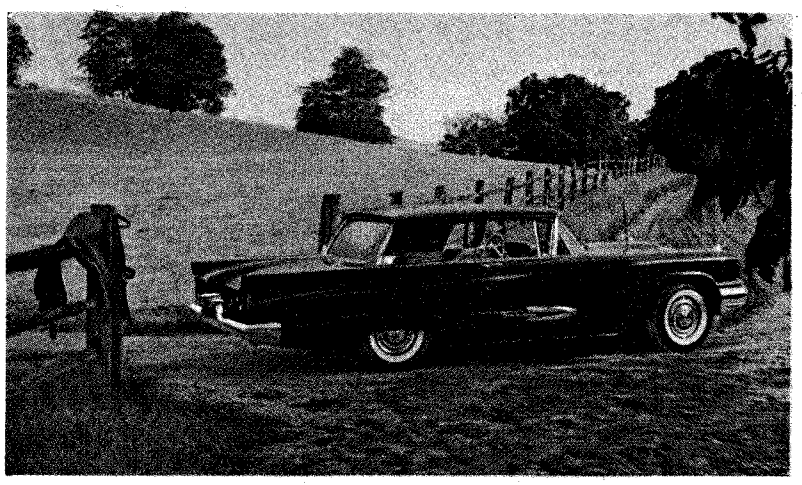
WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED CARS

Perfect example of elegant economy: the Custom 300 Tudor Sedan

Economy is the big news in the smart set



There's a lot of Thunderbird in every 59 Ford . . . in the way it's styled . . . in the way it moves . . . in the proud way you'll sit at the wheel.

The smart set are people who have discovered that the 59 Ford—the car that was awarded the Gold Medal for its elegant lines at Brussels—has big savings news, too! A filtering system that means *less* oil changes—every 4,000 miles instead of 1,000 often recommended. New Ford mufflers are *aluminized* to normally last twice as long as conventional types used on other cars. New exclusive Diamond Lustre Finish is so durable you won't have to wax it—*ever!*

There's a new lower priced Fordomatic Drive that should banish stick-shifting forever. There's a new penny-pinching Thunderbird V-8 that gives you more responsive power in the *normal* driving speeds. And all standard Ford engines—Six or Thunderbird V-8—use *regular* gas. You save up to 5 cents on every gallon. So if it's savings you're after, come in and get that rich new Ford feeling in the cars that bring Thunderbird elegance to the low-price field.

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL
by the Comité Français de L'Elégance,
for beautiful proportions
—at the Brussels World's Fair

THE 59 FORDS

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FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

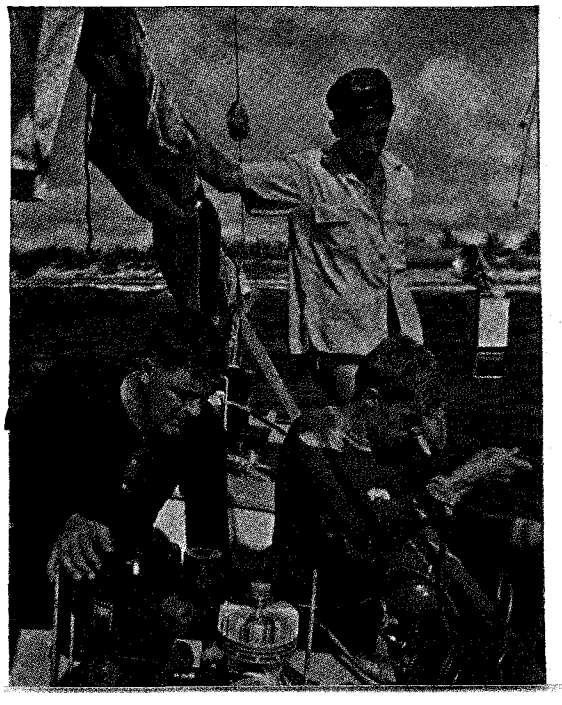
On the ocean floor off Cozumel Island, the author (left) and diver Robert Marx examine part of a wooden chest they discovered in the two-century-old wreck.

We Found the Sunken Treasure

A Post editor tells the exciting story of his quest for gold on the galleon-strewn reefs off the coast of Yucatán.

By CLAY BLAIR, Jr.

On the Aguilucho at the site of the wreck, Blair (left) and Marx rig their air compressor before a dive.



I have never in my life felt as foolish as that moment a few weeks ago when I stood on a desolate beach along the eastern coast of Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula with a heavy bag of treasure in each hand. My loot consisted of scores of beautifully cast crucifixes, ornate belt and shoe buckles, graceful silverplated spoons, hundreds of earrings, buttons, cuff links, eight silver plates, a few coins and a half-dozen exquisite medallions, all dating from about 1730. It was one of the richest archaeological hauls from a sunken galleon made to date in this hemisphere. Yet I had to bury that treasure so that someday I might find it again.

Now I fully understand the eternal problem faced by the pirates of old, and, in settling on a burial spot, I arrived at the time-honored solution. First, I selected a distinctive landmark—a slender, tall coconut tree set apart from the others. It was not far from—well, to be exact, it was fifteen paces west of—a rock, which in turn was twenty-five paces north of still another distinctive mark at the water's edge. Swiftly I dug a deep hole, six paces east of the tree. Then, with a melancholy sigh, I dropped the bags to the bottom, replaced the dirt, tamped it solid with my boot, and covered the fresh dirt with a weathered palm frond. Hurriedly I waded out to our boat. While the crew inched the craft through the treacherous coral reefs toward open water, I hastily drew a map, half of which I later turned over to my treasure-diving partner.

On this improbable note ended one of the most singular adventures—or perhaps misadventures—in the annals of treasure hunting. It was highlighted by fictionlike crises: storms, a malfunction of my diving gear which could

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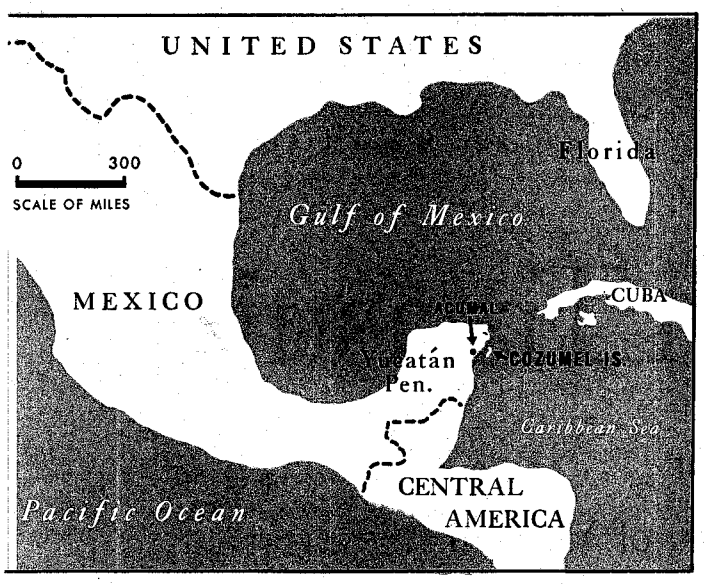
During the gale which temporarily halted the treasure diving, Blair and Marx speared this 400-pound jewfish in a sheltered cove. Here their catch is being hauled to the surface.



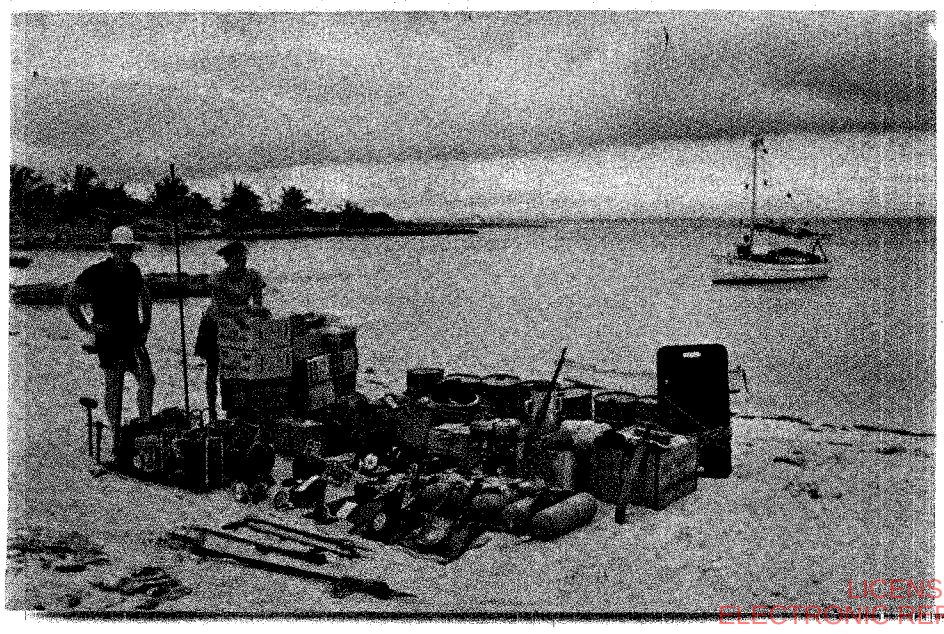
Map shows the location of the sunken treasure ship at Punta Matanceros—Slaughter Point—three miles south of Acumal.

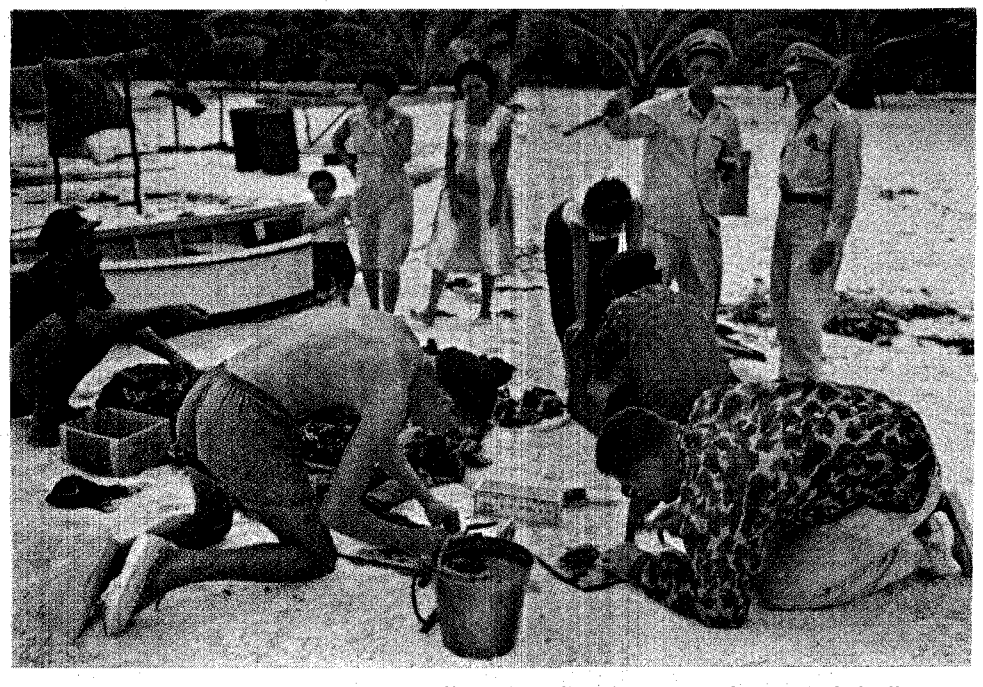
have killed me, and an arrest on the high seas. To begin at the beginning. . . .

A year ago, while vacationing on Cozumel Island, a wreck-ringed, onetime pirate rendezvous off the eastern coast of the Yucatán Peninsula, a treasure-diving friend, Robert Marx, and I explored the bones of a sunken "galleon" which he believed to be nearly 300 years old. (See The Saturday Evening Post, March 1, 1958.) In a brief diving foray, we had located the ship's huge anchor and half a dozen big, coral-encrusted cannon and raised a few items which filled us with genuine tremors of excitement: costume jewelry, a lopsided wine bottle and a fragment of a silver shoe buckle. Later in our underwater search, it was our fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to find a large wooden chest embedded in the coral reef. After shooing away an inquisitive shark, we succeeded in ripping off a part of the top of the chest, but at this tantalizing moment a storm drove us from the scene. My vacation ended and I had to leave. In the following months Marx was so busy guiding skin-diving tourists to Cozumel's scenic reefs that he had no time to return to the remote wreck site.

For me, in Washington, some 1500 miles away, that chest was seldom out of mind. When I lay down to sleep at night, I could envision it as clear as life, nestled in its greenish, private canyon of coral. At these times a voice kept asking: *How many doubloons does it contain? Are*

Below: The author and Marx at Acumal, the expedition's base of operations, with the $5000 worth of gear they used in the search. At rear is their boat, the Aguilucho.





After their "arrest" by Mexican customs officers for "disturbing an archaeological site," Blair and Marx were taken back to Acumal. There, under guard, they inspected their find.

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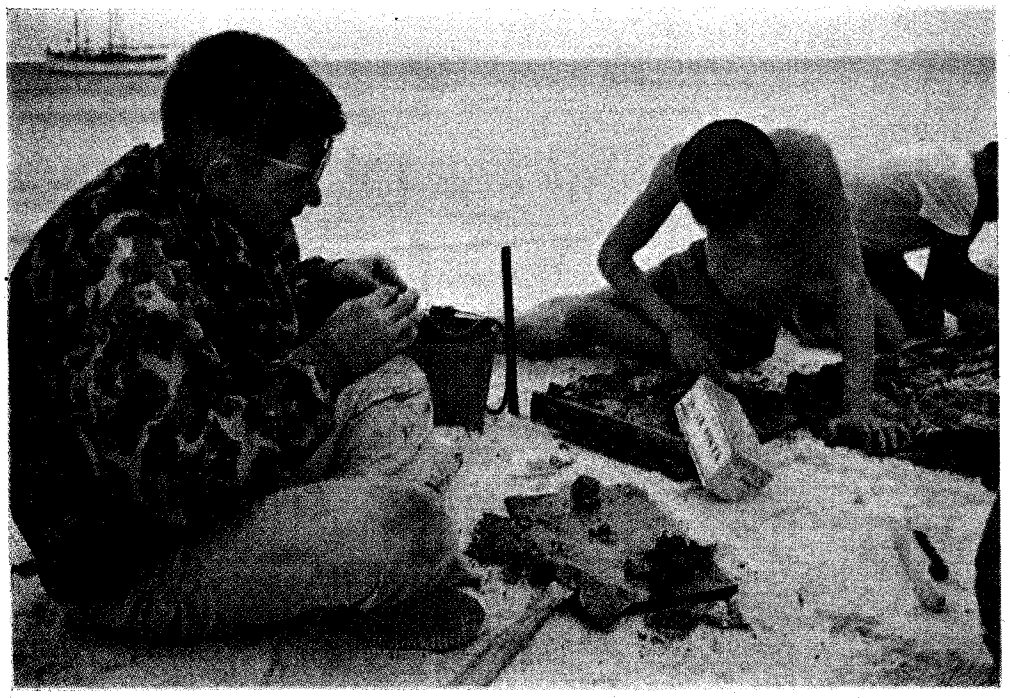
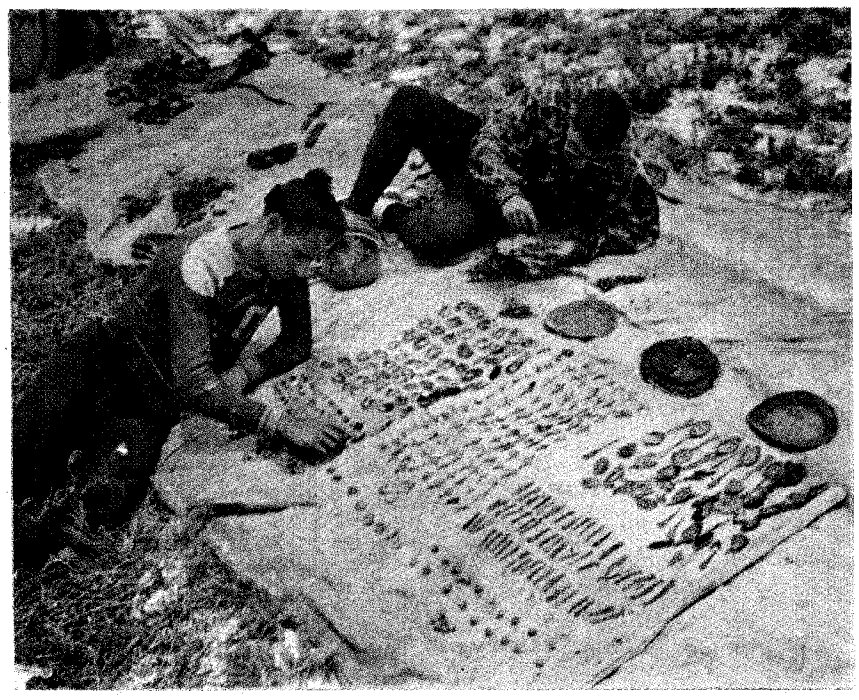
Photographs by V. J. Craig



During the three days of their detention, the treasure divers and a crewman chipped away the chunks of coral encrusting the artifacts. The galleon that held the treasure is still unidentified.



In a secluded cove, Blair and Marx lay out their second batch of loot before burying it. The Aduana confiscated the first collection.

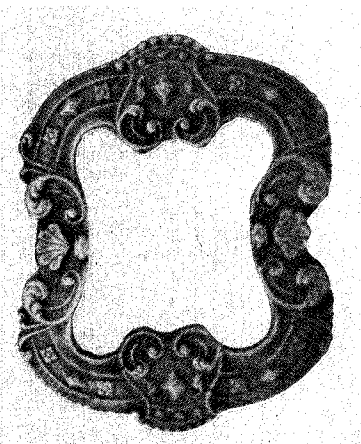
The Mystery Treasure of Matanceros

This religious medallion shows Christ wearing a crown of thorns.

Intricately cast medallion of the Virgin Mary.

One of the hundreds of brass crucifixes recovered from the coral reef.

A perfectly preserved medallion of St. Benedict.



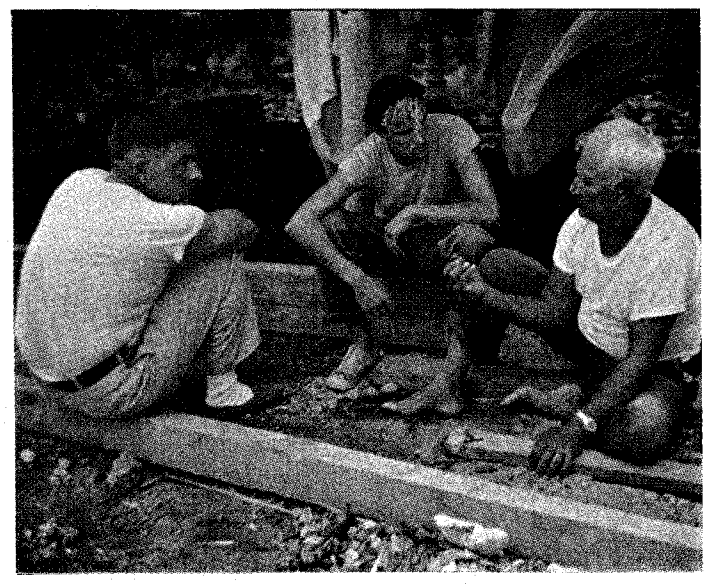
Ornate buckles such as the one above littered the bottom.

Brass medallion of an unidentified saint.

there other chests nearby? Gold from the mines of old Mexico? Soon Marx and I were corresponding furiously by air mail, laying plans for a massive underwater assault on the wreck for the next summer.

History brims with accounts of treasure-diving expeditions that came to grief for one reason or another. We read all of these so that we might avoid their mistakes. The most common catastrophe, we found, is that the "map"—which invariably originates on the deathbed of a pirate or sailor—proves inadequate or phony. This didn't concern us, because we knew exactly where the wreck and the chest lay. Bad weather is another frequent curse of the sunken-treasure hunter, we discovered, so we picked the best possible month of the year, June. Thus we were left free to concentrate on our diving equipment, knowing that faulty or poorly selected gear has done in many expeditions.

We drew up a master list of supplies, a list that grew to hundreds of items—everything from mosquito repellent to an underwater metal detector and a shortwave radio for weather reports. Our final inventory of gear, including underwater camera equipment, new at list price, probably would cost close to $5000. The most valuable item, a *must* for every sunken-treasure hunter, was shallow-water diving equipment. We bought two new-type units called the hookah, which proved to be ideal. They are fitted with mouthpieces and air regulators similar to a diving lung, but in place of the bulky, limited-endurance tanks carried on the diver's back, these use rubber hoses from individual compressors on the boat to feed (Continued on Page 104)



At right is Captain Gonzales. He told the partners where to seek the four lost chests of Matanceros.

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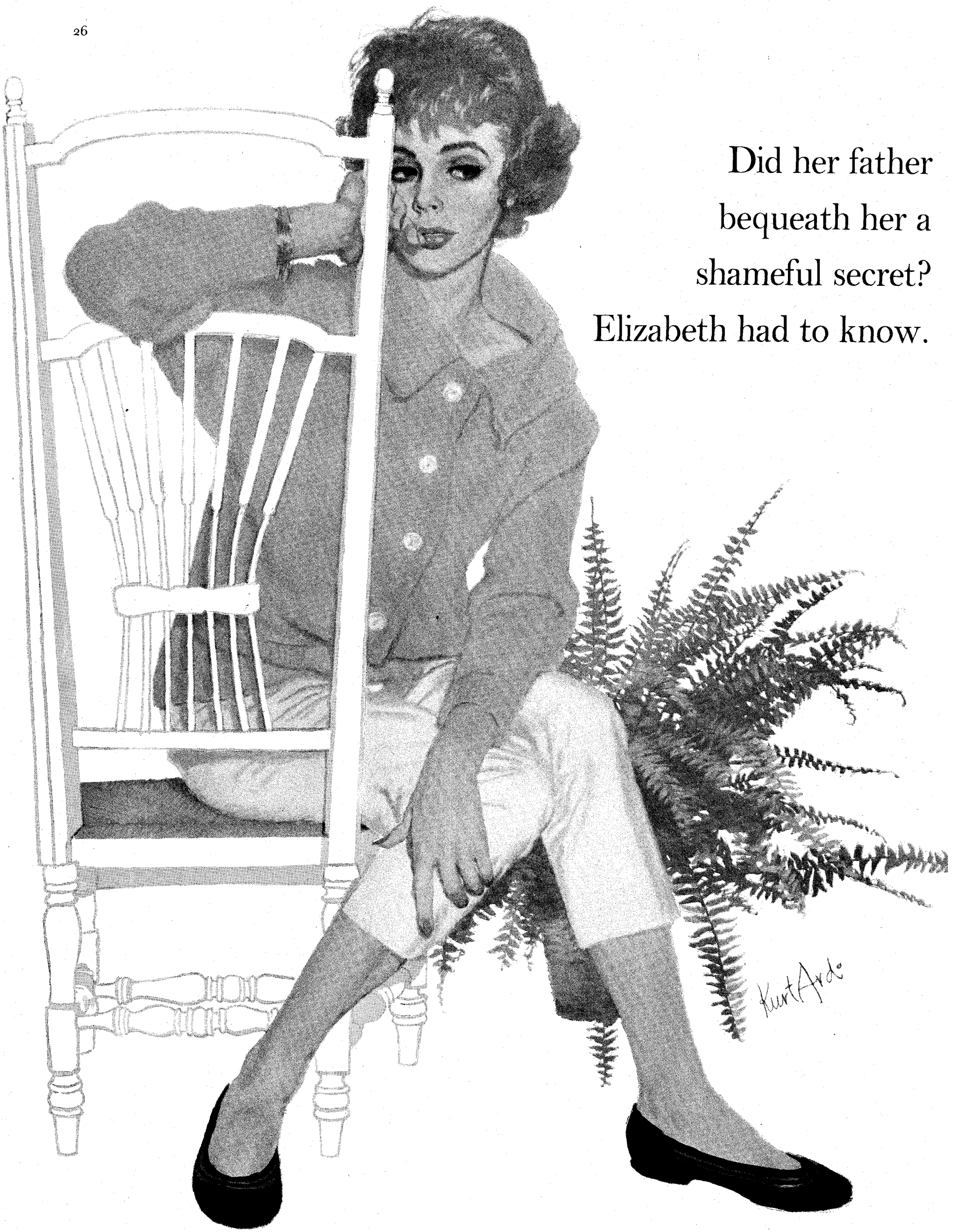

Did her father
bequeath her a
shameful secret?
Elizabeth had to know.

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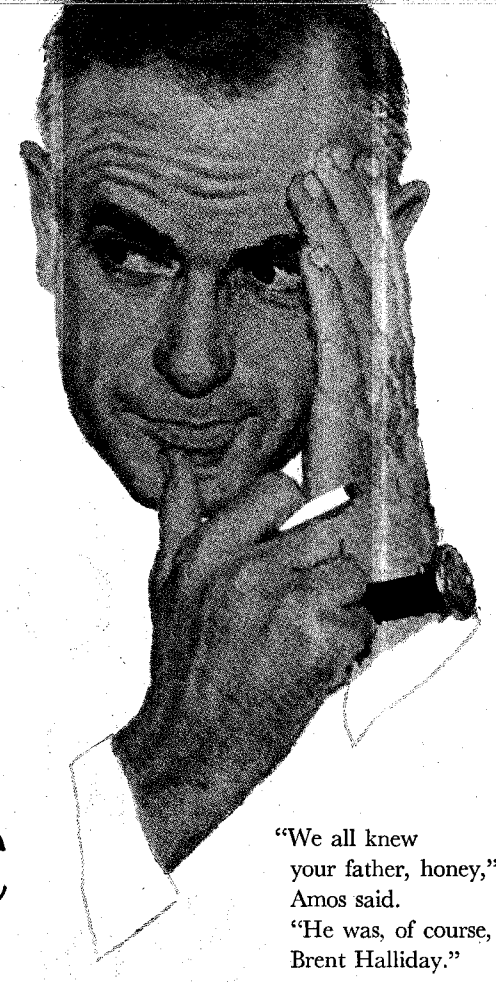
The Daughter of Sheila MacKaye



"We all knew your father, honey," Amos said. "He was, of course, Brent Halliday."

By FRANCES ENSIGN GREENE

Three months after her father's death, Elizabeth Halliday was called into her attorneys' office and given a sealed letter addressed to her in Brent Halliday's handwriting. The senior Powell walked to the window and stared down at the traffic on Madison Avenue while she read it, but Powell, Junior, sat at his desk and watched his client's face. He saw the wince go across her thin-lidded gray eyes and stay there, and the diamond he had given her flashed as her fingers rubbed across her forehead.

When she had finished reading, she folded the letter carefully and put it back in its envelope. "He must have known he wouldn't come through the operation," she said, "or he wouldn't have written this to damn himself. I've never heard of anything so outrageous."

"Now, Liz, it's nothing to blow your top about. It was a thing that happened in a man's life. It's happened in a good many men's lives; regrettable, but a fact. Now the point is, what are you going to do about it?"

"I? What am I going to do? It seems to me that you and your father have done nobly so far without consulting me, so suppose you keep right on. I don't want any part of it. I'm just ashamed of him from the bottom of my soul."

"You don't mean that." Tom Powell had a good mouth, handsome and firm-lipped, and it was expressive enough to show contempt. "But maybe you do. Maybe you really do. And maybe you've forgotten that you were so bowed down with grief a short time ago that you put off our wedding? Now you can't even share in his responsibility! I don't get your kind of love, Liz. Am I stupid?"

"Just a minute, Tom." His father crossed the room and leaned against the edge of the desk. He said quietly, "It isn't a question of responsibility—at any rate, there is no obligation to assume any. Brent would be the last man to hang a cross around your neck, Liz. He left the child a sizable trust fund, and appointed Tom her guardian. We sent for her after Brent passed away—those were his wishes—and she's living up in Weston now, with a dependable housekeeper to look after her. The ends are all tied, just as Brent wanted them to be, except for you, and what this will do to you. He had to be honest with you. Brent was an honest man, Liz."

Her eyes flashed at him. "Was he? Next you'll be telling me that he was a moral man!"

Tom hit his fist on the leather-topped desk. "Nobody's excusing what he did, but he knew what love was, and he took care of his obligations! Are you going to sit up there on your high horse and judge him? Oh, come off it, Liz!"

She was hardly hearing him. All those trips to Europe, she was thinking—they hadn't been entirely in the interest of his business. In the past five years they had become more frequent. Was it since her mother's death? She couldn't remember.

Elizabeth's mind slipped back seven or eight years to a tragedy that had dominated the front pages for days and had set the world to mourning. An airliner had gone down in the Italian Alps, and Sheila MacKaye had been on it. When the wreckage had finally been located, a weekly news magazine had published a picture of a high meadow with something that might be bodies lying among the mountain flowers, and underneath the picture was the simple caption: A STAR FALLS. Subconsciously she had connected the change in her father's personality with that picture. Even then she had assumed that he'd known MacKaye, that his quiet grief was more than just the general loss of a great international actress.

Sheila MacKaye. The laughing, wonderful story of her fantastic life—or as much as she wanted her public to know of it—was in her father's library, lefthand corner of the third shelf, standing out a little from the other volumes, as though its resting place were temporary. She could see it now with her mind's eye, a radiant, marvelous face on the dust jacket, and inside, so many pictures. Sheila in the comedy roles of her younger days, singing her smashing cockney hit, Help Yourself to Horseradish, Hennery. There was a shot of her in a Broadway musical, stopping the show; one in a Barrie play in a converted barn on Cape Cod. You could follow her life through those pictures. The war years, entertaining the boys in the Aleutians, in the Solomons, in Germany, the face thinner, more mature, but always with a tremendous vitality in it; and then toward the last, the loveliest one of all, sweetly serious and a little questioning as she chatted with Nehru in Benares. The shoulders and head of another man in the picture had looked strangely familiar.

Elizabeth opened the letter again, and a paragraph stood out above the others: "It's amazing, it's shattering, to think all that wonderful laughter faded out of the world when she left it. You'd have liked her so much, Liz. But I know that you'll love her child—Kit is so very much like her that she turns a knife in me. Please be good to her, because she's a part of me, as you are, my darling."

She couldn't read the rest of it, so she tore the letter into small bits and tossed them into Tom's wastebasket. Alive or dead, he had no right to saddle her with the result of his philandering. And Tom Powell as guardian of a young girl? That was the craziest part of all. Her father must have been out of his mind. What would Tom know about the needs of a sixteen-year-old girl?

He smiled, catching her thought as he often did. "Your dad made me her guardian, honey, because he assumed that you and I would be married by the time you read the letter. He wanted to keep it all in the family. That makes sense—or it should." (Continued on Page 130)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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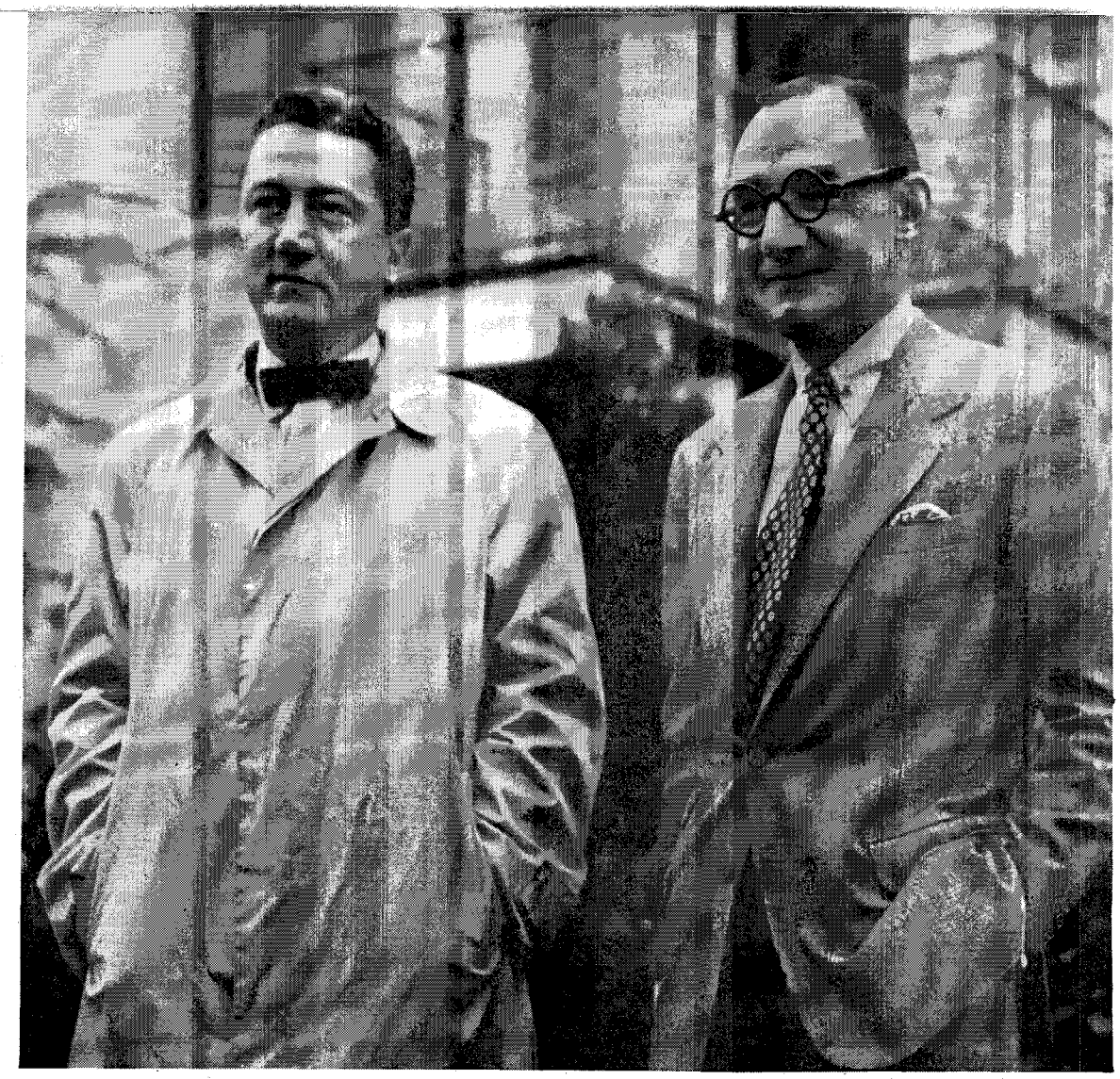
Our Own Inside Story

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP



"We got into a lot of hot water with a lot of important people," say the Alsops of their twelve-year partnership as Washington columnists. Stewart, the younger, is at left.

A famous pair of journalistic brothers disclose the tricks of their trade, the truth about "leaks," and how they really got the inside information that infuriated Truman and Eisenhower alike.

The First of Two Articles

We had an uncle, a most agreeable man, who drank rather more than was good for him. This article starts with our uncle because it is an article about the reporter's trade, and, if you get right down to it, our uncle was the real reason both of us became reporters. He haunted our youths. As each of us went off to college, where the uncle had chosen the primrose path, all our vast tribe concluded that it probably had another alcoholic on its hands.

This was the tribal consensus when the elder of these reporters was finishing Harvard College and peacefully looking forward to going to Harvard law school, with a tranquil, well-upholstered career in a New York law office to follow. At this point the elders of the tribe convened their council. They decided that another three years in the notoriously bibulous Harvard neighborhood would be "too dangerous for Joe." They further decided that his incapacity to add a simple column of figures made him unfit for business. They noted, with relief, that he could at least read and write.

They also noted that Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid, the publishers of the New York Herald Tribune, were very old tribal friends. The Reids were approached and were responsive, and on July 5, 1932, the Tribune acquired a new city-room reporter at the wage of eighteen dollars a week.

As for the younger of these reporters, his introduction to the reporting trade was just as unconventional. After World War II, the elder was casting about for "someone who was literate and whose feet would hold out" to join him in reviving the column he had written before the war. He chose his younger brother, who had never been in a newspaper office in his life—a fact noted with alarm in the Tribune offices. In the years that followed, the younger partner was sometimes asked by aspiring youths how to become a nationally syndicated columnist. In honesty he could only answer: "Have a brother who already is one."

Now that our twelve-year partnership is over, and we have gone our separate ways, to do the kind of reporting each of us likes best, we want to try to set down a few of the things we have learned about reporting in our years together, when our beat was Washington and the world. And it is well to begin this attempt with the stories of our own singular debuts as reporters, simply because the first thing to emphasize about reporting is that it is not a profession, despite the complacent contrary belief of a good many journalists who have achieved the upper brackets. You may go to journalism school and save valuable time there learning things you would otherwise learn on the job. But you can still be a pretty good reporter without any of the long, specialized training which is the mark of a professional man. The truth is that reporting is a trade, or craft, like undertaking, which it sometimes resembles.

It is a trade which, like undertaking, has its own well-defined requirements. All reporters need sturdy constitutions, good feet and a feeling for the English language. In a political reporter, some knowledge of history and an interest in political processes are also highly desirable. These qualities help political reporters as interest in sports helps sports reporters. If you are bored by the subjects you write about, you will surely bore your readers into fits. It is also a good idea for the aspiring political reporter to realize at the outset that the common notions about the life and work of a Washington correspondent are very nearly as silly as the common notions about newspaper work in general that have been engendered by The Front Page and kindred dramas.

A Washington correspondent does not get his news from a series of delightfully convenient "pipelines." Nor does he get his news from

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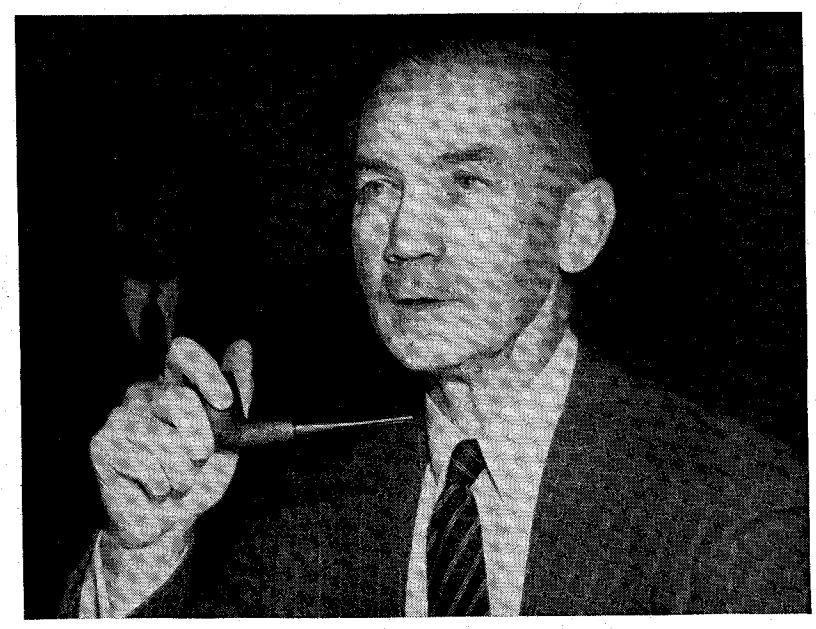
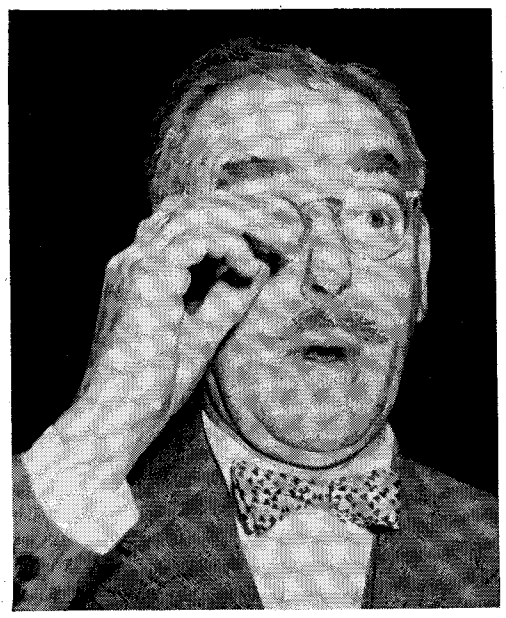
THE BROTHERS ALSOP COMMENT ON SUCH HEADLINERS AS:

James F. Byrnes. "His great services as President Truman's Secretary of State are now too often forgotten."

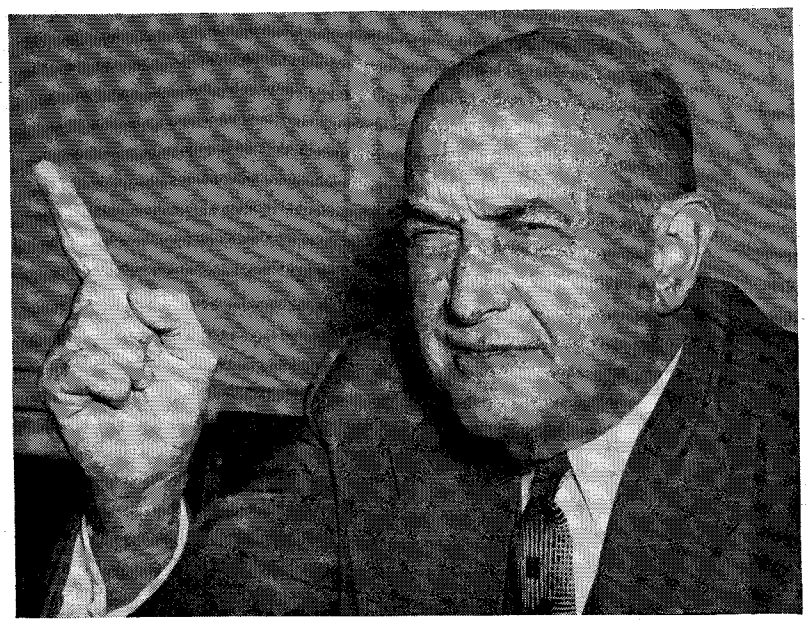


The late James Forrestal when he was Secretary of Defense. "He was killed by his own foreknowledge, and by his unrelenting struggle to prevent what he saw from becoming the future's terrible reality."

Former President Truman. He personally ordered an official investigation of the authors.



Dean Acheson. "We like to think he has become our friend again. . . . He was not our friend when he was Secretary of State."



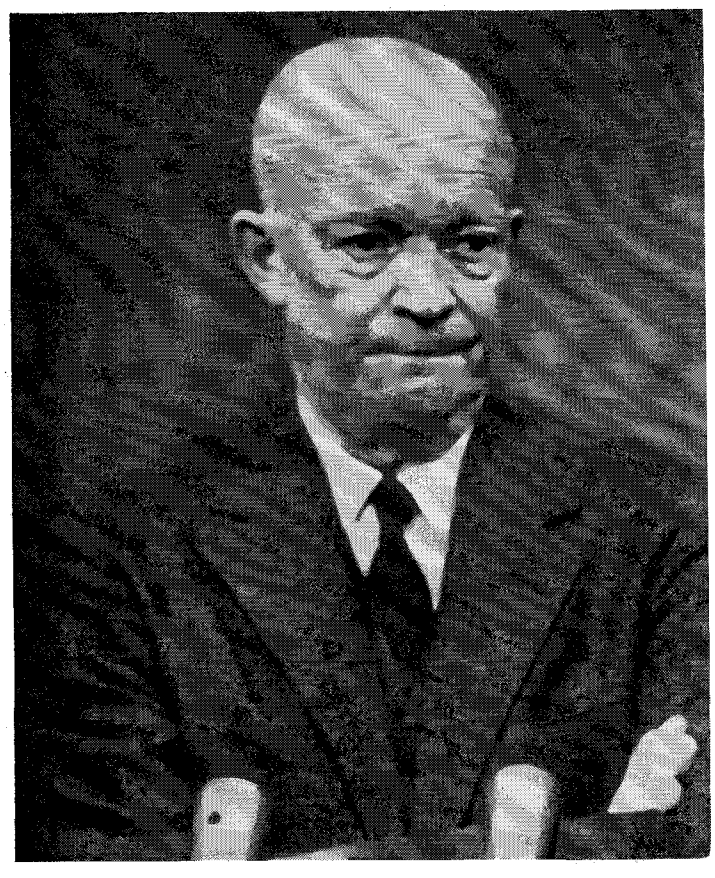
"Former Defense Secretary Louis Johnson firmly believed he was a victim of 'leaks' to the Alsop brothers." They say he ordered Pentagon receptionists to warn him if they spotted an Alsop on the vast premises.

Clement Attlee, ex-Prime Minister of Britain. "The average Attlee interview was the most trying reportorial experience either of us ever had."

"leaks" at cocktail parties, where Washington officials, gorged with canapés and loose-tongued from fine wines and costly liquors, spill all they know before eager audiences. We have never heard of any case of a "leak" at a cocktail party, possibly because we never go to cocktail parties. Finally, just to finish off the tattered remnants of the Washington-correspondent legend, the nation's capital is not full of persons who make a practice of supplying reporters with bundles of classified documents. (Continued on Page 89)

Joseph and Stewart Alsop have written a new book-length account of their joint career. It will be published November nineteenth under the title The Reporter's Trade, by Reynal & Co., Inc.

"Charles Bohlen, the great Russian expert . . . has always contended that 'officials and reporters are natural enemies . . .'"



President Eisenhower (right) blew his stack when he read about a secret National Security Council report in the Alsops' column before he had seen the report himself.

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He grabbed her arm like she was one of his tomatoes.

I Can Take Care of Myself

By FRED McMORROW

"I'm a big girl now," she said. Then they found her body in an alley.

Georgia wasn't there when Bert walked in at nine-thirty, but he didn't say anything about it. He just walked to the bar and had a black coffee and a brandy.

At nine-forty-five he took his seat at the piano to begin his fifteen-minute set, just like any other night, just as if Georgia would come right in on cue at ten o'clock as she always had.

Joey Palermo, the owner, looked at Bert anxiously, then he looked at the clock over the bar, then back at Bert again. But Bert did not return his glance.

It was still early, but Bert could feel the kind of crowd it was. It was a Miss Otis crowd, the kind that does not bother you with stupid requests, does not ask you to let Cousin Charlie here play your piano, and does not just sit there and drink either.

They were there only for Georgia and Bert. Of course, Joey would be worrying. The room had been dying when they had come to him for a tryout and now, three months later, they were in Winchell and Lyons and The New Yorker.

There were eight minutes to go and Bert was going through a second chorus of I Concentrate when Joey came up and stood in front of him. Bert's touch lightened and his foot moved over on the soft pedal so Joey could talk.

"What happened?" Joey said.

"I don't know what happened," Bert said. It was not entirely true because he had a pretty good idea what had happened.

"Well, is she going to be here or isn't she?" Joey said.

"Don't worry about it," Bert said.

"I'll try, I'll try," Joey said, and walked away.

Four minutes.

Bert went into Blues in Three, the special material he had (Continued on Page 98)

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IVY LEAGUE REVOLUTIONARY

By MURRAY OLDERMAN

Out of the rugged West came Bob Blackman to show genteel Dartmouth how to win in big-time style—and never mind the sneers of less fierce rivals.

Coach Robert Lyle Blackman, the high-powered Westerner who brought back winning football at the East's venerable Dartmouth College, tells an appropriate anecdote about the first train trip he took with his Ivy Leaguers three seasons ago. As Blackman relates it, the boys were barely settled in their Pullman seats before half of them had their noses buried in textbooks. The other half were up to their horn-rimmed glasses in newspapers.

"They were reading the Wall Street Journal," Blackman says in an awed tone. "I wouldn't even know how to read it, myself. I was flabbergasted. Why, when I was coaching at Denver University, the first time we went on the road the kids either pulled out decks of cards or stacks of comic books."

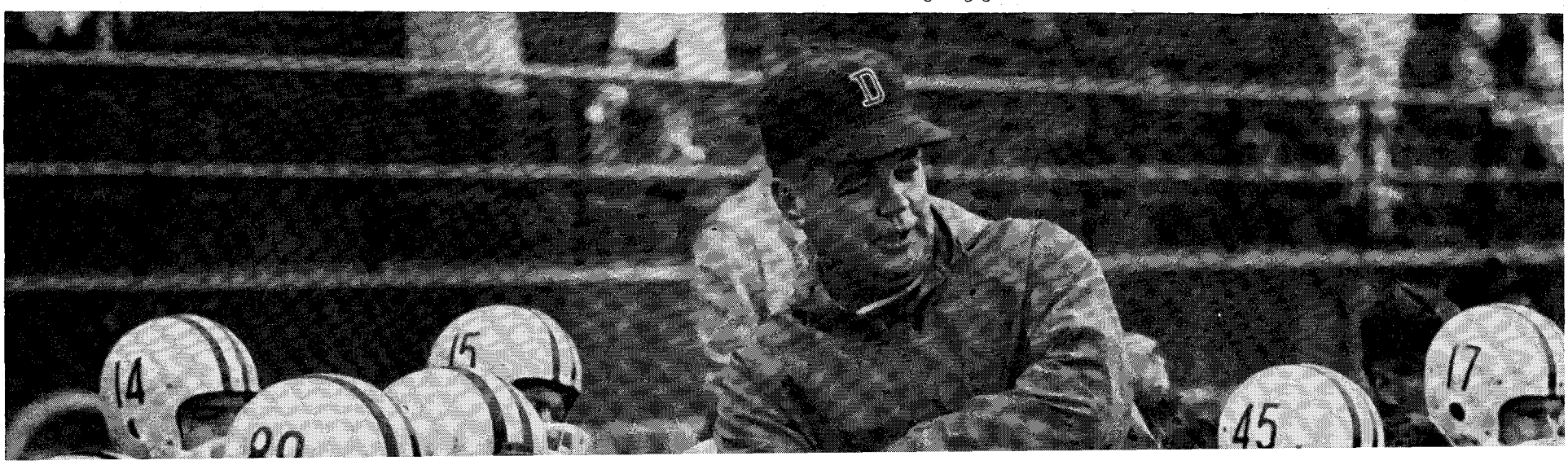
If Bob Blackman found his new setting a little strange, it was fully as strange to find him coaching at a school like Dartmouth, with its scrubbed, white New England buildings, its ivy-festooned campus and its recent tradition of low-pressure football. Established at Hanover, New Hampshire, under a charter from King George III in 1769, Dartmouth College is one of eight old-line Eastern institutions which, banded together as the Ivy League, no longer try to compete in the football big time.

Bob Blackman, however, is very much the big-time type of coach, both by inclination and by training. Stocky and snub-nosed, with the smile of a cherub, he has the bullish aggressiveness of a Jim Tatum cloaked by the purposeful suaveness of a Bud Wilkinson. He has the same aim in life—to win football games—and he has been doing exactly that. His nine-year college-coaching record of sixty-one victories, twenty-two defeats and seven ties is one of the best in the business.

The forty-year-old Blackman learned his college football in a high-pressure atmosphere at the University of Southern California on an athletic scholarship. As a coach later on, he first began to make a national name for himself in 1953–54 at

(Continued on Page 112)

Coach Blackman (below) is a relentless taskmaster both on and off the field. Here he is giving game-time advice to his reserves.



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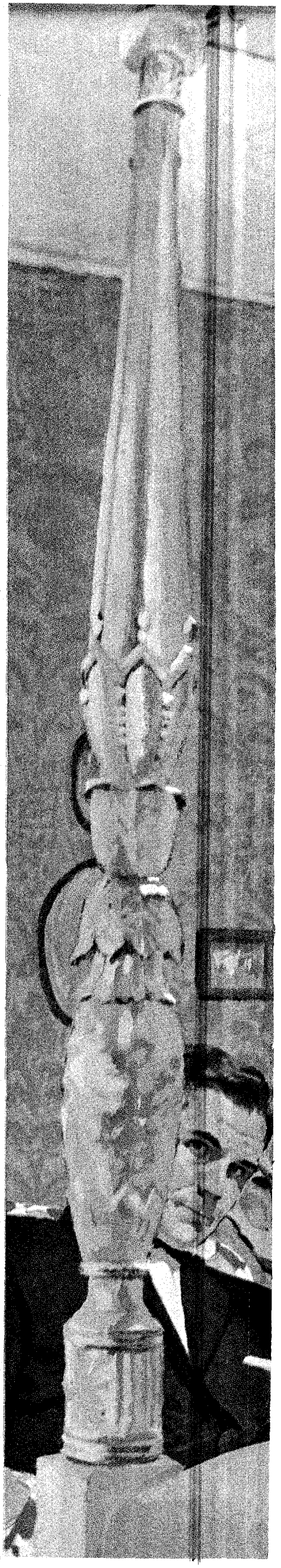
By LOUIS PAUL

A Night to Quarrel



As his secretary she'd found him charming. Now as his wife, she discovered some things she hadn't bargained for.

Ellen was going about her tasks nervously, still annoyed by the conversation that afternoon with Millie Sears. Millie, assuming the privilege that goes with long friendship, had said frankly, "I don't see why you gave up a good job to marry a man twice your age, Ellen." She glanced around at the curious bric-a-brac and ancient portraits that filled the high-ceilinged old mansion. "And a man with a son of eleven. Why in heaven's name did you do it?"

"I fell in love."

"Love!" Apparently Millie Sears had a small opinion of love.

"I know." Ellen sighed. "Bill's grandfather, the commodore, built this place back in the 'eighties. Bill was born here. And Harvey." She shrugged. "It'll take a little while to—to rearrange things. I expect to have that partition ripped out, and make a foyer with bright blue paper panels. And then there's ——"

"And then there's Harvey. That kid certainly is going to resent a strange woman coming into his life and giving him orders."

"Why should I give him orders?" Ellen demanded. "We've only met that once. He seemed like a very neat, orderly boy. He's coming down tonight from the military academy. I'm sure I can win him over."

"You could have picked any one of a dozen younger men at the office."

"I didn't pick Bill. I fell in love."

"So you said. But what about his friends? They're all a generation older than you are. I mean ——"

"I know what you mean. I've made a horrible mistake, and the sooner I start looking for a good lawyer ——"

"I didn't mean any such thing." Millie was indignant. "I just think a marriage like this has two strikes against it from the start. One more strike, and you're out."

"Well, I'm about out of time right now," said Ellen. "The dinner tonight is my first formal party, and I want everything to go off like clockwork."

"I'll bet you wish you were back at the brokerage office taking dictation from Bill Corwin, not serving dinner to his stuffy, mumbling old banker friends." Millie rose and patted Ellen's shoulder affectionately. "Poor dear."

Now Ellen was saying to the elderly, white-haired housekeeper, "Mattie, are you sure we have enough demitasse cups for fourteen?"

"You counted them yourself, ma'am."

Thomas, a bent little man with mild eyes and a soft voice, came up silently. "I oiled that squeaky hinge on the pantry door, like you said, Missus Corwin."

"And you won't forget to light the candles at exactly ten minutes to eight?"

"I won't forget."

Ellen, recalling Millie's words—"One more strike and you're out"—murmured, "I do so want everything to be just so. I ——" She sniffed suspiciously. "Oh, my goodness! The ham's burning!"

Emma, the cook, a stringy woman who seemed to be held erect by a rod concealed beneath her prim, old-fashioned costume, emerged halfway from the kitchen door. "No, it ain't." She brought the youthful Ellen within the focus of her direct gaze. "May I speak out, ma'am?"

"Of course, Emma."

"I been cookin' for Mr. Corwin, and his papa before him, goin'

(Continued on Page 95)

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

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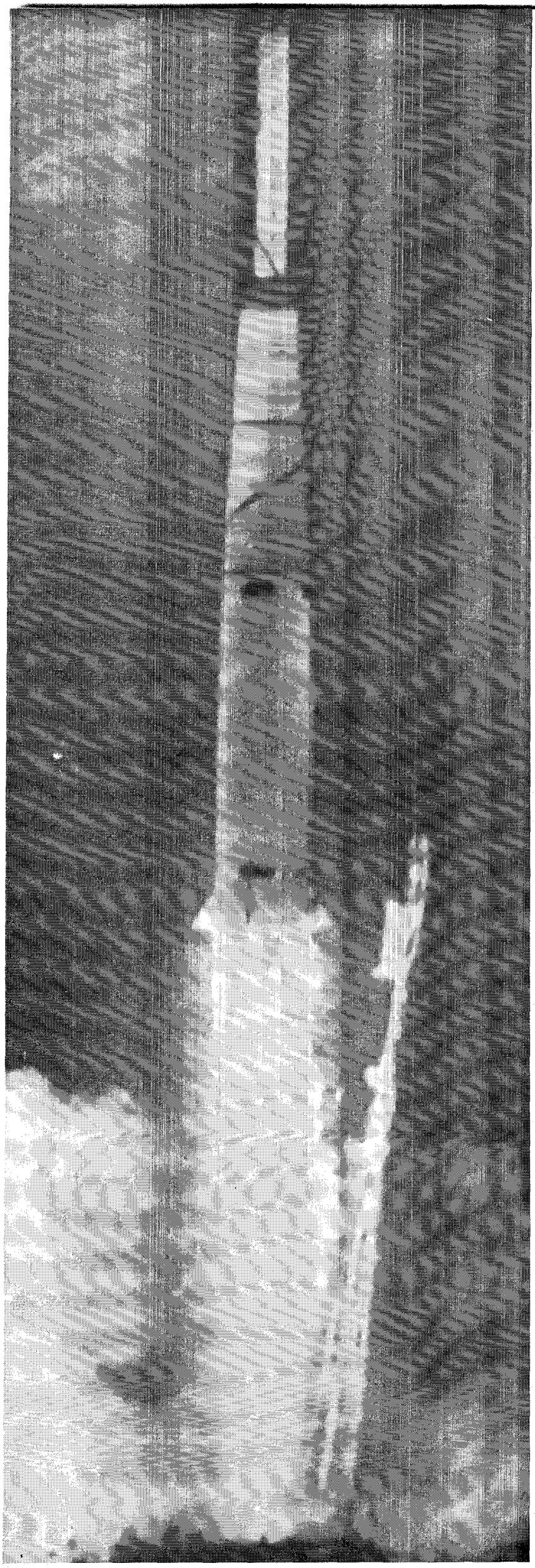
At Home With the Space Men

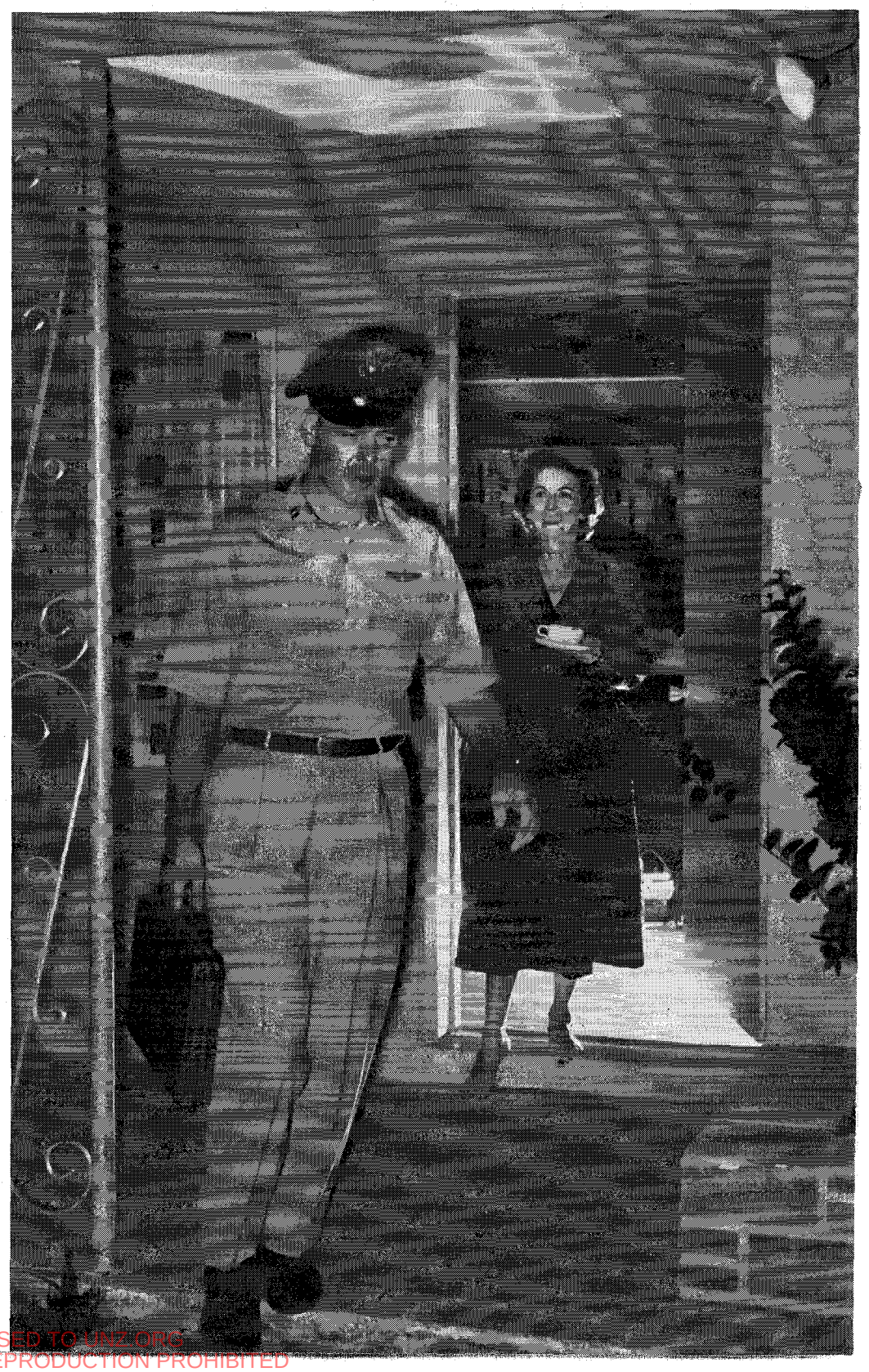
A Post editor takes you on an exclusive inside tour of our rocket-launching center at Cape Canaveral, where scientists are attempting the most fantastic feats in history.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN



Above is the lunar probe Pioneer as it blasted off its pad at Cape Canaveral in last month's historic moon shot.

When a shoot is scheduled, husbands often come and go at odd hours of the night and day. Sometimes they're away for 36 hours. Off to work below is Air Force test controller, Capt. M. E. (Brandy) Griffith.



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CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA.

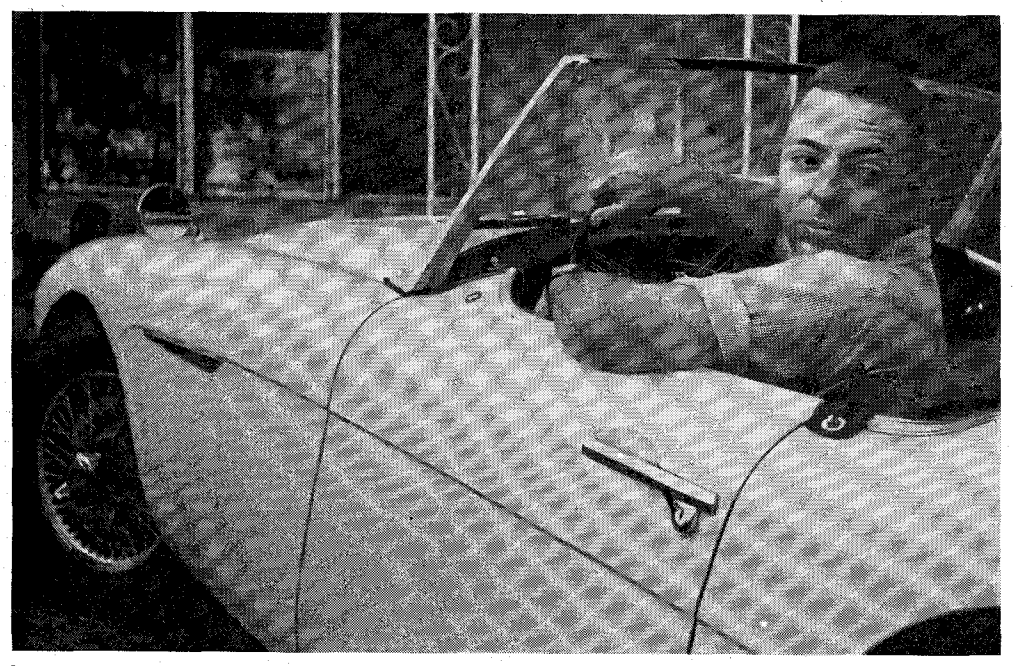
The shirt-sleeved, cigar-chomping technicians and engineers who fire ballistic missiles from this sunburned waste of sand and scrub palmetto know very well that we are in a space race with the Russians. Thus far, spurred by the Soviet challenge, they have fired four satellites into orbit about the earth. They have propelled simulated warheads, loaded with pig iron, for 2000 miles across the South Atlantic, dropping them accurately upon a preselected spot on the sea. They have shot small white mice a thousand miles into the airless upper sky, and have brought them down 6000 miles away, thus proving that living things can survive a journey into outer space and back again.

Currently, they are busy firing projectiles toward the moon, hoping to put in orbit around it a TV scanning device which can take electronic pictures of the lunar face which is forever turned away from the earth. In this endeavor they have lofted a satellite 79,000 miles, higher than any other man-made object has ever flown. Eventually they will move on to other projects for which facilities on this base are being planned already—a shot at Venus, twenty-six million miles away, and the launching of a vehicle in which a man can orbit the earth and come back again as safely as the mice, which rode their rockets into the exosphere and returned unharmed, until their carrier fell into the sea and was lost.

It would be reasonable to assume that men engaged in such imagination-staggering enterprises would be forever preoccupied, in Mr. Shakespeare's phrase, with "thoughts beyond the reaches of [men's] souls." This is not the case. The thoughts of the missile launchers are mundane, and their speech is earthy. Now and then, when in amiable mood, they gently rib their own profession by describing missiles and missilery in a hilarious Herr Schnibble dialect evolved by humorists at Redstone Arsenal, where the Army's famed German scientists work. In this strange speech, a rocket engine is a "Firenschpitter mit schmoken-und-schnorten," its control system is "das pullen-und-schoven steerenwerkes," and a nuclear warhead is "das earschplitten laudenboomer."

Since their job simply is to fly the birds, as high and as fast and as far as the scientists and the military want them flown, they don't lie awake at night worrying about how deep the dust lies on the face of the moon, nor wondering what lies hidden behind the clouds that shadow Venus. But they do get ulcers worrying about whether or not some simple valve, flange, bolt, electrical relay or piece of pipe will jam, stick, break or rupture under stress, causing a million-dollar missile to blow itself to pieces twenty feet off the launching pad.

Being young men, and full of enthusiasm for their jobs, they think of nothing but missiles, and they talk about them incessantly, in the jargon of the engineer. When they describe their jobs to a nonscientific layman, though, they speak in terms that any plumber, electrician or housewife can understand. There is, they point (Continued on Page 109)



Most of the missile technicians have their pet ways of unwinding from the tensions of their jobs. Douglas' test controller Ted Gordon (above) does it by taking late-hour jaunts in his sports car.

Between shoots Joe Broadbent relaxes by playing the guitar. He's the man who pushes the button to launch the Thor missile.

Although husbands are forbidden to talk missiles around the house, the wives seem to know when a shoot is imminent. Naomi Stephens, at left with other Air Force wives, gets warning from her dog Rebel, which always barks as firing time approaches.

Below is Cocoa Beach, the Florida home of the missile men and their families.

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Monna Martini, of Los Angeles, filed a divorce action against her husband Gil (left). But Supervising Counselor Meyer Elkin persuaded them to sign the court's reconciliation agreement.

DIVORCE

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

PART TWO

EFFORT TO SAVE A TROUBLED MARRIAGE

To cool off couples rashly seeking divorce, the Conciliation Court of Los Angeles legally orders the aggrieved husbands and wives not to do the things that irritate each other most.

The Martinis and their children are still together. The agreement helped the couple to work toward a better marital partnership.

The Conciliation Court of Los Angeles represents the farthest any American court has gone in the direction of forcing couples to attempt a reconciliation before they may obtain a divorce.

Los Angeles does not look much like a city—it is just a vast sprawl of stucco and palm and looping Freeway set down between the mountains and the sea. And conciliation court does not look like a court. It is housed in one of several small, gray, stucco bungalows behind the Hall of Records on the Plaza de Justicia. The plaza is a parklike place with curving walks, clipped grass, palms, benches where clients and lawyers sit talking, hatless in the winter sun. Inside the court's bungalow is a tiny, bare waiting room. Clerks work at a plywood counter, and beyond are the little offices of the court's five marriage counselors. There is no judge's bench or bar—none of the usual courtroom trappings. Conciliation court resembles much more a small real-estate office than a court.

Conciliation court was established as a branch of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County in 1939 upon the urging of the late Judge Ben Lindsey. In 1953 Louis H. Burke, a tall, able, soft-spoken Catholic, became its judge. As a lawyer in private practice he had deliberately avoided divorce cases, but, appointed to superior court, for two years he heard little else.

"Divorce seemed so tragic, I thought there must be some better answer. So when a vacancy occurred in conciliation court I volunteered to see if there was anything to it. I decided quickly that I couldn't learn anything as a judge on a bench. So I took off my robe and for a year and a half I sat across the desk from couples just as a counselor would. I soon learned you need special training to do marriage counseling." He reorganized the court's procedures, rewrote its law and brought in a trained marriage counselor, Meyer Elkin. Today, Burke is presiding judge of the entire superior-court system.

If either party to a divorce demands a hearing in conciliation court, the other must appear. When a wife sues her husband for divorce, but he, not wanting a divorce, files a petition for reconciliation in conciliation court, the clerk sends a letter to the wife, inviting her to come in for a conference with a marriage counselor. Usually she does; if she doesn't the court subpoenas her. Elkin or another counselor explains the court's function to them together, then interviews each privately, urging the other while he is waiting to read the court's standard reconciliation agreement.

Now, the reconciliation agreement lies at the heart of conciliation court. The law limits the duration of court orders to thirty days—it can stop a divorce and order a reconciliation, but only for thirty days. Judge Burke hit upon the idea of extending that period by persuading both parties (Continued on Page 139)

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The Champ Was Scared

They called him Tough Tommy, but his trainer knew better. . . .

By TOM McMORROW, JR.

The guy with the cigarette sits there like somebody in outer space. I mean the television screen is all black around him. "Tonight," he says, "we go after the story of the middleweight champion of the world, Tough Tommy DiToreo."

Now the camera shows you Tommy, and he is in outer space too.

"They call you Tough Tommy," says the guy. "Why?"

"I don' know," Tommy says. "In my neighborhood, even the nice old ladies was tough, you know? But I was the guy they pushed out when there was trouble, like wit' another gang. I guess it was because I was never ascared."

"Never? And in the ring?"

"Ascared in the ring? Never. I love to fight. That's all."

The guy cocks his head on one side. "Tomorrow night at this time you'll be in a ring with Johnny Cash. Do you think you'll love fighting him? People here in California think he's pretty good."

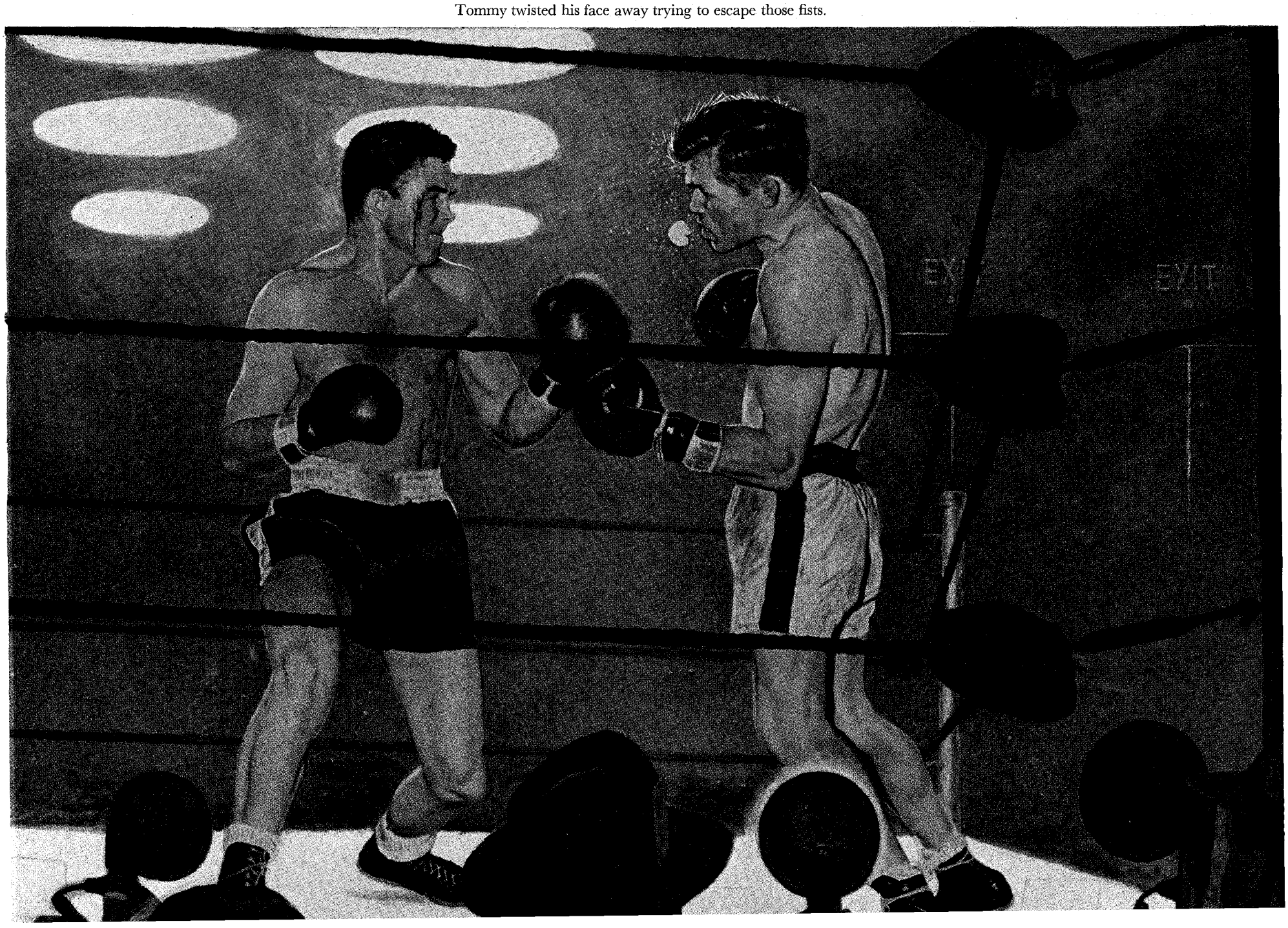
Tommy rubs his big jaw and he laughs. "Do you know, I never even seen this guy? That's a fact. See, it's like this with me: I go in and I belt the guy, and he goes or I go. That's it."

"All right. Now how about your family? The family of Tough Tommy DiToreo. What's it like for them?"

"Oh, my folks di'n't like me bein' a fighter. My old man, he wanted me to be a doctor. He was a great old guy. But I guess I'm better at bustin' 'em up than puttin' 'em together." He grins that crooked grin.

"Let's talk about your management. A tough question." (Continued on Page 81)

Tommy twisted his face away trying to escape those fists.



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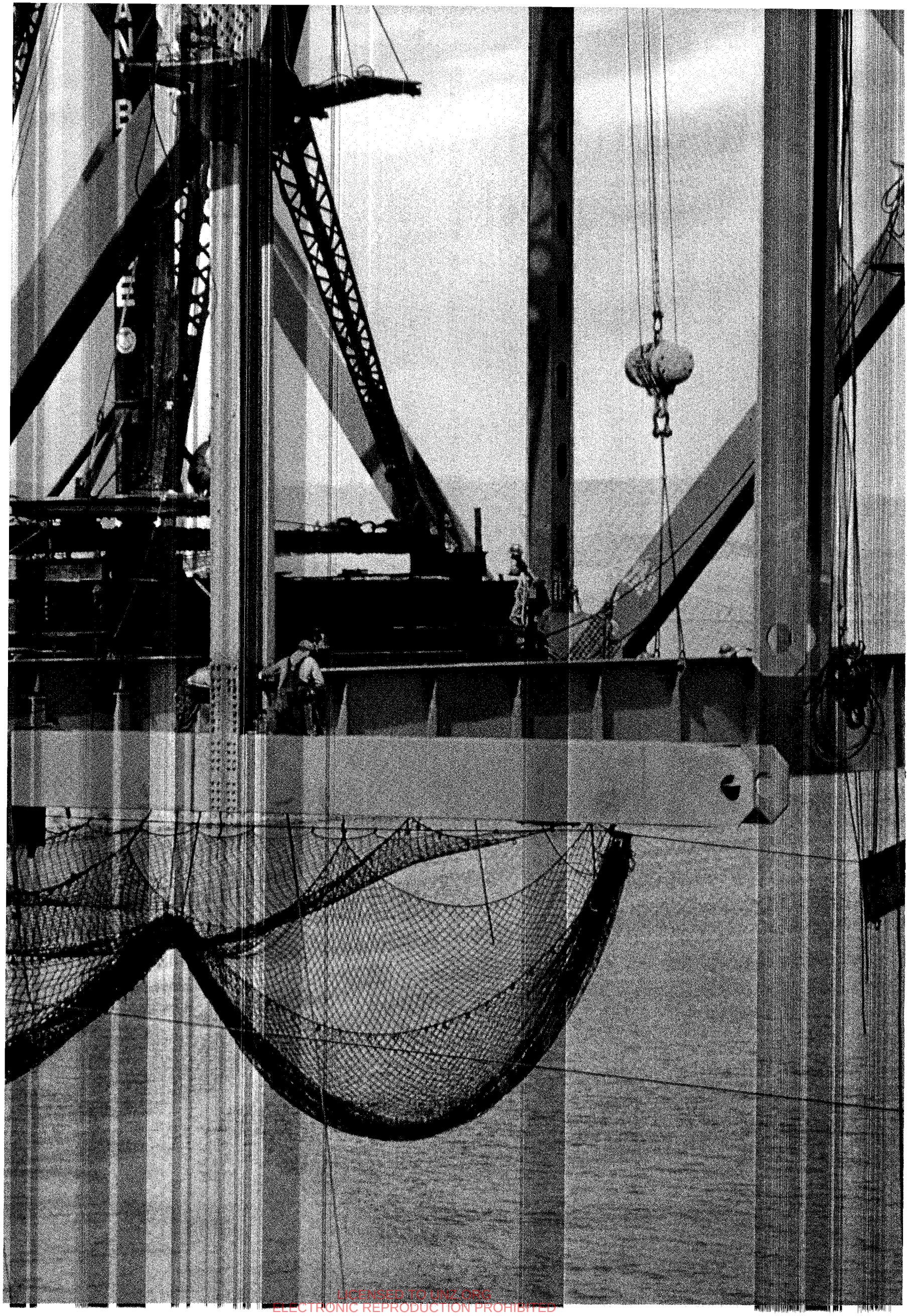

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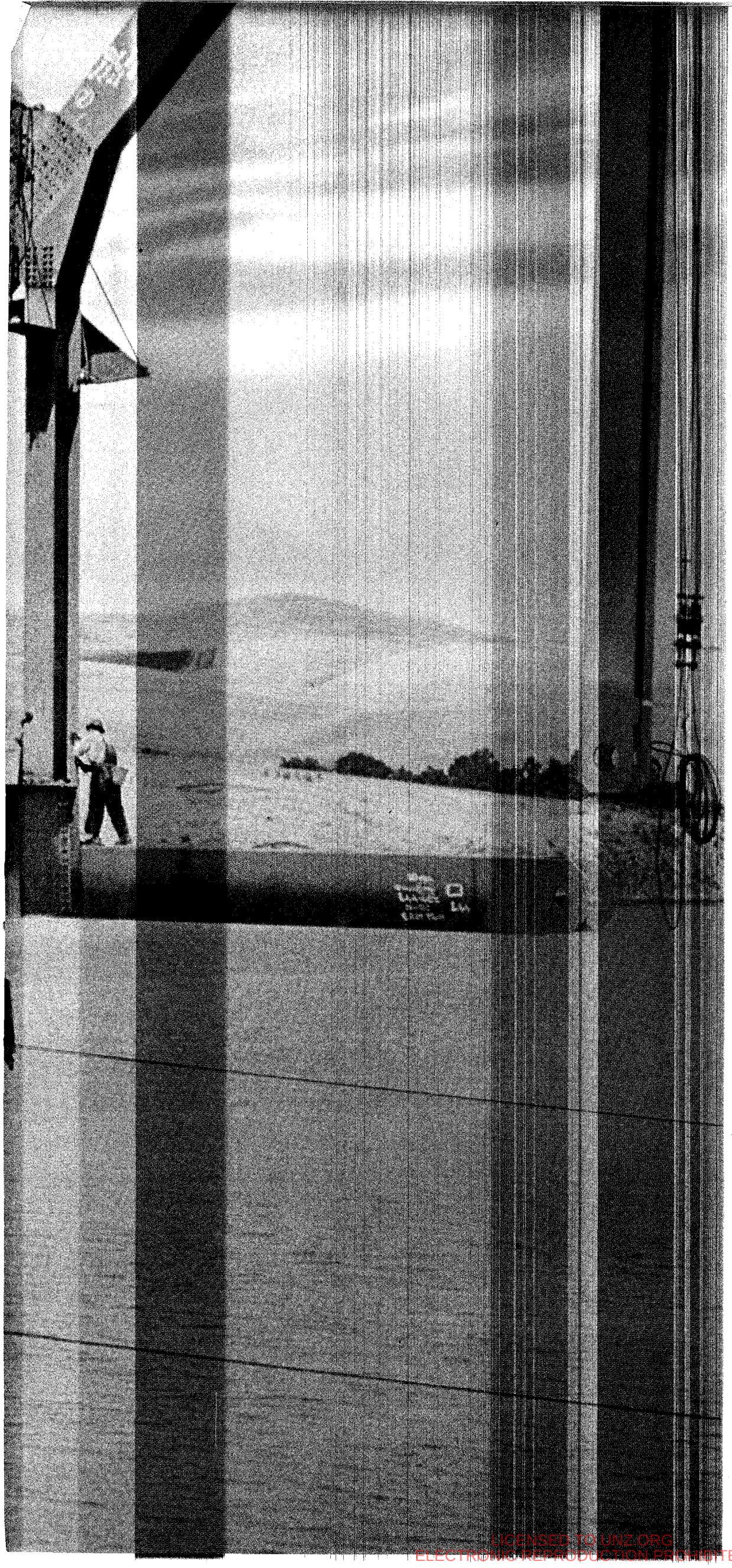
The Face of AMERICA

$26,000,000 and Four Lives



By the time they are dedicated, most big bridges have acquired names that forever set them apart—the Golden Gate, the George Washington, the Brooklyn, the Triborough, to summon up a few of the famous. In this respect the bridge pictured here is underprivileged. It shares a name, the Carquinez, with an older span—not visible in this photograph—which it parallels across the Carquinez Strait in California. The older span, completed in 1927, for many years satisfactorily served busy Route 40 as it swiftly transmitted cars between the bays of Suisun and San Pablo, north of San Francisco. Then, as traffic boomed, the old bridge became exasperatingly clogged. At the summer peak last August 40,000 cars a day inched and stalled their way across it. When the new Carquinez span is opened a few weeks hence, it will handle the full load of traffic for six months while the old span is getting its face lifted. After that the spans will become one-way conduits funneling automobiles in opposite directions. The younger Carquinez' price was $26,000,000 and four human beings. The area is buffeted by winds of up to fifty miles an hour and, despite safety nets and safety indoctrination of workers, a structural-steel worker and three bridge painters lost their lives. • Photograph by Ted Streshinsky

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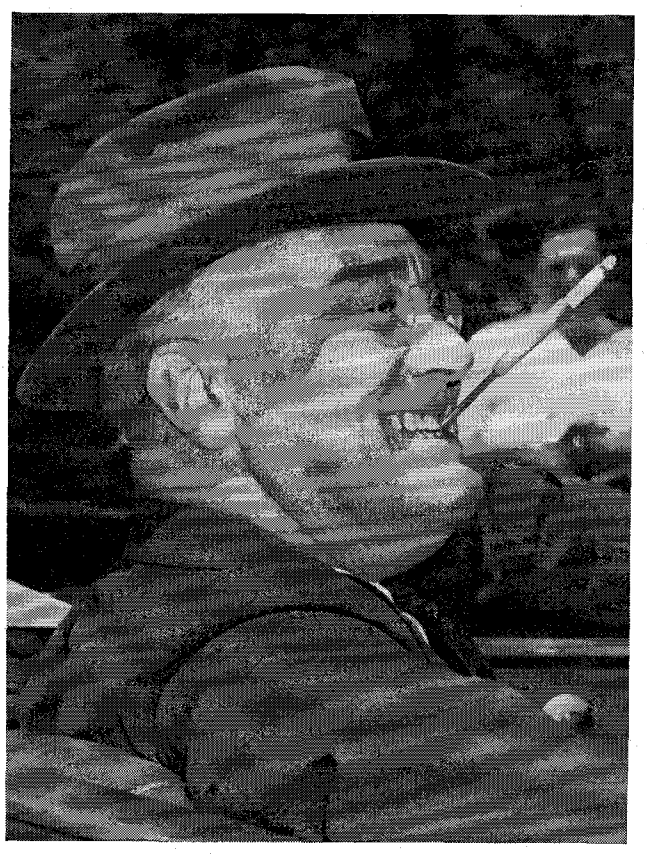
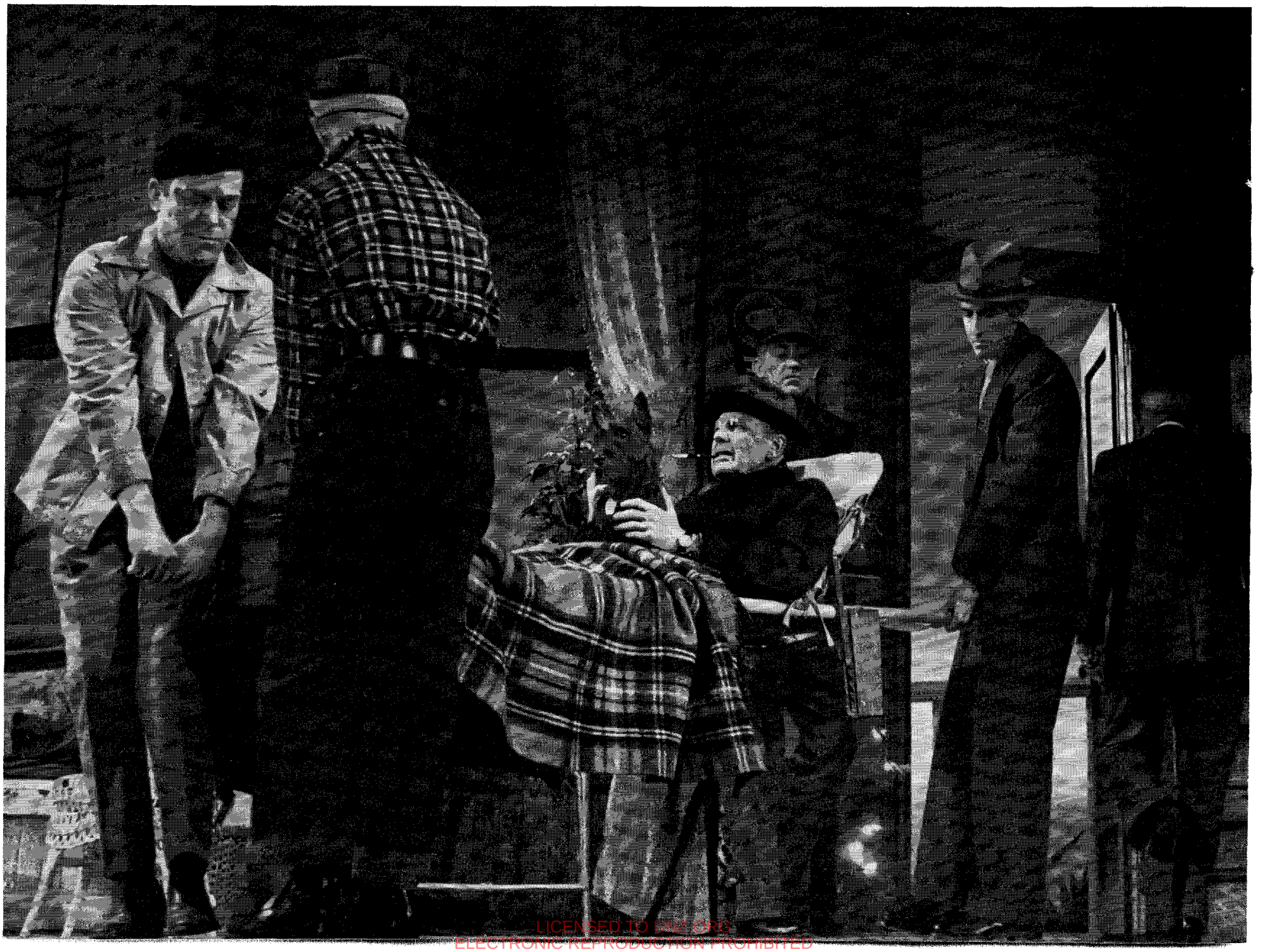
Above: Bellamy and Mary Fickett, Broadway's Mrs. F.D.R. with the real Eleanor Roosevelt.



Roosevelt himself (left) and actor Bellamy (right) do not look alike. But by suggesting, rather than imitating, the late President, Bellamy "becomes Roosevelt" to theater audiences.

At this point in the play's action, Bellamy portrays an invalid Roosevelt being removed from Campobello Island a month after he was paralyzed by polio.



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The Man Who Plays F.D.R.

As star of the hit play about the late President, actor Ralph Bellamy performs one of the most exacting roles ever written. Here's how he does it.

By HENRY La COSSITT

Sunrise at Campobello, the current play about the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, even if it were notable for nothing else, has one unusual distinction: Its star has been mentioned editorially for the Presidency.

The suggestion was made by the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, following the opening of the play on January 30, 1958, the seventy-sixth anniversary of Mr. Roosevelt's birth. Accompanying the editorial was a picture of the star, Ralph Bellamy, complete with pince-nez, floppy hat, cigarette holder and grin, in his characterization of the late President. The editorialist remarked that the Democrats might give thought to Bellamy as a 1960 candidate—"he ought to be good for a sizable vote on looks alone."

No one, of course, took the writer seriously; still, his comment is a measure of the impression the play makes on its audiences. A general uproar of praise and applause followed Sunrise at Campobello's opening at the Cort Theater in New York. Written by Dore Schary, onetime vice president in charge of production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, the play's action spans thirty-four months of Mr. Roosevelt's life. It opens on August 10, 1921, the day F.D.R. was struck down by polio at the family's summer home on Campobello Island, New Brunswick. It closes on June 26, 1924, when Roosevelt was scheduled to address the Democratic National Convention in Madison Square Garden. With the aid of braces and crutches, he managed to hobble ten fateful steps from his wheel chair to dub Al Smith "the Happy Warrior," and nominate him for the Presidency. The play ends on this scene, with Roosevelt standing triumphant, ready to speak and thus return to the world of affairs from which his disease had threatened to bar him.

Most of the critical acclaim was for Bellamy and his portrayal of the late President's fight against invalidism and oblivion. On stage for all but a few minutes of the play's duration, Bellamy must show Roosevelt learning to crawl because of his fear of fire, attempting to walk and falling, learning to handle a wheel chair, and, finally, facing the tremendous physical and spiritual challenge of standing once more on his own two feet to make that nominating speech. All through the play, from the moment he is supposed to be stricken, Ralph must keep his legs inert and lifeless. The physical requirements of the role are probably as exacting as any ever written. As a measure of the tension he feels, Bellamy has bitten through four dozen cigarette holders since opening night.

Apart from the physical demands of the role, he faced the task of making the character of Roosevelt believable to audiences who would remember him with widely varying emotions. Walter Kerr, dramatic critic for the New York Herald Tribune, wrote of Bellamy that he became a kind of "Ralph Delano Roosevelt." Even hard-boiled Republicans were moved by Bellamy's portrayal. In Boston, one of the cities where Sunrise at Campobello tried out before coming to New York, a Back Bay Brahmin told playwright Schary: "If I'd known all this I would have voted for the man—*once*."

With Broadway wiseacres now predicting a three-year run (Continued on Page 118)

1937: In The Awful Truth, with Irene Dunne, Bellamy triumphed in the role of a "sweet but simple guy." So Hollywood cast him in similar parts for years.

1955: With Gary Cooper in The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell, he portrayed Frank Reid, the brilliant defense counsel in the famous trial. By now, Bellamy was also a Broadway and TV star.

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"You can help me by proving her guilty of murder."

The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason was busy trying to prove the innocence of one woman. . . . Grandpa Selkirk wanted him to prove the guilt of another. . . .

Norda Allison began to receive anonymous letters soon after she broke her engagement to Mervin Selkirk. Selkirk's former wife, Lorraine Jennings, and her new husband, Barton Jennings, offered to help Norda. But in the Jennings home, Norda found evidence—a printing press—that proved Lorraine and Barton had themselves sent the letters. Fearing for her life, Norda appealed to Perry Mason. When Mason searched the Jennings house, however, the printing press had disappeared.

Then Mason visited Mr. and Mrs. Gales, the Jennings' nosy neighbors. Mr. Gales supported Norda's claim that a shot had been fired early that morning, and added that he had seen Barton Jennings washing bloodstains from the sidewalk. Gales also told Mason that a babysitter often allowed Robert, Lorraine's son by Mervin Selkirk, to play with real guns. But Mason's most startling bit of information came from Police Lieutenant Tragg, who said that Mervin Selkirk had been murdered.

III

Mason followed Della Street into the elevator and said, "Well, I guess the day is all shot."

Della laughed. "And how you enjoy it! You hate routine work, and whenever any excuse comes up that enables you to break away from office work and dictation, you're as pleased as a seven-year-old kid who has just learned that the schoolhouse has burned down."

Mason grinned at Della Street's comment. The assistant janitor, who operated one of the elevators on Saturday afternoons, said, "I think you've got someone waiting to see you, Mr. Mason." He brought the cage to a stop and slid the doors open. Mason and Della Street stepped out into the corridor.

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A man who had been standing just beside the door of the Drake Detective Agency said, "Are you Mr. Mason?"

Mason regarded him with but little cordiality. "I'm Mr. Mason," he said. "It's Saturday and I'm not seeing clients."

The man, who seemed to be having some difficulty with his speech, said, "This is an emergency, Mr. Mason. It has to do with Miss Norda Allison. It's very important."

Mason regarded the man sharply. "All right," he said, "I'll let you come in. You'll have to be brief."

The three of them walked in silence down the echoing corridor of the building, turned at the door of Mason's private office. Mason latchkeyed the door, held it open for Della Street and his visitor, then followed them in, seated himself behind the desk and said, "All right, let's have it."

"I'm Nathan Benedict," the man said. "I have known Miss Allison for some time. I knew about her—her attachment for Mervin Selkirk; Selkirk broke my jaw."

"Oh, yes," Mason said. "And what are you doing down here, Mr. Benedict?"

"I came down here to protect Norda Allison," Benedict said. "I think a great deal of her. This Selkirk is a dangerous man, Mr. Mason; an absolutely dangerous man."

Mason sat silently contemplating his visitor while Della Street took rapid notes.

"I am now beginning to recover my memory of what happened," Benedict went on. "They tell me it's not unusual for a man to have a certain degree of retrograde amnesia following a sudden, sharp blow; particularly if there has been a period of unconsciousness. My memory is now beginning to return and I clearly remember what happened. Selkirk was deliberately laying for me. He thrust his foot out as I walked across the floor, then jumped up, yelled, 'Who are you pushing?' and pulled his fist, with the brass knuckles already in place, out of his pocket. He hit me a terrific blow; then stepped back and slipped the brass knuckles to one of his acquaintances."

"You don't know his name?"

Benedict shook his head.

"All right," Mason said, "in view of developments, I think we can find who that man was, and it's vitally important to find out something about him. . . . Della."

Della Street looked up from her notebook.

"As soon as Mr. Benedict leaves," Mason said, "contact Paul Drake. Tell him we want the complete low-down on that altercation in the bar in which Mr. Benedict was injured; we want the names of the people who were with Selkirk, and we want to interview them before the police do. I want to find out something about those brass knuckles. . . . All right, Benedict, go ahead. What's the rest of it?"

"Well, that's all there is," Benedict said. "I learned that Norda Allison was coming down here to see Lorraine Jennings, who is Selkirk's first wife. I'm afraid they're going to try to get Norda mixed up in a fight over the custody of the child. If she gets mixed up in that, I know she'll be in danger."

"How did you happen to come to me?" Mason asked.

"I rang up the Jennings residence. I told him it was important that I speak to Norda. I was told she wasn't there—Jennings seemed rather frigidly formal about it too. He told me that if I wanted to know anything about Norda Allison I would have to get in touch with you; he thought you were here, or would be here later."

"I see," Mason said thoughtfully. "When did you arrive here in this city?"

"Last night about ten-thirty."

"Just how did you propose to protect Norda, Mr. Benedict?"

"Well, if you must know," Benedict said, "in my position I sometimes have occasion to carry large sums of money. I have a permit to carry a weapon and ——"

"Let's see it," Mason said.

Benedict frowned and hesitated.

"Come on," Mason said, "let's see it."

Benedict reached inside of his coat and pulled a revolver from a shoulder holster. He placed it on the table.

"A thirty-eight caliber, lightweight Colt revolver," Mason said. He picked it up, swung open the cylinder, inspected the shells, and then added, "It is now fully loaded."

Mason smelled the barrel. "Either it has not been fired recently or it has been cleaned after it was fired."

"May I ask what causes your detailed scrutiny?" Benedict inquired. "You're acting rather strangely, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "For your information, Mervin Selkirk was shot and fatally wounded. He was found dead in his automobile out at the San Sebastian Country Club. As yet, I don't know the exact time of death. The death gun was a twenty-two automatic. You say you have a permit to carry this gun?"

Benedict said with widened eyes, "You mean Mervin Selkirk is dead?"

"He's dead," Mason said. "Murdered. You say you have a permit to carry this gun. Let's see it."

As one in a daze, Benedict extracted a wallet from his pocket, took out a sheet of paper which had been folded and bore evidences of having been carried for some period of time.

Mason studied the permit, then looked at the number on the gun.

"Well," he said, "they check. I would suggest that you board the first plane, go back to San Francisco, go about your regular routine business and forget you were ever down here."

"But Norda? Where's Norda?" Benedict asked.

"As nearly as I can find out," Mason said, "she is either at police headquarters or at the district attorney's office. She's probably being questioned, but she may have been booked on suspicion of murder."

"But I can't understand! I can't —— It simply isn't possible."

"What isn't possible?"

"That Norda killed him."

"I didn't say she killed him," Mason said. "I said she might have been booked on suspicion of murder. Now, I'm not in a position to advise you. I'm representing her. Speaking not as an attorney but just as a person who would like to be your friend, I suggest that, having learned there's nothing you can do to protect Norda from Mervin Selkirk, you return to San Francisco."

Benedict shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mason, but I can't do that. I'm going to have to stay here now to see if there is anything I can do. Mr. Mason, I—I'm employed on a salary, but I have made some rather fortunate investments. I have been a bachelor, I have saved my money, and if —— Well, I'll be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Mason. In all, I have nearly forty thousand dollars in the bank. I would be prepared to assist Norda financially if that is necessary."

"We'll find out about that after a while," Mason said, "but you can assist her financially from San Francisco as well as from down here."

"No," Benedict said. "I intend to remain here. Will Norda be able to have visitors? I mean can I talk with her?"

"Not for a while," Mason said; "not if they charge her with murder."

"But you can see her as her attorney?"

"Yes."

"Tell her I'm here," Benedict said. "Tell her what I told you about having funds available to help her financially."

"You stick around here," Mason said, "and keep packing that (Continued on Page 62)

"Bring it out slow," Lieutenant Tragg warned, stepping forward.

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I Live in a New Kind of "Home"

This great-grandmother faced an older person's most difficult problem. And she found her answer in a unique Michigan community for those over sixty.

By MARY C. VAN TUYL

Recently in the market news of a magazine for writers, an editor gave some requirements for acceptable material for his journal, one intended for older readers. Among other things he wrote, "We do not want any blurb stories about the joys of growing old." Alongside this blunt statement we might put another, a piece of advice from the cover page of a pamphlet which gives some information about Presbyterian Village, a community designed for older people, "Do not regret growing old. It is a privilege denied to many."

In their implications, these divergent quotations manage to put squarely the predicament of aging—a bad business, but one with many compensations. Every old person is caught in this predicament. Some know fairly well what they can do for a good life and can control their circumstances to some extent; other old people are doubtful and groping; and some are helpless and even hopeless. The thoughtful, realistically-minded older person will try to make the best of it.

For about eighteen months I have lived at Presbyterian Village, a community which had its rise out of an older form of a Home for the Aged which was housed in a single large colonial residence situated just outside the city limits of Detroit. The house and forty surrounding acres were purchased in 1945 by the Detroit Presbytery. Five acres were given to the First United Presbyterian Church of Redford for modern church buildings and a manse, and two acres were purchased by the Redford Board of Education for playgrounds and an addition to the grade school. In 1955–57 the first units of a new kind of village residence were built to accommodate about sixty persons.

My experience in coming to residence in this village is not presented as a typical old-age solution, but it does provide an example of the kinds of choices, and appraisals, and shifts in living that one may be obliged to make with advancing years and increasing limitations. Recently a visitor to the village said to me, "You seem to be satisfied here."

"Yes, I think most of the residents are reasonably satisfied," I replied. "And why shouldn't we be?" I asked her.

"Well, you've left your own homes," she began, and then went on without waiting for a reply. "This is an attractive place, I know—the grounds, the rooms, the nursing unit, the apartments, the lounge"—she looked around—"everything, but—but can you come and go as you like, be independent in what you do, and do you have any privacy?" She appeared apologetic. "Please don't think I'm nosey. I'm asking because I'm alone, and I'm beginning to think of coming to such a place myself. I wonder if others have the difficulty I am having in deciding what to do?"

This woman's perplexity is typical. It was the quandary I faced at seventy-four years of age after being hospitalized with both a heart problem and a hip fracture. They altered my purely professional interest in housing for elderly men and women to a closely personal one.

Like many people who retire, I had continued my working life in a slightly different manner for several years before "retiring" again. In my later married life I had been a psychologist, connected with the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor on a part-time basis. After my husband's death I became a psychologist for the Separate Women's Court in San Francisco and remained there for the four years pre-

Photographs by Jim Burns

Joint birthday parties are a regular monthly event at Presbyterian Village in Redford, a Detroit suburb. The dark-suited man behind the table is director Edwin Kirbert.

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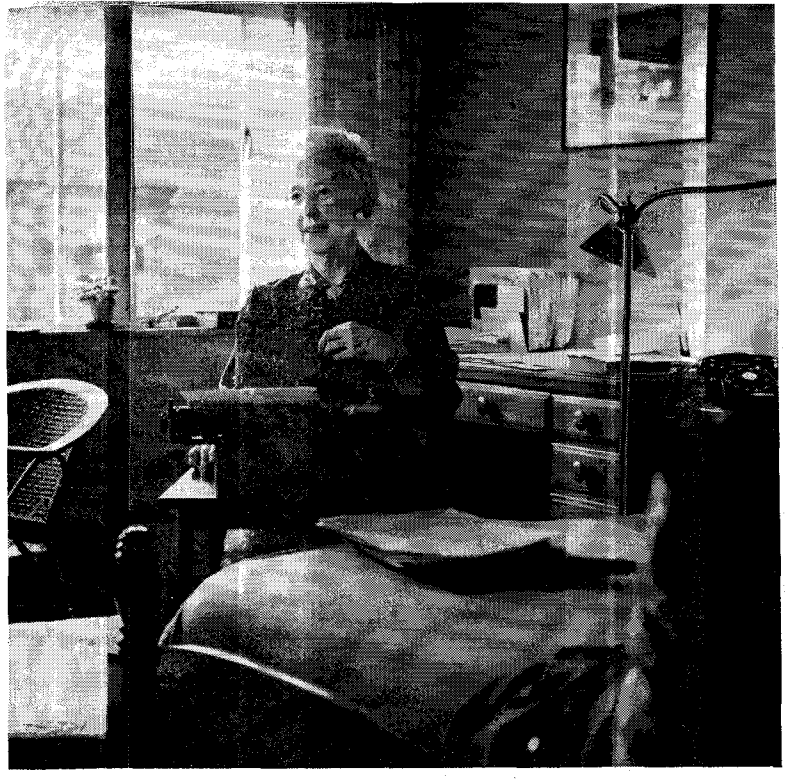
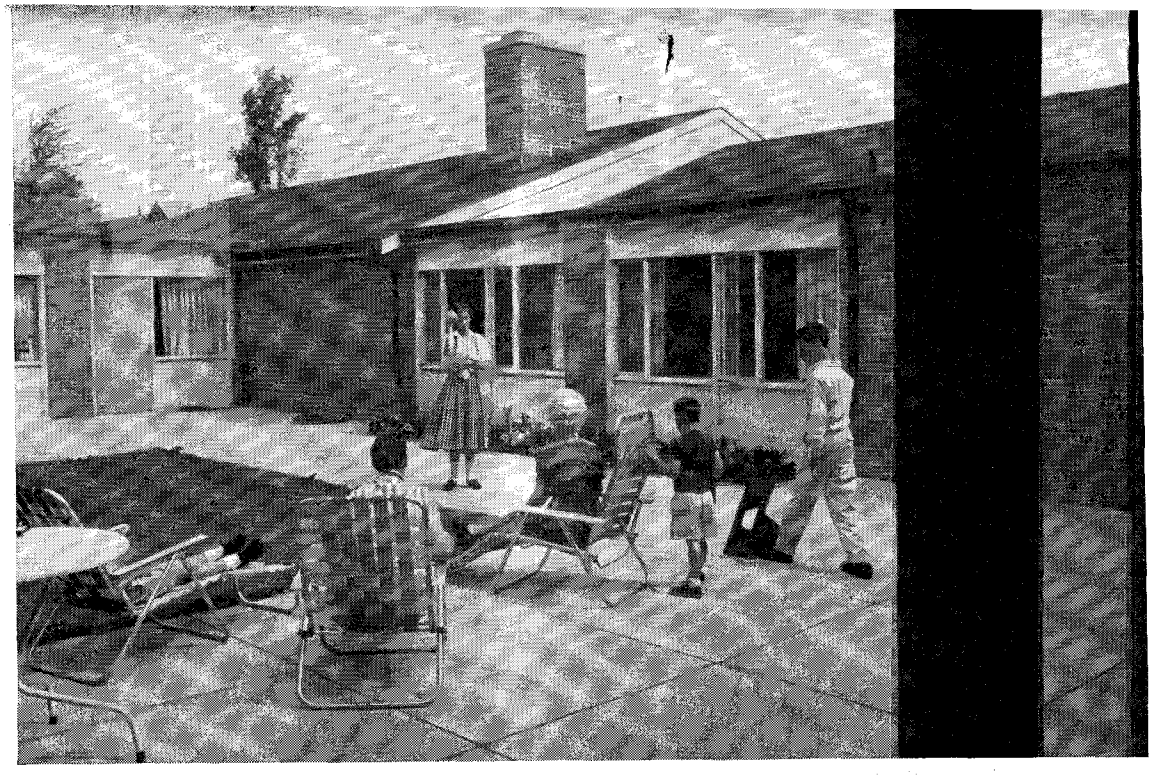


"I found much more time for work of my own choosing than I would have had in a home of my own." Here the author is in her private room.



In a village courtyard, the author plays hostess to some of her visiting grandchildren. Residents are free to come and go as they please on short shopping trips, or even on overnight excursions.

ceding age sixty-five. Attracted by the slower pace of private practice, and by the rewards of living on the California Monterey Peninsula, I built a small ranch-type house with an office space in Pacific Grove, near the sea. Eight years later I again retired to give all my working time to the writing which for many years I had been trying to do.

In June of 1956 I came to Ann Arbor for reading and research in the University of Michigan libraries. I expected to return to California in December. Early in July, I attended the Ninth Annual Conference on Aging, held at the university, and went into the Workshop on Housing. I happened to sit next to Mr. Robert Hastings, a member of the architectural firm of Smith, Hinchman and Grylls, which designed Presbyterian Village. I recall a conversation we had. I said I was interested in housing for older people in a general way. I had my own home in California. When living in it became beyond my capacities, I would probably go to live with one of my six children, paying my own way, of course. I was careful to add, "although I don't know which one would want me, nor do I really know which one I would choose to live with."

His reply seemed more forceful at the time than my remarks called for, "If you have any humanitarian notions for yourself or your family, don't do it."

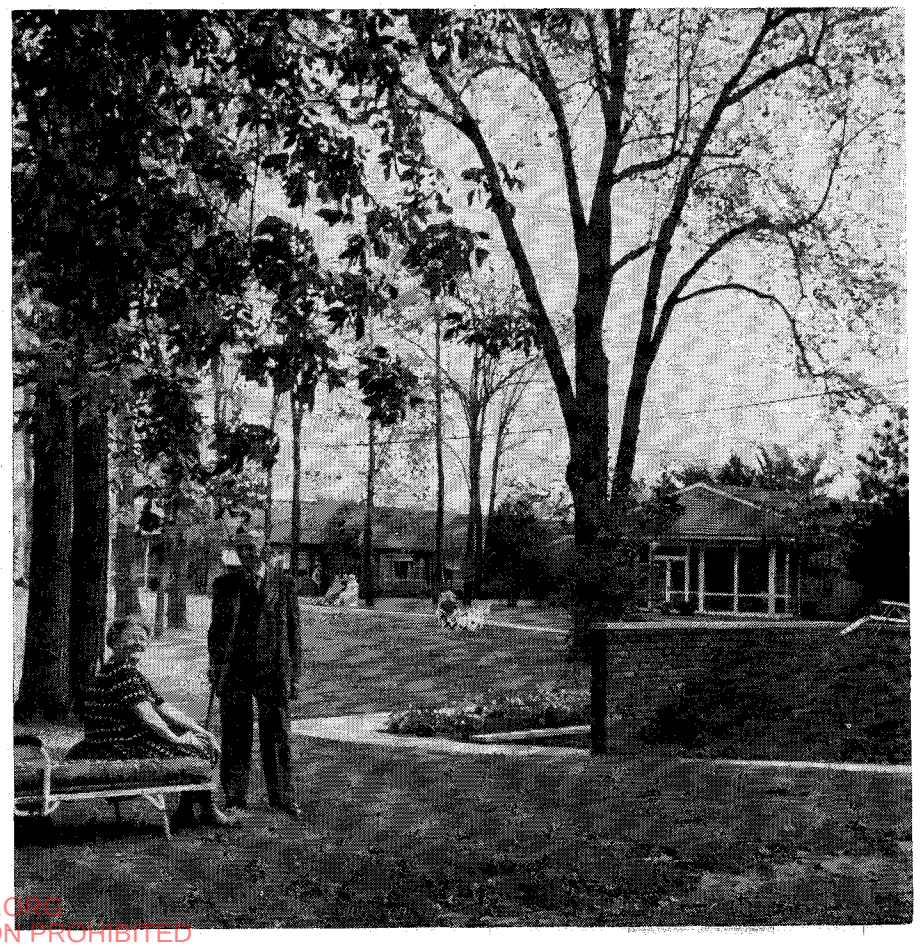
Two months later I had my first brief look at Presbyterian Village. I was favorably impressed, as a casual visitor, with what I saw, which amounted mainly to the general layout. The ground-level, one-story planning and the use of wide spacing for landscaping between units followed the contemporary architectural trend in home building. I could see that the village was not designed as a place of last resort, nor as a nursing home, but was intended to be a dignified residence for retired but relatively active older men and women.

By the time of my second visit, five months later, I was on crutches and looking the place over critically in terms of my own needs. And by the time of my third visit, I had made the difficult decision not to return to the West. I was in the process of selling my house there and disposing of most of my belongings through the hard work of my children in California. Also I had come to my senses concerning the undesirability of my living with any of my children, both for their sakes and mine. I had made a tentative application for residence in the village, and I was glad to be invited to stay there over one night that I might test out my earlier favorable impressions and also be interviewed by the committee on admissions.

(Continued on Page 52)

"I discovered a surprising new experience in oil painting, under excellent instructors who make it their pleasure to see what eight old people can do," says Mrs. Van Tuyl (second from left).

The village, which covers thirty-three acres of ground, now houses sixty persons. Eventually it will be expanded to accommodate five hundred.



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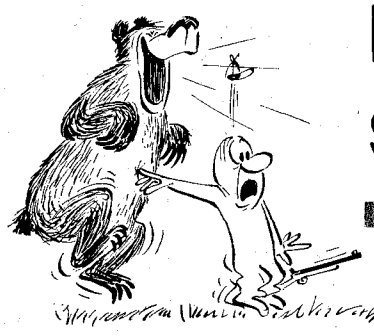

Post Scripts

The Entangling Yarn

I once confessed in satirical jest
To a wildly criminal youth:
A yarn so absurd that any who heard
Must know it remote from truth.

But the rumors flew, and the story grew
To a bit of unholy writ.
And as years go by I must still deny
That flight of mistaken wit.

So children dear, there's a moral here:
No matter how mad the gag,
Don't tell the joke to literal folk,
Lest the tale keep dogging the wag!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Be Our Guest (With Apologies)

We haven't one misgiving—
But with the kids to keep,
It doesn't take much living
To make a house a heap.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

New Dog, Old Tricks

Your Fido's bark is worse than his bite?
My friend, what renders me pallid
Is the thought that he must have done
some biting
To make the comparison valid!

PENNY PENNINGTON

And a Touch of Aardvark Hackle, Please

"In going over the designs for our new line of spinning lures, Twiggly, I came upon your so-called 'Doodle Darter,' and I am shocked, deeply shocked. It appears to be nothing more than a strip of tinfoil with one hook attached. What on earth possessed you, Twiggly?"

"Well, sir, this summer, one of the guides made a dingus like that out of a bottle cap and ——"

"Please, Twiggly, spare me the details."

"But, sir! That lure caught more bass than anything we have on the market. And you should have seen the trout ——"

"That will do, Twiggly. I am afraid your thinking is not very sound. Tell me, how many of our customers are smallmouthed bass?"

"Well, of course, sir ——"

"And in an average day how many rainbow trout drop in with money in their pockets?"

"I see your point, sir."

"Exactly. Now let's just run over the specifications for a Spurgeon Spinning Bait. Color?"

"Flaming scarlet, sir."

"And the metal parts?"

"Gleaming chrome."

"Minimum number of hooks?"

"Three triple gangs, sir, and accessories shall include green glass eyes, assorted feathers, wiggly rubber skirt and at least two spinners."

"Right! This company is pledged to serve the American Sportsman, Twiggly. Remember that."

"Yes, sir. I was just thinking, why couldn't we redesign the Whirly Whoosher to include a sonic whistle and red and green flashing lights?"

"Splendid, Twiggly! Now you are thinking like a fisherman!"

JACK SWEZEY

Things Have Really Gone to Pot

The world was a very romantic place
When a knight in a suit of armor
Could save, from a dragon who gave her chase,
Some pure, sweet, innocent charmer.

No knights inhabit this humdrum earth,
The dragons, alas, are through;
But worst of all, there's a terrible dearth
Of innocent damsels too.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, sis-boom-bah!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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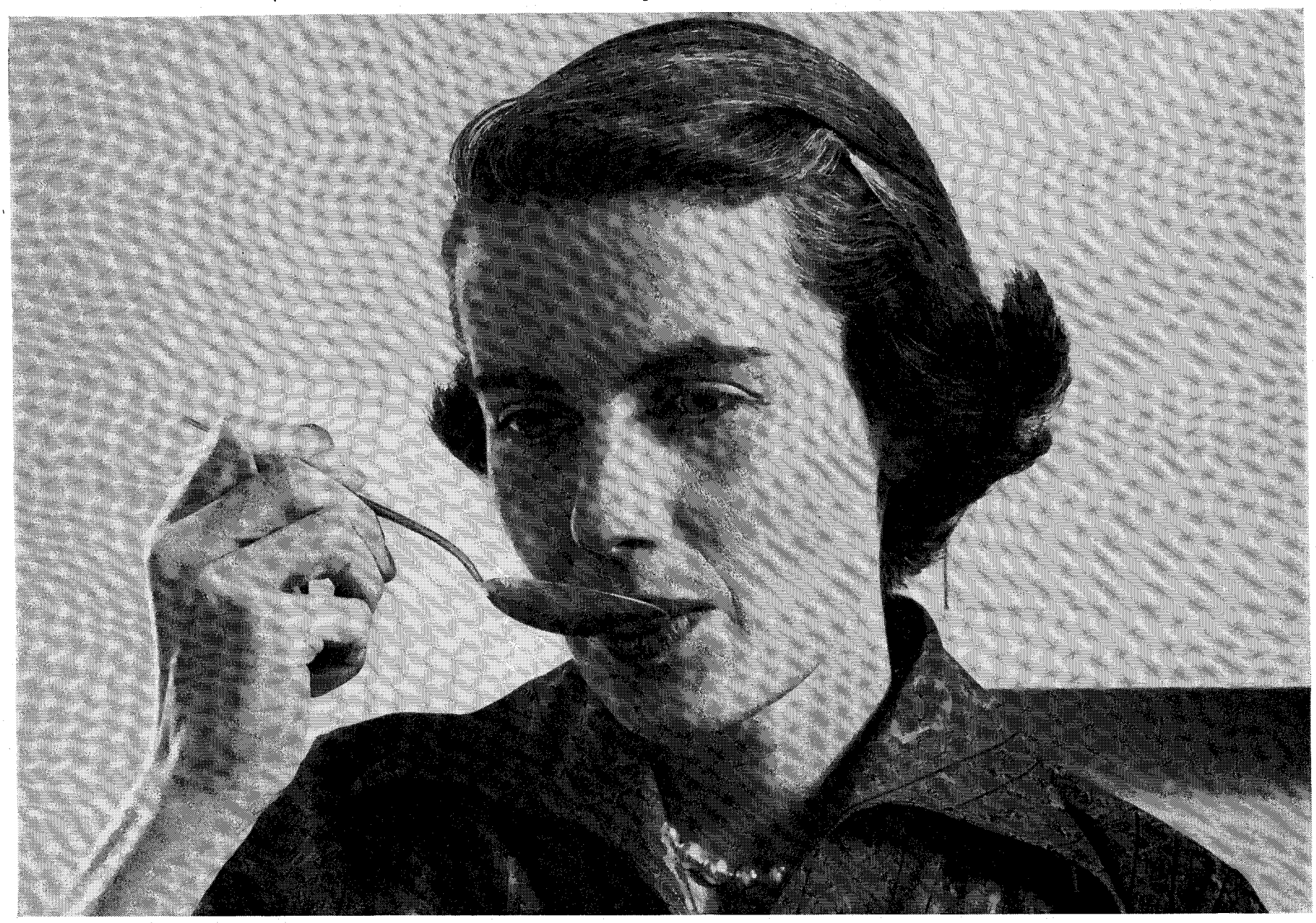
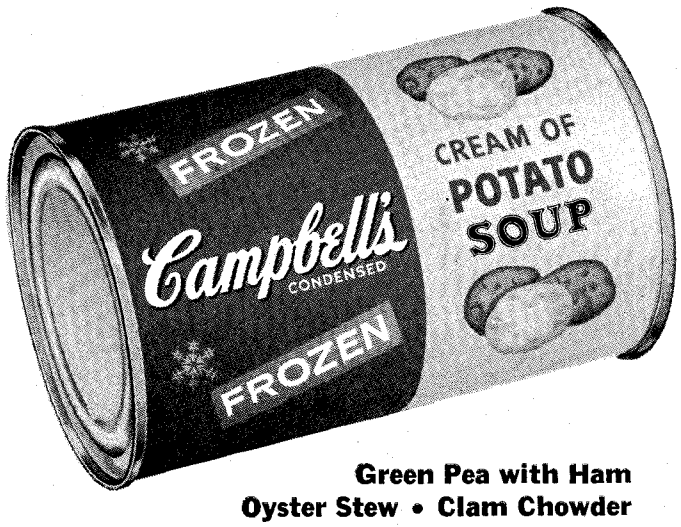
Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

(She'll know...and so will you the moment you taste it)



People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little.



Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

Here's a Cream of Potato Soup (an elegant Vichyssoise, too) for people who have a real feeling for food—who think nothing of driving miles out of their way to try a new restaurant.

To make it, Campbell's simmers the potatoes long and slow in fresh milk with real butter. Meanwhile, just the proper touch of onion and other seasonings bubble all through it. Then Campbell's rushes this savory soup from the kettle to the freezer to lock in all its delicate flavor.

Before Campbell's began putting it in your grocer's freezer, such a superb Cream of Potato Soup could seldom be found. Now (at only about 7¢ a serving) you needn't deprive yourself.

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN *by Campbell's*

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WIN! ENTER TODAY!

FRIGIDAIRE $150,000.00 PAY-OFF SWEEPSTAKES

Nothing to buy! No sentences to write!

Just send us your name and address

A PAY-OFF EVERY WEEK

FOR 5 WEEKS! 560 CHANCES TO WIN!

So easy to enter! As a Grand Winner—Frigidaire will give you $10,000.00 in cash to *PAY OFF YOUR MORTGAGE,* your car, your family debts! It's your chance of a lifetime to pay off the debts every family piles up! Five lucky people will win $10,000.00 in cash—five weekly drawings! Why not get in all five!

You may obtain an Official Entry Blank at your Frigidaire dealer's! Just fill in your name and address and mail it. It has on it the address of Sweepstakes Headquarters. (And you needn't watch a demonstration or hear a sales talk!) So do it today—you could be the lucky winner of $10,000.00!

FIVE $10,000 PAY-OFF PRIZES

one each week for 5 weeks!

FIVE $2,500 PAY-OFF PRIZES

one each week for 5 weeks!

SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. Entries limited to residents of the United States (including Hawaii and Alaska) except residents of New Jersey, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Wisconsin, employees of Advertising Distributors of America, Inc., FRIGIDAIRE Division of General Motors Corporation, its advertising agencies, FRIGIDAIRE distributors and dealers and their immediate families, and except residents of any locality or other state where the Sweepstakes is contrary to law. Government regulations apply.

2. Separate weekly drawings will be held on October 24, October 31, November 7, November 14, and November 21, 1958.
To be eligible for the drawings, entries must be received by Advertising Distributors of America, Inc. as follows:
1st weekly drawing: between 8:00 A.M. Sept. 15 & 8:00 A.M. Oct. 24, 1958
2nd weekly drawing: between 8:00 A.M. Oct. 24 & 8:00 A.M. Oct. 31
3rd weekly drawing: between 8:00 A.M. Oct. 31 & 8:00 A.M. Nov. 7
4th weekly drawing: between 8:00 A.M. Nov. 7 & 8:00 A.M. Nov. 14
5th and last weekly drawing: between 8:00 A.M. Nov. 14 & 8:00 A.M. Nov. 21
Only one entry per person for each weekly drawing. Each entry must be mailed separately and may be on an official entry blank, obtainable from your FRIGIDAIRE dealer, or may be on a sheet of paper bearing your name and address. Send all entries to FRIGIDAIRE SWEEPSTAKES, Box 101, New York 46, N. Y.

3. The Sweepstakes will be conducted by Advertising Distributors of America, Inc., an independent organization. Decisions of Advertising Distributors of America, Inc. with respect to all phases of this Sweepstakes will be final; and by submitting an entry, an entrant agrees to be bound thereby.

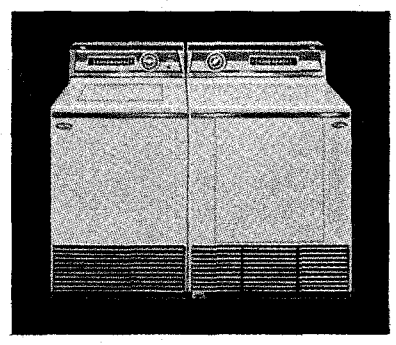
4. Winners will be notified by mail, and winners' names will be available approximately two months after the completion of the final drawing. For prize winners' list, send self-addressed envelope to FRIGIDAIRE SWEEPSTAKES, Box 101, New York 46, N. Y.

5. The prize structure shall consist of five sets of prizes, awarded one set a-week for five consecutive weeks. Weekly prizes are as follows: one $10,000 Prize; one $2,500 Prize; 10 Pairs Frigidaire Washer and Dryer; 100 Benrus "Citation" Watches.

6. Any liability for federal, state, or other taxes imposed on a prize received in this Sweepstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner and not of FRIGIDAIRE Division, General Motors Corporation, or its distributors.

7. If a winner of a laundry-pair prize has purchased a FRIGIDAIRE Washer or Dryer during the contest period prior to winning the prize, this winner will be awarded a cash prize equal to the manufacturer's suggested retail price of the FRIGIDAIRE laundry-pair prize in lieu of the laundry-pair.

50 NEW 1959 FRIGIDAIRE LAUNDRY-PAIRS!



10 Frigidaire Custom Imperial Washers and Matching Dryers each week for 5 weeks. If you buy a Frigidaire washer or dryer during the Sweepstakes period, and then win a new 1959 Frigidaire Laundry-Pair in the Sweepstakes, you will be given the retail value of your prize in cash!

500 BENRUS Citation WATCHES!

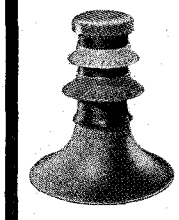
100 each week—14K Gold Benrus Citation Watches—$100.00 value! Choice of men's or women's models.

FREE GIFT NECKLACE FOR YOU!

Just for watching a short Frigidaire laundry demonstration your participating dealer will give you absolutely free a beautiful necklace of graduated simulated pearls by DuBarry. Hurry! Get yours while the supply lasts.

FRIGIDAIRE AUTOMATIC WASHER

bathes deep dirt out without beating!



Inside FRIGIDAIRE only . . . the patented 3-ring "Pump" Agitator! No Blades to Tangle . . . No Lint Traps to Clean or Empty . . . Ask your dealer to show you all this in the '59 Frigidaire Automatic Washer. Get a free necklace just for looking!

FRIGIDAIRE ADVANCED APPLIANCES . . . DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND!

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"She is scientifically interested in their sexual customs, about which she is writing a book."

My Friends Elude Me

By HENRY SHULTZ

Some mystifying correspondence tumbled out of the cardboard cartons stored in the closet. Who, for instance, was the "remarkable woman" interested in Indians? Who on earth was Millicent?

Several years ago I moved to a new house—in rather a hurry, since the old one was suddenly sold right out from under me—and in the confusion I threw all my papers, documents, old letters, and so on, into a lot of large cardboard cartons. I stored them in an unused closet in my new house, and there they remained, untouched, until the other day, when I decided to bring order into my life once and for all. I purchased a modern filing cabinet and a big supply of manila folders, which I proceeded to label Birth Certificate; Taxes, Federal; Taxes, State; Diplomas, College and University; Insurance, Auto; Bank Statements, Old; Books, Loaned to Friends; and so on. This accomplished—and how very businesslike it looked in the top drawer of the filing cabinet!—I turned to Correspondence, Personal.

I don't know why one saves old letters; some, perhaps, because they are from persons one loves, or has once loved, or had hoped one day to love; some no doubt because their writers are famous, or will be; but most of them, certainly, out of sheer indolence because it is easier to toss them onto the desk than to tear them up and toss them into the wastebasket. In any event, I must have saved thousands of old letters over the years, thrown helter-skelter into the grocery cartons; and these I began sorting, first by correspondent and then chronologically; and then—vaguely moved perhaps by old familiar handwriting, by half-recollected postmarks—I began reading, now one, now another, until, almost before I knew what was happening to me, I found myself embarked on a systematic perusal of some twenty years' worth of old correspondence.

I read for several weeks, nearly every night, to the practical (Continued on Page 136)

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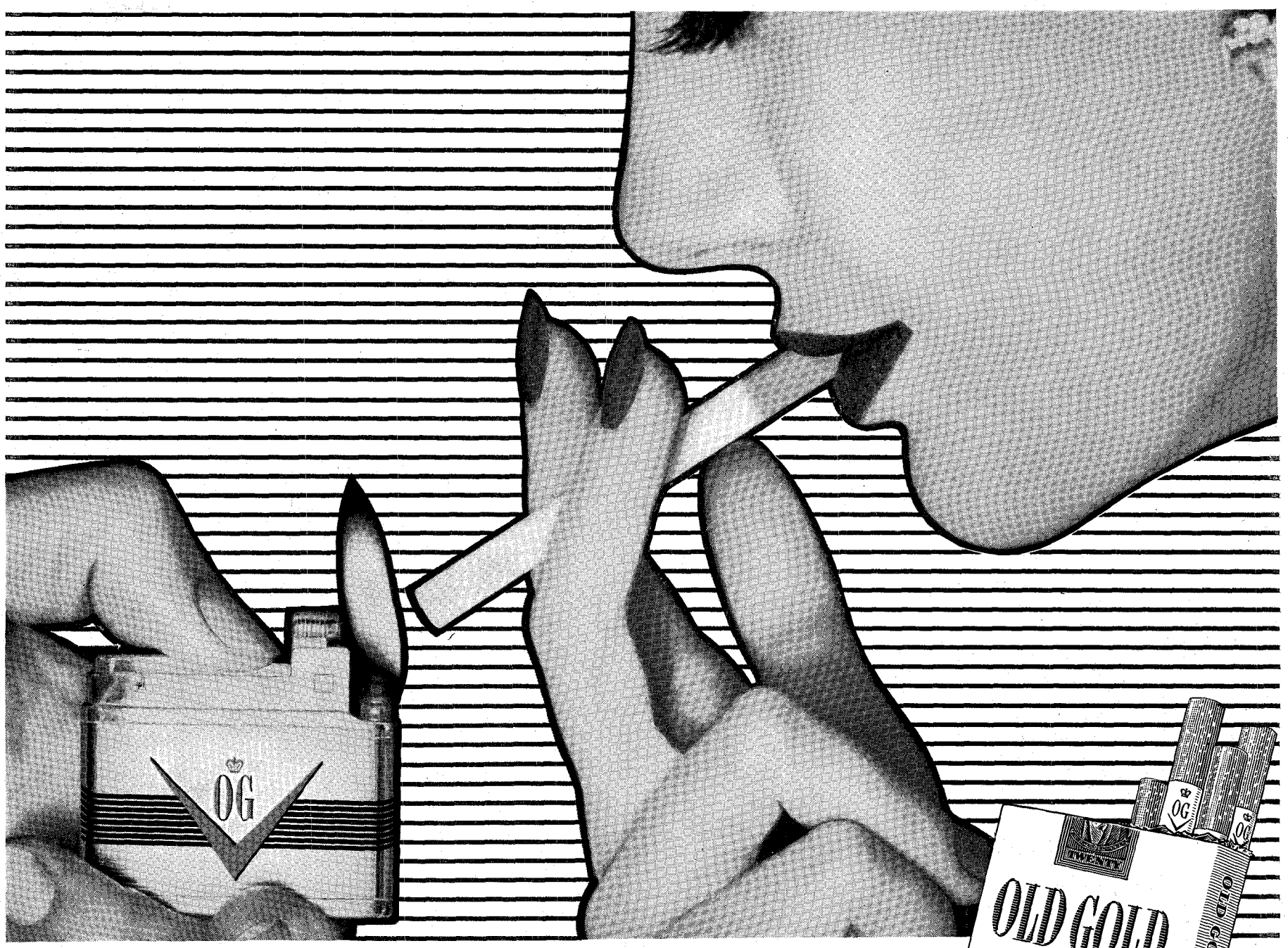
NEW SPIN FILTER COOLS THE SMOKE NATURALLY!



TEST FOR TASTE

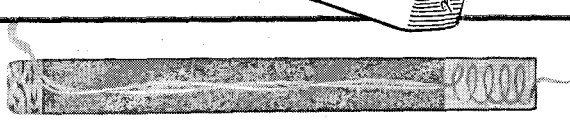
Here's the best taste yet in a filter cigarette

Looking for a filter cigarette that does more than reduce tar and nicotine—a filter that actually improves smoking taste?

Then, no matter what kind of cigarette you're now smoking, try Old Gold's New Spin Filters . . . and *test for taste*. Test as many as you want. A cigarette. A pack. A carton.

Each puff spins the smoke around and around the filter fibers—cools the smoke naturally. You get only the cool, mild taste of truly fine tobaccos.

Try Old Gold's New Spin Filters. It's the best taste yet in a filter cigarette. Make your test for taste—today.



Old Gold's new Spin Filter creates new filtering channels to make the smoke travel farther. And it's a known fact . . . the farther smoke travels, the cooler and milder it becomes. Try Old Gold's New Spin Filter and see.

OLD GOLD'S NEW SPIN FILTERS

Product of P. Lorillard Company—First with the finest cigarettes—through Lorillard Research!

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"This American is different from other white men," Jeepo said. "He knows how to work with his hands."

The Ugly American CONCLUSION:

The Quality of Genius

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK

If it worked, his bizarre invention would prove a dramatic deterrent to encroaching Communism.

In his travels through Asia, U. S. Ambassador Gilbert MacWhite learned that sincere and enthusiastic Americans were the best weapon against Communism. So he recruited such men to help him win back Sarkhan. One of them was Maj. Tex Wolchek, a born soldier who knew how to combat the Mao-inspired battle tactics of the Communists. Another was the versatile Col. Edwin Hillandale.

Hillandale discovered that most Sarkhanese believed in the supernatural. The prime minister of Sarkhan was overwhelmingly impressed by Hillandale's ability at palmistry. But George Swift, chargé d'affaires in MacWhite's absence, bungled Hillandale's chance to capitalize on his status as a swami. MacWhite concluded that the shortsighted stupidity of "second-rate" Americans was a worse problem than Communism itself.

CONCLUSION

Homer Atkins looked around the room at the fashionably dressed men, and tried to be calm. Dammit! The princes of bureaucracy were the same all over the world. They smiled knowingly at one another, and asked engineers like Atkins silly questions.

What Homer wanted to say was, "Listen, you idiots, it's a simple problem. Let us engineers solve it. But don't bring up these silly questions about Vietnam politics and native psychology."

But Atkins didn't say it. He didn't even swear, which was unusual for him. He looked at his hands, remembering that he wasn't at all pretty. He thought of himself as a plain, ugly American. His hands were laced with prominent veins and spotted with big, liverish freckles, and the knuckles bore the tiny scars of a lifetime of practical engineering. Homer Atkins was worth three million dollars, every dime of which he had earned; but he was most proud of his strong, gnarled hands. He knew that he could always make a living with them.

(Continued on Page 122)

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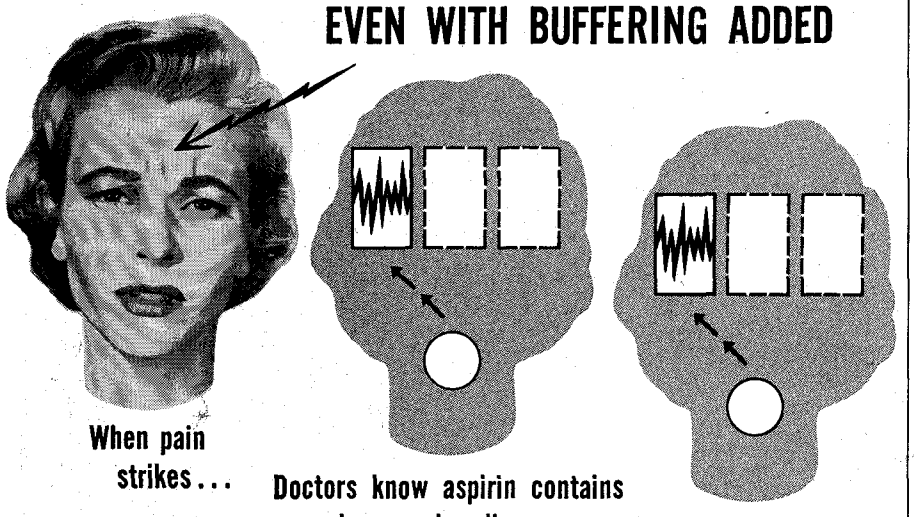
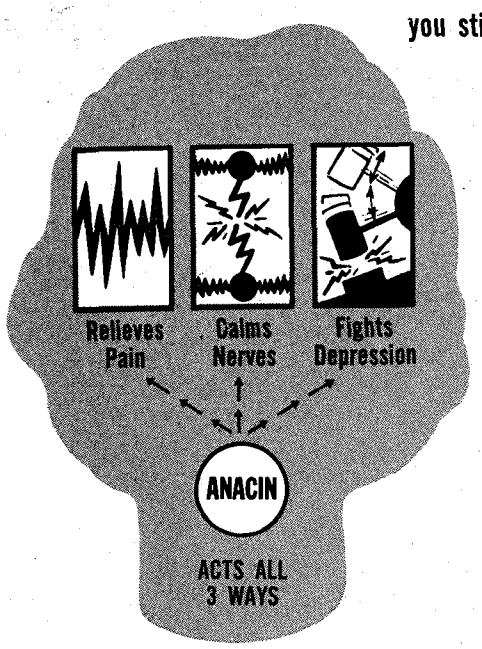
WHAT DO DOCTORS DO to relieve TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients of ANACIN® for headache pain.

BETTER THAN ASPIRIN... EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED





ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression. Leaves you comfortably RELAXED

Anacin gives a better TOTAL effect — more complete pain-relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin. Here's the simple reason. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) calms jittery nerves, leaves you relaxed. (3) fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe, do not* upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF

I Live in a New Kind of "Home"

(Continued from Page 45)

For this visit I was given one of the forty-eight furnished rooms with bath in the community residence known as Sterling Hall. Residence there includes meals in the community dining room, some laundry service, minor nursing care and easy access to medical consultation. In my first view of a room which could be mine, what impressed me most as I entered it was the fact that one entire side of the room was completely open to a view through a multiple window. The wide sill of gray-and-white marble was at desk height and extended the length of the window. Traverse rods controlled the attractive curtaining.

The living quarters occupied a total space of twelve and a half by nineteen feet, of which the nine feet closest to the corridor were used for an entrance hall, with the bath on one side and a wardrobe-dresser-storage compartment on the other. Had this been a box of a room, or even a larger one with a couple of small windows and on an upper floor, it would have had no such attraction as a home for me. The view of trees and sky was as inviting as anyone could have had in a previous, well-planned home. And the architect had provided a similar view in every one of the forty-eight "home" rooms of the three parallel wings of the Sterling Hall residence.

The bathroom was equally well planned, was good-sized and good-looking in ceramic tile. The tub had a low, broad depression for sitting on the side, and a depressed seat at the end. A sturdy metal handrail matching the towel fixtures extended the length of one side and across the end. A similar handrail was beside the toilet seat. To the person recovering from a recent hip fracture, or to any elderly person, these provisions spell the difference between easy care for oneself and laborious effort or dependence on others.

The built-in dresser, double closets and storage space above were closed off by two large sliding doors, all in blond wood. The floor was covered with cork squares, like the floors of the long corridors, the lounge, the dining room, reception room and offices. Along the wide corridors on both sides were smooth maple handrails for those who needed them. Everything here was on ground level, which would be a great relief to me after four months of second-floor living.

I had already learned the cost of these accommodations, and I knew I could just about afford it, provided I didn't live to too great an old age. I had been surprised and relieved to learn that no entrance sum was required. The over-all charge for community residence was $150 a month. I was told that this amount did not make the village self-sustaining. About twice as many residents will be needed to avoid deficits, which have been met by Presbyterian funds. Construction of new units for an additional sixty residents will begin by the spring of 1959. No guarantee was given me that my fee would not be increased, but I was assured that only extreme necessity would dictate a rise. I was told also that the plans provided for an ultimate population of about 500 residents in various types of buildings on the thirty-three acres of the village property.

In going about I looked at the attractive unfurnished apartments designed for two persons, the one-bedroom for seventy-five dollars a month, and the two-bedroom ones for ninety dollars, plus cost of utilities and other expenses of living. These apartments are built in separate, motellike buildings. I knew, however, that in such an apartment, even if I had someone to go in with me, I'd be involved again in the responsibilities I no longer wanted.

I met many residents, and they were all inclined to greet me warmly as already a new member of the community. I had to say I was not yet invited to residence, nor—I might have added—was I entirely sure of my desire to come. "Oh, but you will be invited," was the encouraging response.

"I'm not so sure," I warned, "I'm not a Presbyterian."

"We have two or three who are not Presbyterians," I was assured.

The directors, I learned, did not necessarily reject from outside the denomination, although justifiably they felt first of all their responsibility to their own older members. The one requisite for residence is that the applicant be a Christian. This, I was assured, did not necessarily mean a creedal emphasis, but was more of a criterion for attitudes and behavior.

I noted, in going from one attractive room to another, that most of the residents made use of the basic furnishing—bed, desk, (*Continued on Page 55*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No doubt about it, Mrs. Plimpton— you have a banana split personality!"

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Picture of a man protecting your investment

as he MoPar WINTER CHECKS your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial

An automobile *is* a *major* investment! And it's just common sense to want to take good care of it.

Best way to do that with a "Forward Look" car is to take it to a *specialist* in that car. Your MoPar man. You know he'll give your car a complete check-up for winter driving, do it thoroughly, and *save you money.* Here's why:

1. His staff is factory trained and experienced in your kind of car . . . knows just what to do and how to do it.

2. He uses MoPar products—genuine Chrysler Corporation parts and accessories, engineered precisely for your car, guaranteed like new car parts.

3. He's equipped with special factory designed and approved tools to save service time and keep your labor costs low.

Who is your MoPar man? He's your town's dealer in Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial cars and Dodge Trucks, who sells MoPar parts and accessories.

Your confidence is well placed in this man. He wants to keep you as a customer *over the years,* and knows that his business tomorrow depends on your satisfaction with his service today.

genuine Chrysler-engineered

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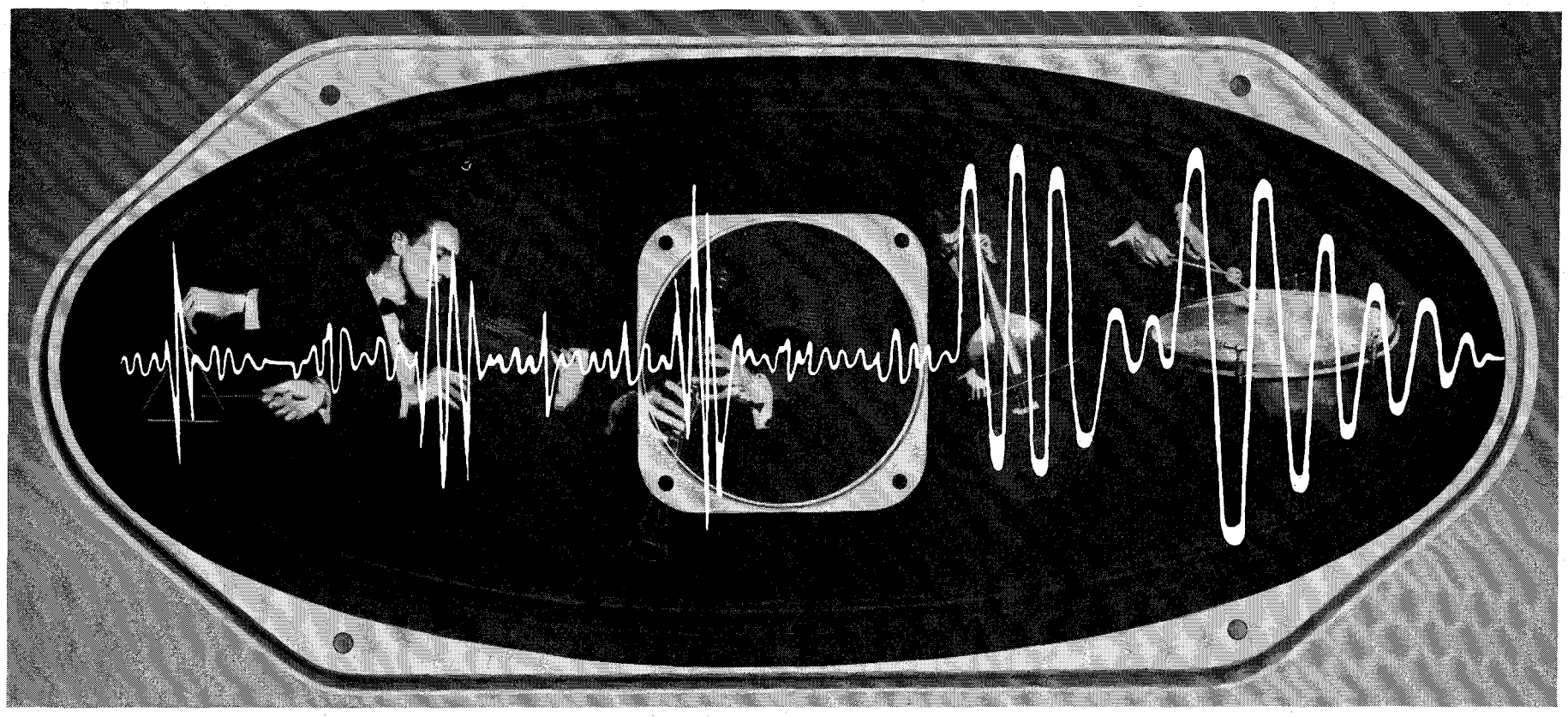


HEAR the living range of television sound on General Electric's BIGGEST SPEAKER IN TV

New from the laboratories of General Electric television: the new 21 x 9-inch Coaxial speaker system.

It's the biggest *bass woofer* in television, teamed with a *high-frequency tweeter* to bring you the living range of television sound. You hear everything—even with volume down low. It's sound befitting General Electric's famed crystal-clear picture quality.

Enjoy both without leaving your chair . . . because the new Electronic Self-Tuner brings in sharp picture and faithful sound automatically . . . *ends* fiddling with fine tuning. Teamed with new 3-way remote control that sets any volume you want, changes channels—even turns the set on and off. *All at no extra cost!*

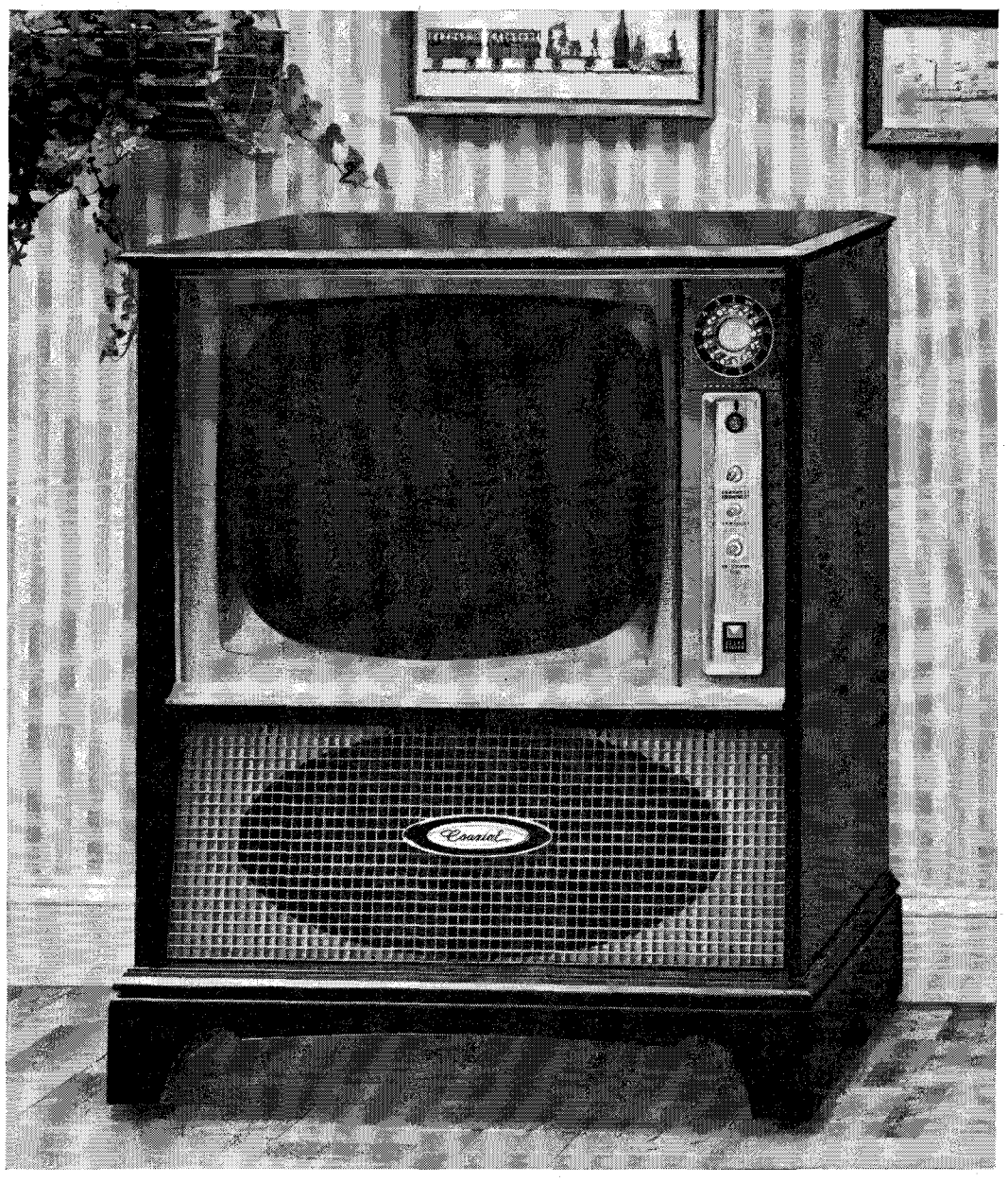
All wrapped up in a lithe, trim, 15-inch-deep Slim Silhouette cabinet of genuine wood veneers. It looks built-in—doesn't bulge into your room.

You never heard it so good as you'll hear it when your General Electric dealer demonstrates the new 21 x 9-inch Coaxial speaker system for you.

This is more than the most advanced of television receivers—it's a sound system for a record player, too. All for the price of the TV set! General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



21-inch (overall diagonal) 110° tube, 262 sq. inches viewable area. Phono-jack for record player, tape recorder, AM-FM tuner. Mahogany or blond veneers. Model 21C2560 shown.

BUY NOW FOR EXTRA VALUES!

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(*Continued from Page 52*) matching chair, table and upholstered chair—in addition to their personal belongings. One pleasant room was furnished almost entirely with the possessions of the occupant. Such a freedom in settling one's home room was reassuring. My room, should I come, I knew would always be more of a study or workroom than a parlor-sitting room. I must have plenty of bookshelf room, practically all my books, my typewriter, some of my pictures, my lamps, my television and radio and my own chairs.

I had three meals during my stay. My physician in Ann Arbor had said bluntly, "Watch out. These places don't give you enough food, certainly not enough protein." Accustomed to dinner at night, the evening meal seemed scanty, but the breakfast and noon dinner the following day reassured me that I would eat well.

The lounge and the dining room were spacious and as attractive as many modern clubs. The service was efficient and in some cases I could see that it was selectively directed to the needs and even to the idiosyncrasies of certain individuals. I was on a low-salt diet, and I was glad to learn that I could maintain this restriction. But I was told that other continuous special diets could not be provided for.

I returned to Ann Arbor to await the action of the board. "I haven't seen a shoddy thing in the place," is how I described my general impression to my daughter. I had some anxious moments. But in a few days I received word that the board had invited me to residence. I was pleased and reassured to have it put in that fashion. I still had a "medical" to take, a long questionnaire to make out, some more interviews, but finally everything was in order.

My grandson, a high-school senior, brought me and what belongings I had with me to Room 22, Corridor B, Sterling Hall, probably my permanent home for the future unless serious mental illness should develop, or a long terminal illness, difficult to manage. To be sure, I could leave for any period, or I was free to sever relations completely if for any reason I wished to withdraw. Yes, and I could be asked to leave if I were to show myself continuously un-co-operative and out of spirit with the village.

As I look back on it now, a year and a half later, what I had wanted in the first place was an attractive place to live, with congenial people, located relatively near to some of my children, a place where I would be relieved of keeping up a house, or even an apartment, and where I would have ready access to good medical and nursing care and physical therapy if I should need them. These services are centered in the large old residence known as Hoobler House, and available at modest fees. I also wanted occasional privacy and independence that would interfere with no one.

I can't say I was looking for security. I knew that no one ever actually achieves security. The most that I could hope for was a feeling of fairly persistent confidence from having arranged my affairs and my situation as prudently as I knew how for myself and for my children's concern for me.

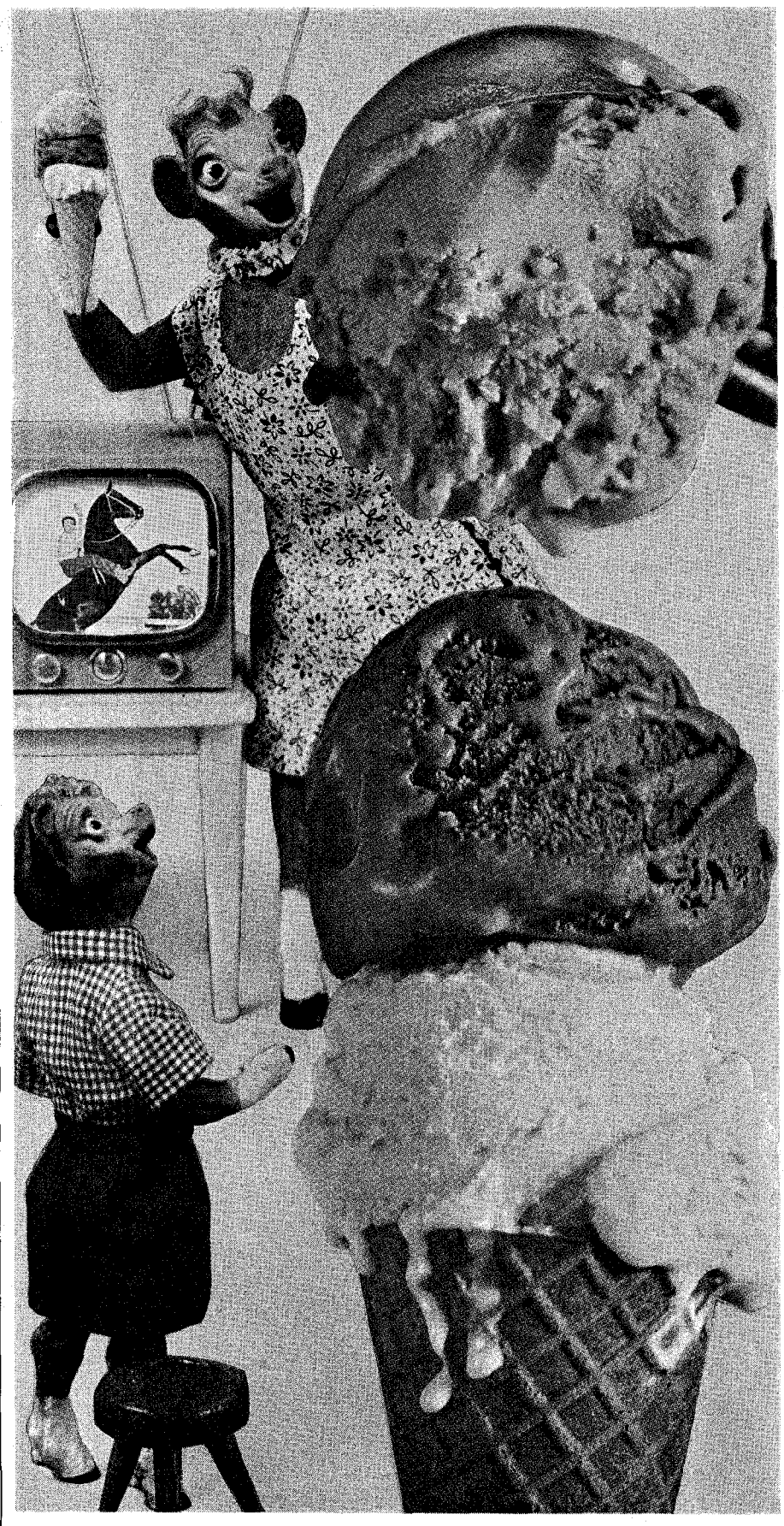
In sober and calculated fashion I can say that I got what I came for. "Were you wise in seeking sheltered living at the time?" someone might ask. "Or did you run to cover too soon?"

No, I didn't run to cover too soon. The paradox of the outcome is that, surprisingly, in the midst of a large group of old people, I found for myself much more time for work of my own choosing than I would have had in a separate home of my own, ridden with things to do, or in living continuously with one of my children, where my identity and my activities would have been submerged almost necessarily, and even willingly, in family. Elderly parents and their middle-aged children, much as they may love and like to be with each other, have to be honest and objective about continuing a situation in which one or the other might come to feel intolerably trapped.

As for keeping up a house, although this is supposed to be a womanly gesture, it can be sentimentally much overrated if one is old and alone. Our freedom from housekeeping cares in the village encourages much independent going out for visits to friends and relatives for a day or more, or to lunch and shopping, either alone or two or three together. We do sign out when expecting to be away. The bus line is about three short blocks distant, and an hour's ride to downtown Detroit. On the expressway in a private car it takes only half an hour. Six of our men residents and three women, incidentally, keep their cars at the village.

There are many varied activities right within the community for those who wish to participate. It is up to the individual. I found a surprising new experience in oil painting, under an excellent instructor and her assistant who make it their pleasure to see what eight old people can do. The instruction is free, as is that in ceramics, weaving and silver crafts. There is a charge for some of the materials—the paints and canvas, for instance, which I use out of class in my own room.

A committee of residents plans weekly meetings which for want of a better name we call the Friday Interest Group, arranging for (*Continued on Page 61*)



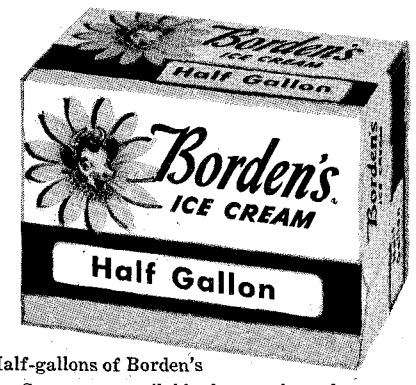
"He averages three colds to a case."

"Scoops and scoops of flavor come in BORDEN'S HALF-GALLONS!"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

And you never know when you and your family will get that irresistible craving for flavor-y, savory Borden's Ice Cream. So be ready for anything! Get generous, thrifty half-gallons at your neighborhood store. Look for Borden's Ice Cream sign.

Available in Ontario and Quebec Provinces.



If it's Borden's *it's got to be good!*

Half-gallons of Borden's Ice Cream are available the year 'round.

See Borden's TV show "Fury" over NBC. © 1958, The Borden Company

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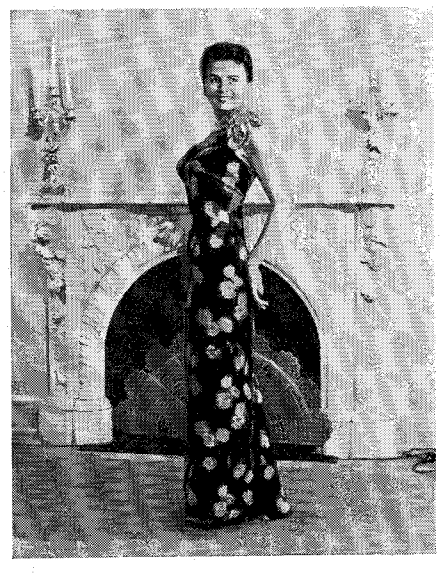
For a Wife Whose Husband

BEFORE CHRISTMAS, Mrs. Margaret Tryon of Minneapolis was a hefty 151 pounds, wore size 16. She was continually tired—had tried to reduce many times. Then last Christmas her husband gave her the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.



A FEW MONTHS LATER Mrs. Tryon has a trim, 118-pound figure, wears size 8. Stauffer took off excess pounds and inches. She looks and feels years younger. Stauffer also improved posture, firmed and toned muscle tissue.

There are any number of things you might give her. But, if your wife has a weight problem—or if she has extra pounds and inches in the wrong places . . . the one Christmas gift that will make her happiest is a lovely, new figure.

Of course, figure beauty is a highly unusual gift. Perhaps you've never even thought of it. However, this Christmas thousands of husbands actually *will* give their wives a beautiful new figure with the famous Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

The heart of the Stauffer Home Plan is the motorized "Magic Couch" pictured above. With this couch and the type of calorie reduction doctors advise, the Stauffer Home Plan slims and trims inches and pounds in a relaxed, effortless way.

It will mean the end of losing battles with starvation diets. And never again will she have to suffer the strain and fatigue of strenuous exercise. Inches and pounds will melt away from hips, thighs, tummy, waist, legs—wherever she needs to lose. And best of all—the Stauffer Plan will help her *keep* trim!

The rewards are great. She'll look and feel years younger without those extra pounds. And—you'll have a happier wife, one with young ideas and a figure to match. This year give her the one thing she wants most of all. A beautiful new figure . . . it's hers . . . when you give her the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

For more information about this most wanted Christmas gift, tear off and mail the attached postage paid card.

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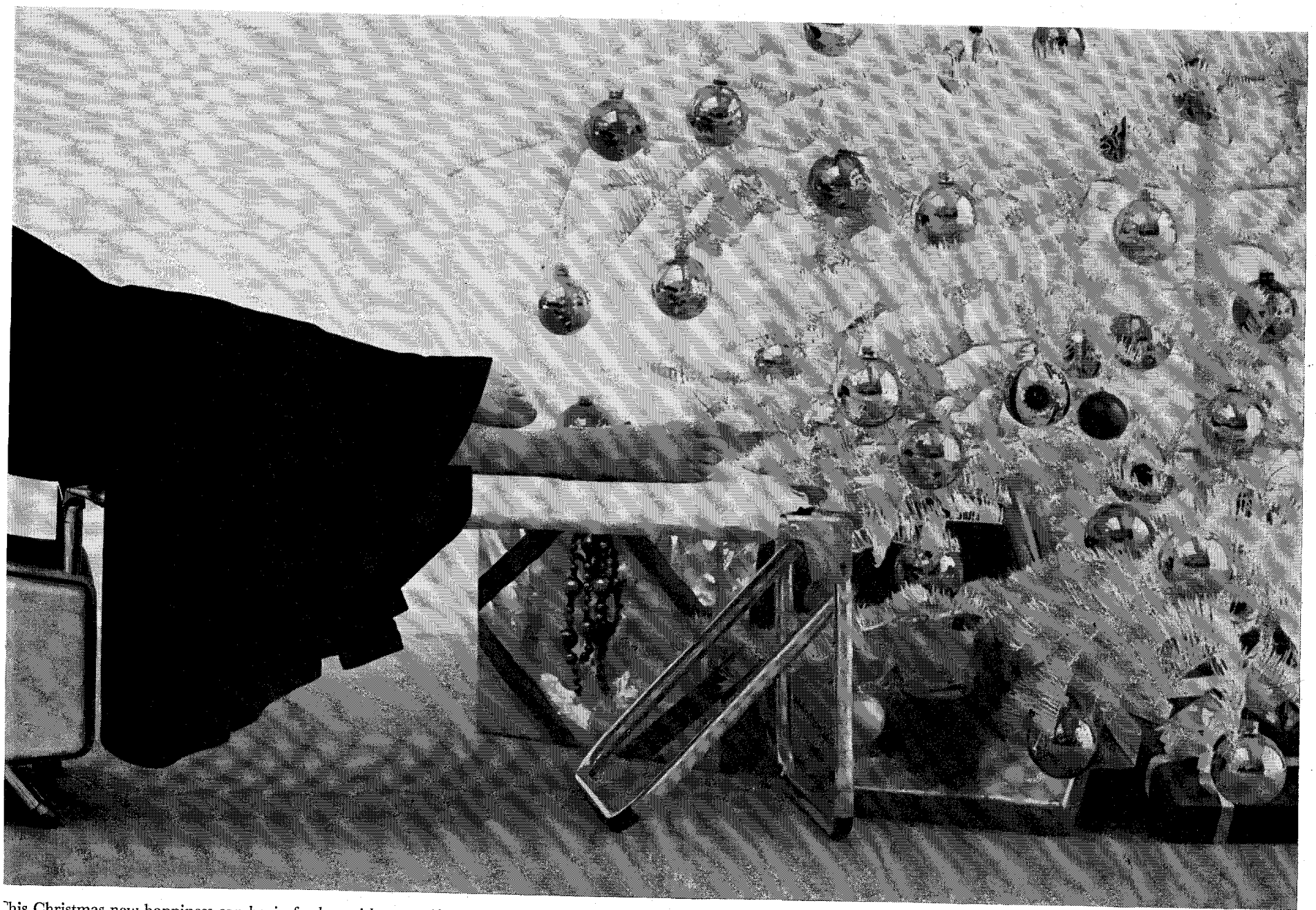
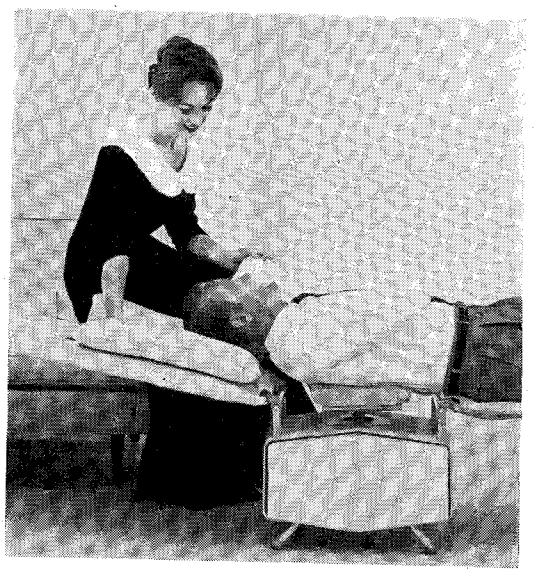


This Christmas new happiness can begin for her with your gift of new figure beauty—the famous Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

Hostess gown by I. Magnin

Loves and Understands Her

LOSE INCHES WHERE YOU NEED TO LOSE —calves, ankles, arms, hips, waist, thighs. The "Magic Couch" (Posture-Rest®) can be used in many different positions to meet special figure problems. You actually reduce while you relax—the "Magic Couch" does your exercising for you.



HUSBANDS USE THE "Magic Couch" for essential daily exercise—without strain or fatigue. A few minutes on the unit helps ease away normal tensions. Available in deluxe family model and the new Princess model at lowest price ever. Rent it by the month—or buy it for pennies a day.

A TRAINED STAUFFER COUNSELOR will visit regularly to give expert guidance. This service is included in the Plan. For further information about this most wanted Christmas gift, mail the attached postage paid card, or write to Dept. S-118, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32.

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GREAT NEW IDEA FROM GULF! You can restore clean-engine performance with just one tankful of new Gulf Crest every 1,000 miles.

New, advanced engines, of course, need new Gulf Crest as a full time fuel to maintain maximum engine performance. But . . .

In other cars (cars not requiring highest octane gasoline), use a tankful of new Gulf Crest every 1,000 miles to *restore* clean-engine performance. New Gulf Crest neutralizes deposits left by other gasolines. You'll save on gasoline, spark plug replacements, costly engine servicing . . . and you'll begin to get that *live* power feeling again!

GULF

NEW GULF CREST
GASOLINE

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(*Continued from Page 55*) movies and lectures. Monthly talks on music appreciation are given by a faculty member from the Detroit Institute of Musical Art, and a local garden club also sends members to meet with the residents once a month. The village has a pastor-counselor, a young minister who is also chaplain at two hospitals, who visits once a week and is always on call. Most residents go to their own churches, using their own cars or transportation arranged by the church.

I take the bus, as a rule, twice a month for meetings of the Detroit Women Writers' Workshop at the Women's City Club. A shopping trip for which residents sign up goes each Thursday morning to one of the shopping centers about a mile away. The village station wagon is used. Residents walk or go in cars to the nearby grade school to vote in primaries and in elections. One of our women continues to sell greeting cards and drives her own car to serve her previous customers, as well as serving those in the village.

Our social life remains much as it was previously in the lives of the residents—visiting, playing games, gathering around the fireplace on cool evenings. Many church groups come to arrange programs and afternoon teas, or take residents, for example, on trips to nearby Cranbrook art center or to the Kirk-in-the-Hills, with tea on the attractive garden patio.

There is a well-equipped beauty parlor in Hoobler House, and two operators come each week. Some women prefer to continue with a favorite operator outside, but more are changing to avoid taxi fare or are walking to the nearest shopping center, four blocks distant.

I would be reluctant to leave the village, except for brief times away. My children are relieved to have me here. This does not mean that there is here any perfect enterprise, any more than in any family home, any apartment-house dwelling, any club or hotel accommodation. And residents in the village differ in marked fashion as to how they react to things that do not suit them, matters all the way from a clash of personalities to the occasional time lag between serving of toast and a breakfast egg!

Obtaining reasonable satisfaction in living at the village does not mean that I never feel an occasional nostalgia for the past. Every room in the community, like my own, holds its few memento-residues from a lifetime of homemaking and housekeeping—things selected out. "This I must have," the old person says.

The necessity of relinquishing the mass of one's belongings, and of selecting out the few, for what is probably a final "room of one's own"—in Virginia Woolf's words—can be a painful experience. If the feeling of loss lingers as it does with many old people it may become a haunting homesickness. My girls saved me the actual selecting out, but such is the tyranny of our dear possessions, and those not so dear, that on occasion I have suddenly thought of some quite trivial thing I had once owned and wondered where it had gone.

Most of the heavy boxes sent to me from California held either my books or my office effects. I had directed that all my research folders, my manuscripts, and the case-material folders from my psychological practice be sent to me *in toto*. This confidential material had to be protected. A business or professional man's or woman's retirement is often complicated in this manner.

My acceptance of life in the village does not mean that I never had any misgivings about what I was getting into. *Here I am*, I thought, one night shortly after I arrived, *immersing myself in a group of the aging and the aged, nine men and fifty-one women, from sixty-nine to ninety-four years of age*. I knew many of the characteristics of aging, physiological and psychological. I myself already showed some of them, and I'd be showing more.

How contagious were some attitudes and feelings—and I piled them up in my thought—complaining and self-pity, fault-finding, unreasonableness, inflexibility, loss of the desire to learn? How inevitably do these and even more unhealthy attributes arise with the advance of the years? But I chided myself. The middle of the night is not the best time for appraisal of self or surroundings.

In the dining room at the village I sit regularly beside a friend who is ninety years old. She is a lively conversationalist and an active and enthusiastic member of eighteen patriotic societies. I said to her one day, "Do you think we become more naïve as we grow older?"

"You mean more stupid?" was her quick answer.

"Well, not quite," I said. "But do you think we become more rigid?"

"Do you mean more stubborn? My young friend, say what you mean; use good old-fashioned words." This ninety-year-old calls the one of seventy-five young.

Ages at the village rarely intrude themselves. The residents are all older people together; age lines are forgotten in friendships and in activities. Some in the early seventies may be more physically handicapped or more lacking in initiative or some other trait than one much older.

The village is an important and highly regarded social enterprise of the Detroit Presbytery. Many visitors come to look it over, not only from the local Presbyterian sponsors but also from other church and nonchurch groups, from architectural firms, from committees here and from abroad. Similar projects are springing up all over the country. The aging—that is, the senescent—is the popular age group at present for research study and for social attention, rivaling its almost namesake, the adolescent, and in fact any other age group.

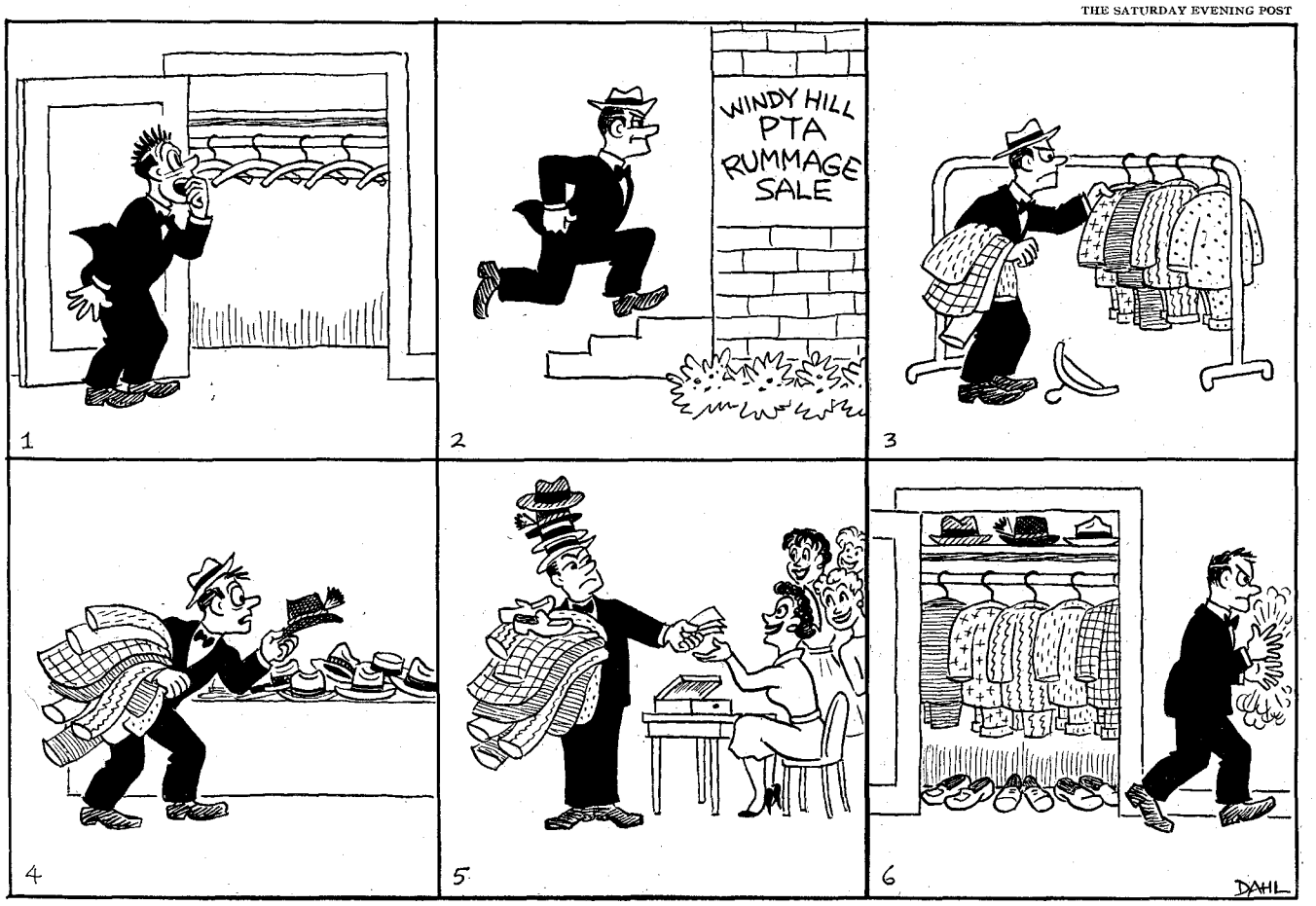
For many reasons the village makes a favorable impression on visitors. Perhaps the most flattering, subtle and astonishing expression of this came one day from the seven-year-old grandniece of one of the residents. She had gone with some others on a tour which ended in her maiden great-aunt's room, where she became fascinated with the movement of a platform rocker. Someone asked the child the inevitable question—what are you going to be when you grow up? She looked around the pleasant room with its broad windows overlooking the rose gardens and, rocking steadily back and forth, she said slowly, "I want to be an old lady."

THE END

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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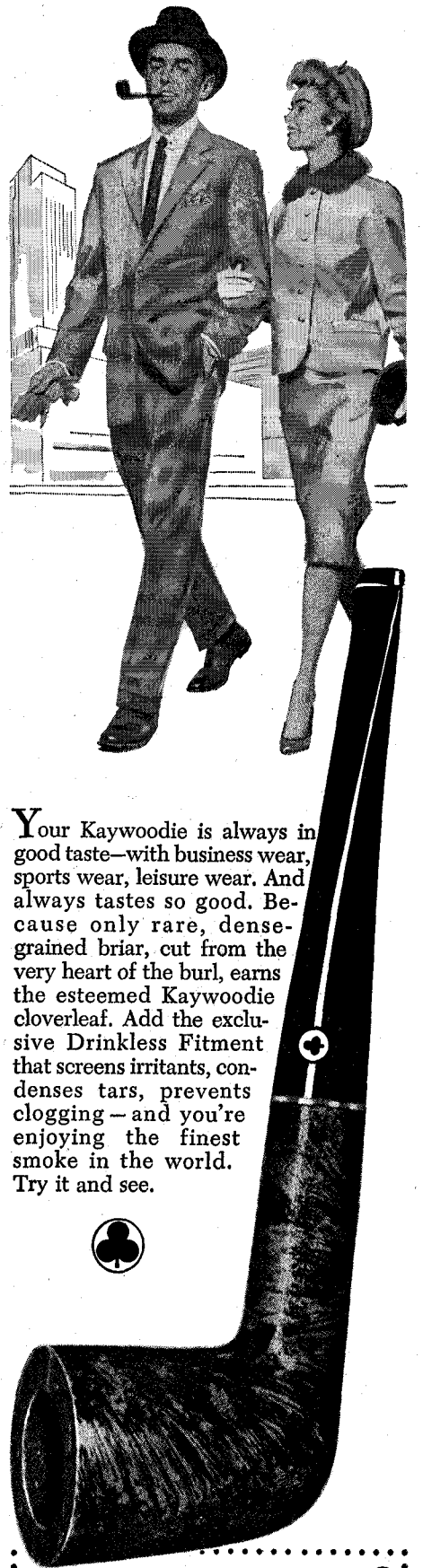

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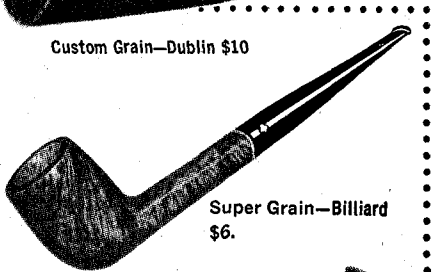

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The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 43)

gun, and I won't need to tell her anything about you. She'll pick up the newspaper and read all about you. You'll have your photograph published with headlines to the effect that police questioned Mervin Selkirk's broken-jawed rival and found him carrying what may have been the murder weapon."

"That certainly makes it sound sensational," Benedict said.

"Well, what did you expect?"

"If," Benedict said with dignity, "the police are no more efficient in locating me than they were in locating the brass knuckles which Mervin Selkirk used in breaking my jaw, they'll never know I'm here. I ——" He broke off as someone pounded authoritatively on the exit door leading from Mason's private office to the corridor.

After a moment, the knock was repeated.

Mason pushed back his chair, walked over to the door and called out, "Who is it?"

"Lieutenant Tragg," came the voice from the other side. "Open up. We're looking for Nathan Benedict. He's supposed to be in your office."

"That," Mason said, turning to Benedict, "is your answer."

He opened the door. Lieutenant Tragg walked in.

"Meet Nathan Benedict," Mason said.

Tragg said, "How are you, Benedict? When did you get in?"

"By plane last night. About ten-thirty."

"Where?"

"At the International Airport."

"Where did you go from there?"

"I took a taxi out to Barton Jennings' house. I wanted to see Norda Allison. By the time I arrived the lights were all out. I kept an eye on the place for a while; then walked to an all-night restaurant and waited around for a couple of hours. Then I got a cab. I knew I couldn't sleep, so I went to an all-night movie. I remained there for several hours."

"Then what?"

"This morning I tried to locate Norda Allison."

Tragg eyed him narrowly.

Mason said, "For your information, lieutenant, since I am not representing Mr. Benedict and the information which he gave me was volunteered and not on a confidential basis, he came down here to protect Norda Allison from Mervin Selkirk. He knew that he was unable to resist Selkirk on a physical basis, so he carried along a thirty-eight caliber, Colt lightweight revolver, for which he seems to have a permit which is perfectly in order."

"Well, what do you know about that!" Tragg said. "Where's the gun?"

Benedict reached inside of his coat.

"Bring it out slow," Lieutenant Tragg warned, stepping forward. "Put it down on the desk with the butt toward me and the end of the barrel pointed toward you."

Benedict placed the gun on the desk. Tragg picked it up, snapped open the cylinder, looked at the shells, smelled the barrel, snapped the cylinder shut and put the gun in his pocket.

"All right, Benedict," he said, "you and I are going to have a nice little talk, and since Mr. Mason isn't your attorney and since he has a lot of work to do, we'll just move on and let Mr. Mason get back to his work. Come on."

At the door, Tragg turned and said over his shoulder to Mason, "I'm not questioning him about the murder, Mason. For your information, Nathan Benedict arrived at the airport about an hour ago. He called Barton Jennings and asked for Norda Allison. Jennings referred him to you. I thought I'd drop in and have a chat. I was prepared for Benedict here to offer himself as a sheep for the slaughter, but hardly prepared to have you drive him into the killing pen for us so soon."

Mason sighed wearily. "He took me in, Tragg. He told me he got in last night."

Tragg said thoughtfully, "What I really want to talk with him about is whether he came down here entirely on his own initiative or at your suggestion."

"Fine," Mason said. "You might also ask him if he happens to own a twenty-two Colt automatic."

Tragg seemed puzzled. "You have a point there," he admitted. "Now wouldn't it be just too ducky if this guy came down here last night, killed Selkirk with a twenty-two automatic, then went back to San Francisco, got his thirty-eight-caliber revolver and his permit to carry same, and then came back down here to try and pull the best alibi of all—trying to make himself a fall guy."

Nathan Benedict said with dignity, "I don't own a Colt twenty-two automatic. I don't think I have ever fired one in my life. If you don't believe me, you can look up the records."

"If you think we won't, you're crazy," Tragg told him. "Come on, Benedict; you're worth looking into."

Tragg took Benedict firmly by the elbow and escorted him out into the corridor. The automatic door check slowly closed the door and clicked it shut.

Mason and Della Street exchanged glances.

"Well," Della Street said, "shall we go on with our dictation?"

... ...

Small World

By R. H. Grenville

Across this wide plateau
(the floor),
Baby sets off to explore,
At his own quaint, ungainly
pace,
The mysteries of time and
space.
Full speed ahead on hands
and knees
He pursues a sunbeam, or a
breeze;
Yanks on a drape, taste-
tests a rug,
And gives the table leg a
hug.
Then, lost within a hopeless
maze
Of grown-up gadgets, words
and ways,
Just tumbles over, sucks his
thumb,
And waits for providence to
come.

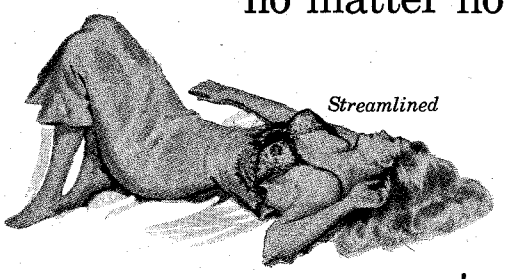
... ...

Mason made an expression of distaste, looked at his wrist watch and said, "For your information, Miss Street, we are not going on with any dictation. This man Benedict has turned out to be a confusing element which raises the devil with my desire to concentrate on dictation. In order to show you my sincerity in determining not to work on any more details, I hereby invite you out for a cocktail and a nice steak dinner."

"Under those circumstances," Della Street said, "my duty is perfectly obvious. Shall we stop by Paul Drake's office and tell him to look up the San Francisco brass-knuckles affair?"

Mason shook his head. "No," he said, "there's no use now. Tragg will shake Benedict down at police headquarters. Newspaper reporters will eagerly pounce on him as a sensational development in the Selkirk murder. Tragg will let them take pictures. They'll call the San Francisco newspapers. The San Francisco papers will start ace reporters trying to cover the local angle of the case, and tomorrow morning's paper will have the names of the men who were with Selkirk in the cocktail lounge. There's no use paying out our client's money to get information we can read in the newspaper."

no matter how you sleep...



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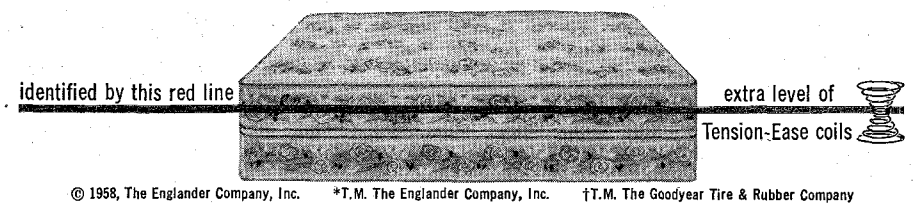

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"But is there any chance Paul Drake's men could get to these men first and ——"

Mason smiled and shook his head. "Don't underestimate the San Francisco newspaper reporters, Della—and while you're about it, don't underestimate the San Francisco police. Come on, let's go get those cocktails."

"Plural?" Della Street asked.

"Two," Mason said, "and then dinner."

Della Street, looking up from her plate, said, "Oh-oh, I think we're going to have company, chief."

Mason, who particularly detested having persons who recognized him in restaurants and night clubs come barging up with excuses to get acquainted or to present some legal problem, tightened his lips.

"Right behind you," Della Street said, "walking very purposefully toward you. He chatted with the waiter for a minute and —— Oh-oh, here comes Fred, the manager."

"Good for Fred," Mason said.

"Fred's intercepted him," Della Street said. "Relax, he'll be on his way out in a moment."

Della Street cut off another piece of her steak, raised the bite halfway to her lips, then paused, frowning.

"What now?" Mason asked.

"He evidently has some influence," Della Street said. "Fred's coming over."

A moment later the manager bent over Mason's chair. "Mr. Mason, I know how you dislike to be disturbed. I dislike very much to do this, but ——"

"Don't do it then!" Mason snapped.

"It's not that simple," Fred said apologetically. "Mr. Selkirk—Horace Livermore Selkirk, the banker—insists that he's going to talk with you. I headed him off. Then he suggested that I come and ask your permission, but —— Well, you know how it is. We appreciate your patronage enormously, Mr. Mason, and we try to respect your desire for privacy, but we're hardly in a position to give Horace Selkirk the old heave-ho."

Mason hesitated for a moment, then grinned. "I see your problem, Fred," he said. "All right. Tell Mr. Selkirk that I'm going to make an exception in his case."

"Oh, thank you so much!" the manager exclaimed in relief. "Gosh, Mr. Mason, you don't know what a load you've taken off my shoulders! I was afraid I was going to have to go back and —— Well, I have a loan with Mr. Selkirk's bank. It puts me in a very embarrassing position."

The manager moved back to Selkirk and then led him over to the table. "Mr. Mason," he said, "I wish to present Horace Livermore Selkirk, the president of the bank with which I do business."

Mason shook hands with Horace Selkirk and said, "This is Miss Street, my secretary, Mr. Selkirk. Would you care to be seated?"

The manager deferentially held a chair and Selkirk dropped into it.

Mason studied the banker, a man who had bushy white eyebrows, slate-gray eyes, a profuse mane of iron-gray hair, and a mouth which indicated he was accustomed to driving people so as to get his own way.

"I take it," Mason said, "you wish to consult me on a matter of some importance."

"That's right. My own time is exceedingly valuable, Mr. Mason. I can assure you that I wouldn't waste it on a trivial matter even if I wanted to waste yours."

"May I ask how you happened to locate me here?" Mason said curiously.

"I get information the same way you do, Mr. Mason."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"I feel that information is the most important ammunition a man can have to fire at an adversary in a business deal. Therefore I try to have accurate authentic information and I try to get it fast. I have the best detective agency I can get, and when I put it to work I get results."

"All right," Mason told him. "What do you want? Why go to all that trouble?"

"Because you're representing Norda Allison," Selkirk said. "She's going to be charged with the murder of my son. I can assure you, Mr. Mason, that I intend to see that my son's murder is avenged. I don't care what I have to do, to what lengths I have to go or how much it costs. I am going to avenge my son's death."

"Surely," Mason said, "you didn't come here simply to tell me that."

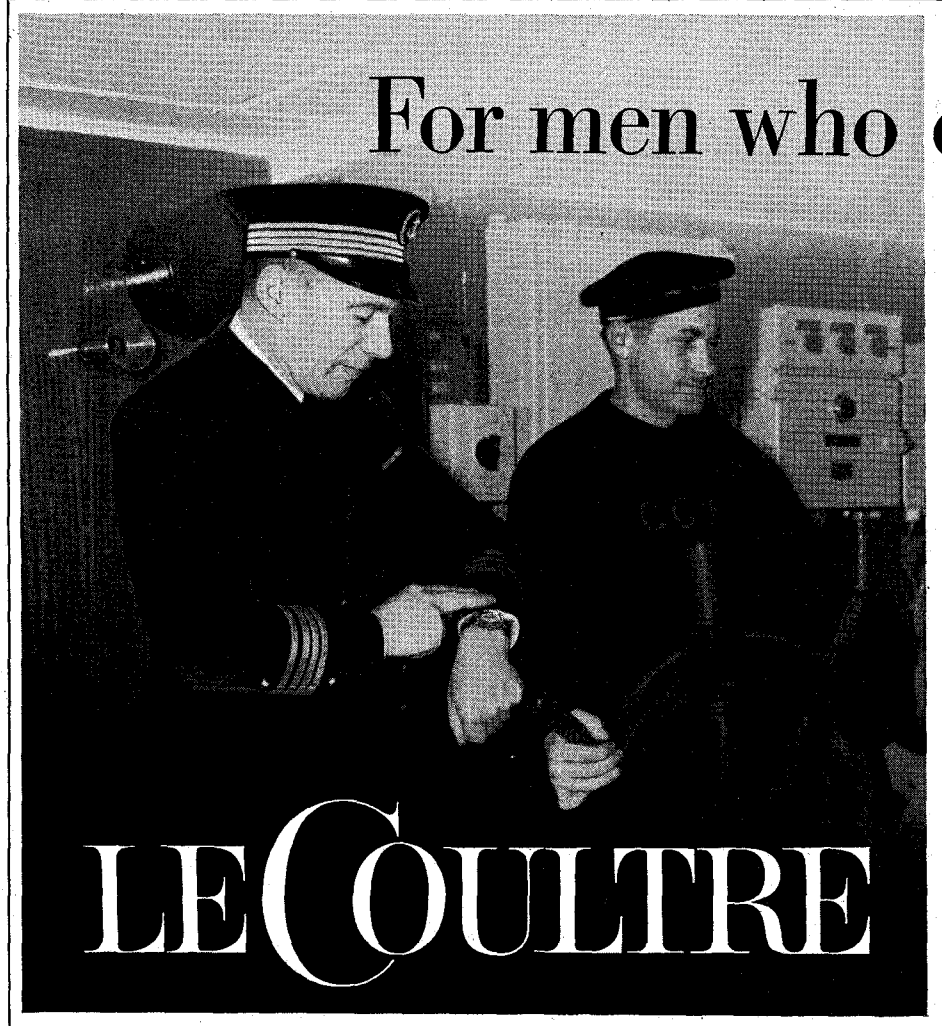
"I wanted to warn you. You are reputed to be a very resourceful and adroit attorney. You have the reputation of skating right along the thin edge of legal ethics in order to serve your clients. Quite frequently your ethics have been questioned, but you have always managed to come up with the right answer and extricate yourself from the difficulty."

Mason said nothing.

"In those cases in the past, however," Selkirk went on, "you haven't been up against a determined, resourceful antagonist who is perhaps equally intelligent, equally adroit and, if you come right down to it, equally unscrupulous."

Mason said, "You'll pardon me, Mr. Selkirk, but I've had a busy day. I want to relax and enjoy my dinner, and I'm not interested in having you come to my table in order to make threats."

(*Continued on Page 67*)



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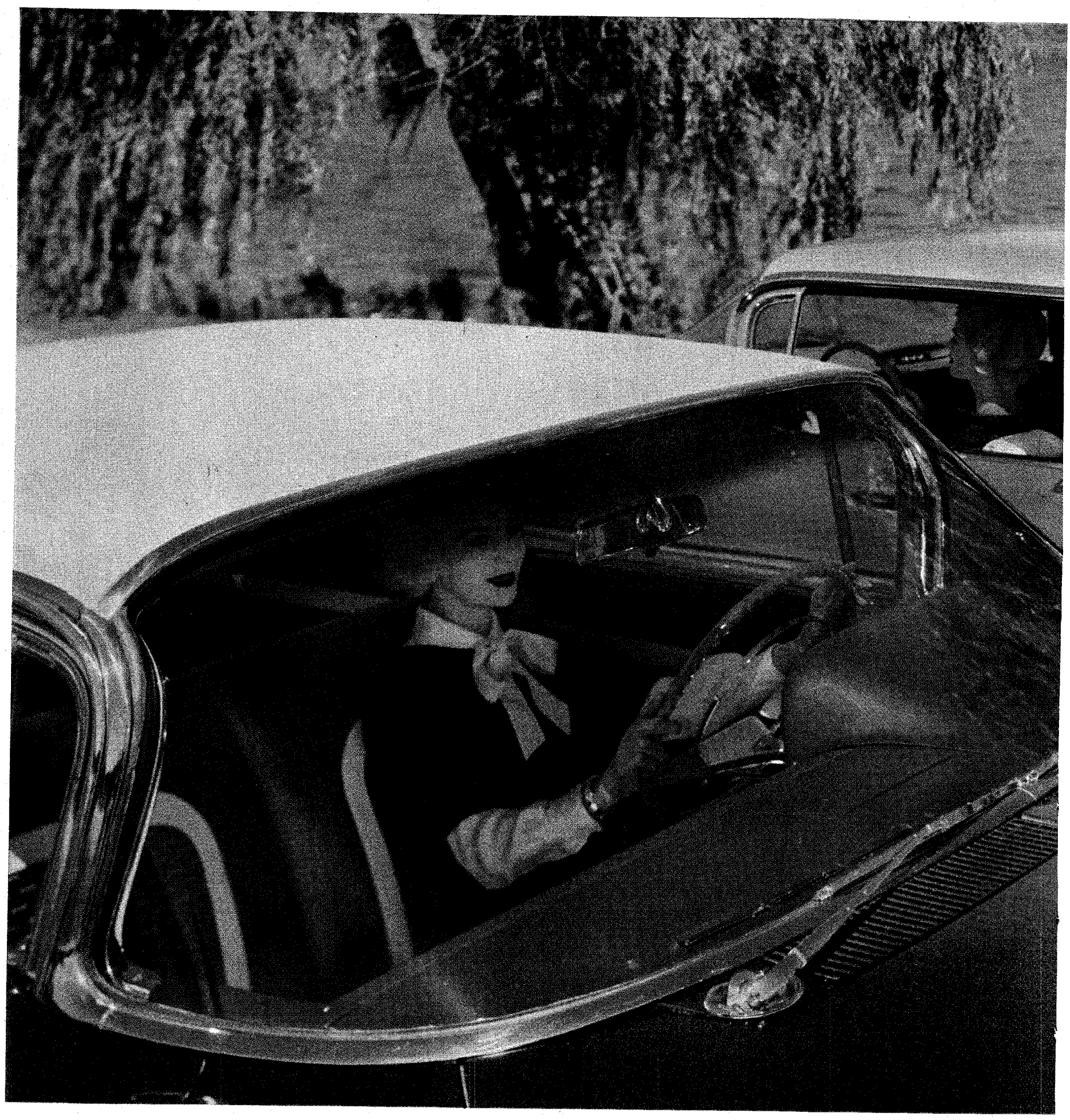

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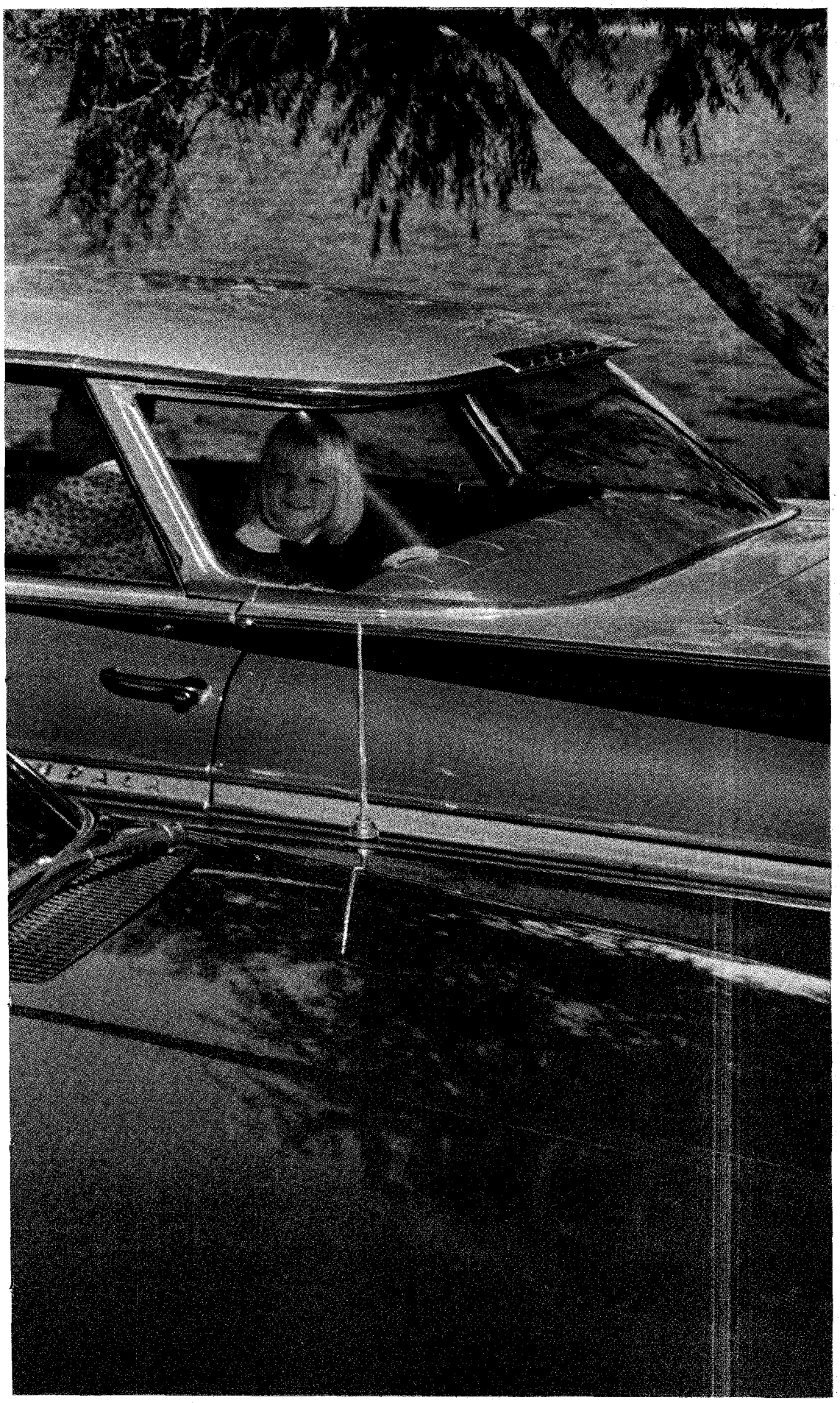

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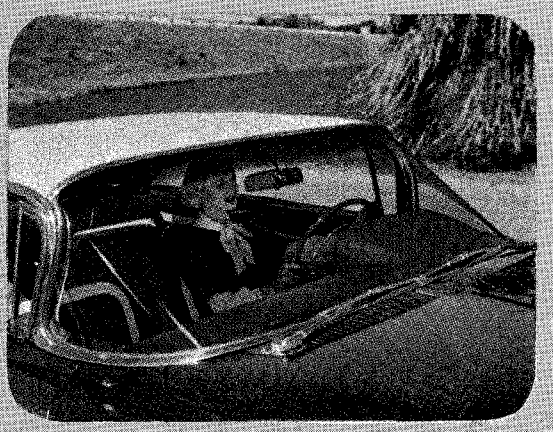

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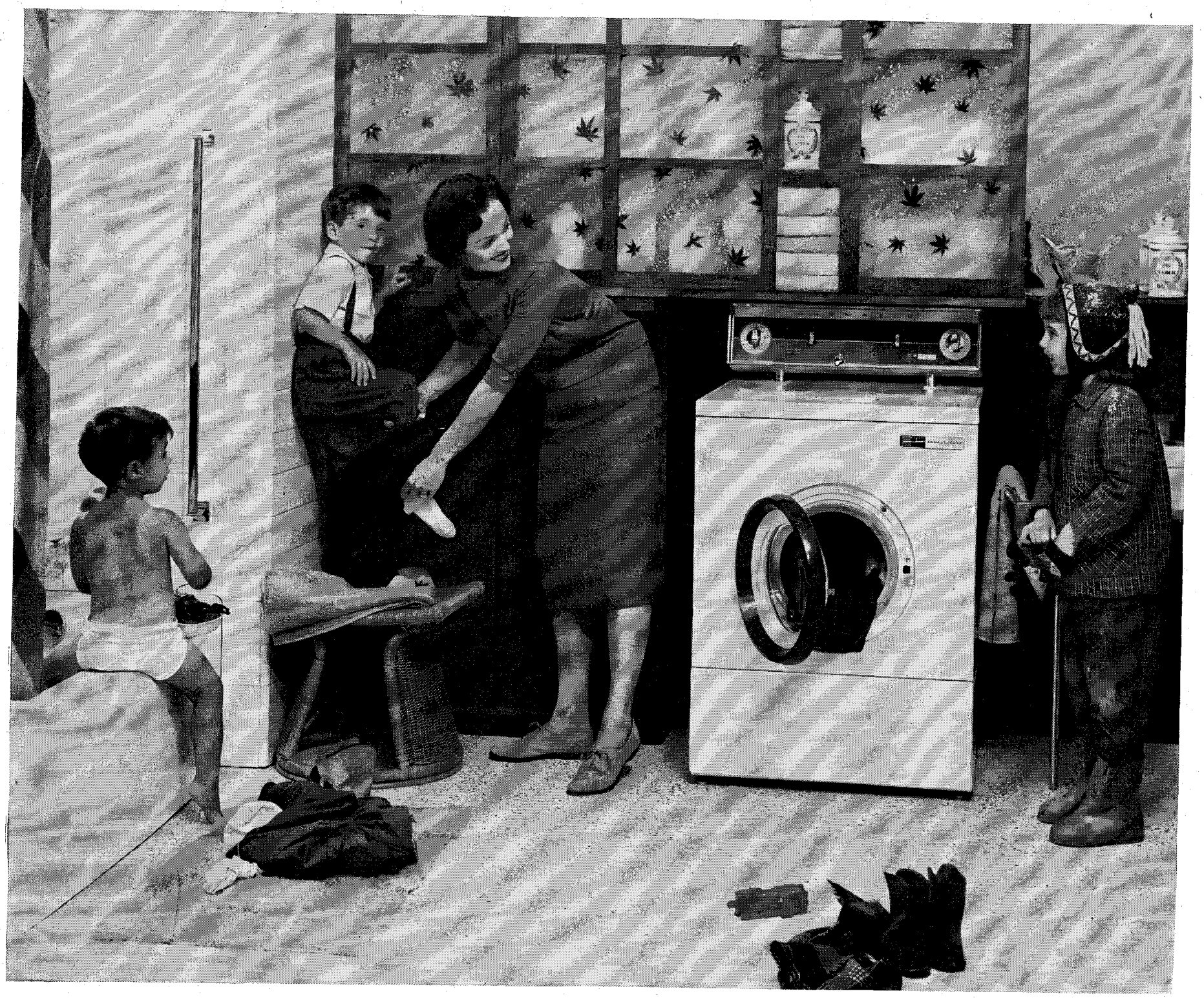

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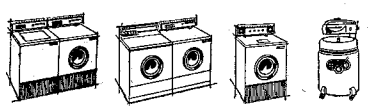

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(*Continued from Page 63*) "Whether you're interested or not, I'm here."

"All right," Mason told him. "You've stated your position. Now I'll state mine. I don't propose to have you sit at my table and keep making threats."

"I think I'm in control of the situation," Selkirk said. "I have a mortgage on this restaurant. There's no one here who's going to throw me out."

"Take another look," Mason said.

"Where?"

"At me, I'll throw you out."

Selkirk looked him over. "Give me a year, Mr. Mason, and I can bring about your financial ruin in this city, regardless of your ability."

"Give me forty-five seconds," Mason said, pushing back his chair, "and I'll bring about your physical ruin if you don't get the hell out of here."

Selkirk held up a restraining hand. "Calm down, Mason," he said. "You're enough of a fighter to realize you can't put up your best fight when you're angry. Now then, I may have overemphasized my initial point. I wanted to have you understand that I have a very considerable amount of power. I can be a powerful enemy, but, on the other hand, I can be an equally powerful friend."

"A bribe?" Mason asked coldly.

"Don't be silly," Selkirk said. "I know you wouldn't take a bribe. I'm not offering to befriend you. You don't want my friendship—now. I'm offering to befriend someone who needs it. You can't turn down the friendship for your client—friendship and assistance I am prepared to offer."

"Under what conditions?"

"My son," Horace Selkirk said, "was a Selkirk. Therefore he had the mantle of such protection as the family could give him. I have from time to time used my influence on behalf of that boy. I have had to extricate him from rather serious situations. I know that he was not perfect. He had a nasty habit of being unfailingly polite all the while he was engaging in annoying little sadistic skirmishes. I'm not that way. I never skirmish. I either get along on a peaceful basis of live and let live or I go to war. I don't believe in halfway measures. I mention this, however, because I want you to know that the things my son did never met with my entire approval. However, we now come to the main reason for my visit. That is my grandson, Robert Selkirk."

Mason's face, which had been ominously unsmiling, suddenly showed interest. "Go on," he said.

"The story the child's mother, Lorraine Jennings, and her husband, Barton Jennings, told police was that Robert was going on a three-day camping trip. They had to take him and his dog to a place where he could join the group. They said they left him at the appointed place early this morning. For your private information, Mr. Mason, that is a complete fabrication. Robert did not join any group early this morning. There was no occasion for him to do so. The group was not scheduled to depart until ten-thirty. Actually it got away at eleven-twenty-two. Robert was not with the group."

"Where is he then?" Mason inquired.

"Evidently he has been spirited away somewhere and is being held in concealment."

"Why?" Mason asked.

"I thought you might be interested in finding out why," Selkirk said.

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"It might develop into a story which would be of some interest to you as the legal representative of Norda Allison. It might result in her acquittal. You see, since my son is dead, Robert's mother, Lorraine Jennings, is now the person who would legally be entitled to his sole custody. I don't intend to let Lorraine bring up my grandson. I never did think it was a good idea. I want the sole custody of Robert. Lorraine doesn't like me. She doesn't want me to have much to do with Robert. She says she doesn't intend to have any child of hers brought up to be a financial robot. There is where you can help me."

"How?" Mason asked.

"By proving her guilty of my son's murder," Horace Selkirk said, pushing back his chair; "and if you need help in order to do it, you may call on me for anything you need. In the meantime I'll be doing a few things on my own. Thank you, Mr. Mason, and good night." He bowed formally and withdrew without shaking hands.

"Whew!" Della Street said. "There's a man who gives me the creeps."

Mason watched the banker's retreating figure. "There's a man," he said thoughtfully, "who can be very, very dangerous."

"And very, very disagreeable," Della Street said. "He's ruined a mighty good dinner."

Mason said thoughtfully, "He may have done more than that. He may have ruined a good case."

"Well," Della Street said, as Mason signed the check at the restaurant, "what happens next?"

Mason said, "First we're going to give Paul Drake a buzz and let him know where we are. Paul is holding the fort, but it's too soon for him to have any real results. We'll call him just to keep him in good spirits. Give him a ring, Della, and ask him if there's anything particularly important."

Della Street went to the phone booth, dialed Paul Drake's number, and was back within less than a minute.

"He says we're to come up there right away," she said.

"Did he say why?"

"Lots of things," she said. "Among other things, he has the name of the baby sitter."

"Oh-oh," Mason said. "That's a break. How did he get that?"

"He wouldn't say. Says he's sitting on four telephone lines, all of them going like mad; that we're not to gum up his circuits by telephone calls, but that we'd better get up there."

Mason grinned. "Everybody seems to be ordering us around tonight, Della."

They drove to the office building, put Mason's car in its accustomed parking space and took the elevator up to Drake's office. The night switchboard operator, looking back over her shoulder, nodded to Mason and gestured down the corridor toward Drake's private office. There were four lights glowing on the switchboard.

Mason grinned at Della and said, "I guess the guy's busy. Come on, Della."

He opened the gate at the end of the enclosure which served as a reception room, and Mason and Della Street walked down the long corridor past half a dozen different doors to enter Paul Drake's private office.

Drake looked up as they entered, nodded, and said into the telephone, "O.K., stay with it. Now, I want everything you can get on that. . . . O.K., call in just as soon as you get a chance."

Drake took a big bite from a hamburger sandwich and mumbled, "Sit down. I'm going to eat while I have a chance. These phones are driving me crazy."

He poured coffee into a big mug, put in cream and sugar, gulped a swallow of the coffee and said, "I can never get to eat a hamburger before it gets soggy."

"You wanted to see us?" Mason said.

"You've eaten?" Drake asked.

Mason nodded.

"I know," Drake said. "A thick *filet mignon* or a New York cut, French-fried onions, imported red wine, baked potatoes with sour cream, coffee and apple pie à la mode. Don't tell me, it's torture."

"Go ahead," Mason said, "torture yourself."

Drake regarded the soggy hamburger with distaste, started to take a bite, but stopped as the telephone jangled into noise.

Drake unerringly picked the one of the four telephones on which the call was coming in, held it to his ear and said, "Drake talking. . . . O.K. Go on, give it to me."

Drake listened carefully and asked, "How do they know?" He listened some more, then said, "O.K., keep an ear to the ground. Hang around headquarters. Keep in touch with the boys in the press room. They'll be looking for a late story."

Drake hung up the phone, picked up the remnants of the hamburger sandwich, looked at it for a moment, then, with a gesture of disgust, threw it into the wastebasket.

"What gives?" Mason asked.

"We have the name of the baby sitter, Perry."

"Who?"

"She's a professional. Works through an agency. It's called the Nite-Out. That's spelled N-i-t-e-O-u-t. It specializes in baby sitters. Her name is Hannah Bass. I have a complete description with make of car, license number and everything here on a card for you." Drake slid over a neatly typewritten card.

"How the devil did you get that?" Mason asked.

"Legwork," Paul Drake said wearily. "One time the Jennings phone was out of order. They wanted a baby sitter. They went over to one of the neighbors, asked to use the phone, had forgotten the number of the agency. The phone book wasn't handy. They called Information and asked for the number of the Nite-Out Agency, and the woman who lived there in the house happened to remember the name Nite-Out because it struck her as such a nice name for a baby-sitting agency."

"Then you called up and asked for the name of the woman who did baby sitting for Jennings?" Della Street asked.

Drake shook his head. "You can't be that crude in this game. You might get slapped down. Moreover, they might tip off someone whom you didn't want tipped off. I played it the long way round. I had my man camp there with the neighbors and keep talking, asking them to try and remember any other conversation. They remembered that the baby sitter had been mentioned by name. They remembered the first name was Hannah, because it was the name of their aunt. But it turned out the last name didn't mean anything to them, so they forgot it. They thought the name was Fish. But then that didn't sound right. Then the man thought it might have been Trout. And then the woman remembered it was Bass. They'd taken one of those memory courses where they use association of ideas to help in recalling things."

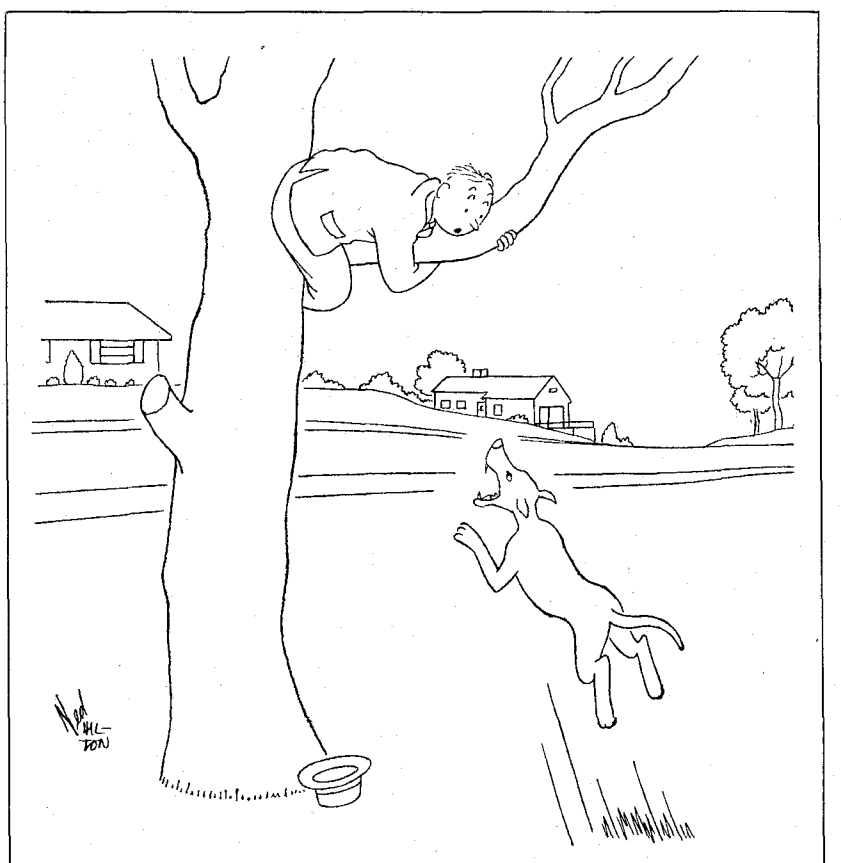
"That's the name all right?"

"That's the name all right," Drake said. "I telephoned the Nite-Out Agency and asked them if they had a Hannah Bass working for them and if they could recommend her credit. They said she was one of their baby sitters and that her credit should be all right."

"What else?" Mason asked.

Again the telephone rang. Drake picked up one of the instruments and said, "Yeah? Hello. . . . This is Paul Drake. . . . The hell —— You're sure? . . . O.K. Keep me posted on anything new. Good-by."

Drake hung up the telephone, turned to Perry Mason and said, "That's a hell of a note. Someone has messed up the murder gun." (*Continued on Page 72*)



"I'm man. You're my best friend."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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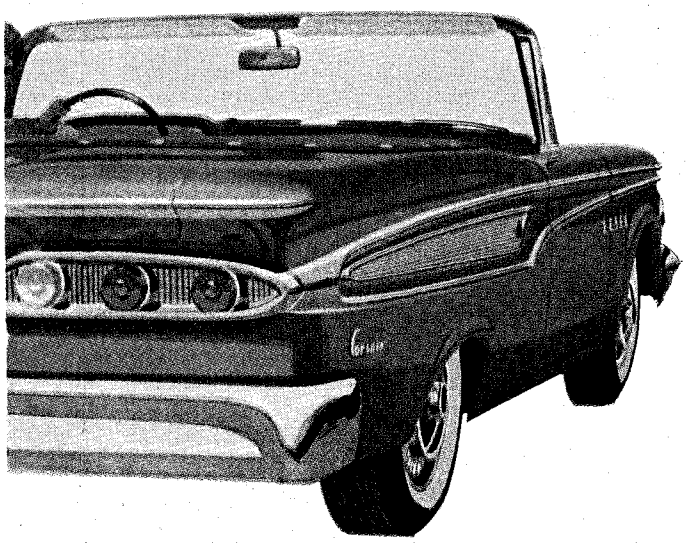

59

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Shown here: Edsel Corsair 4-door hardtop

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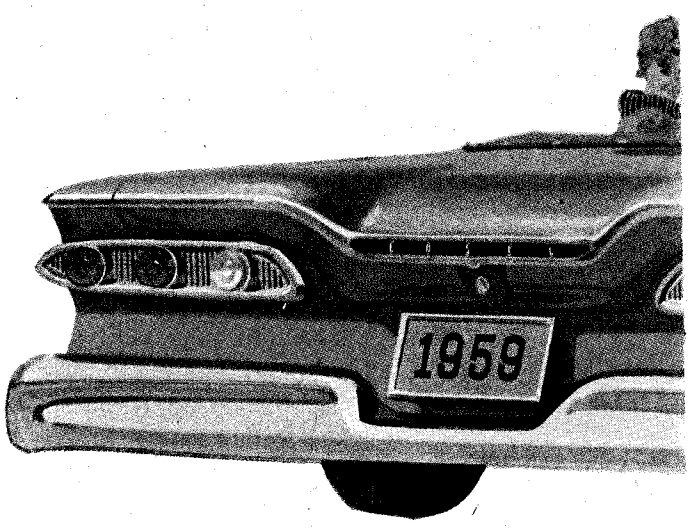

19

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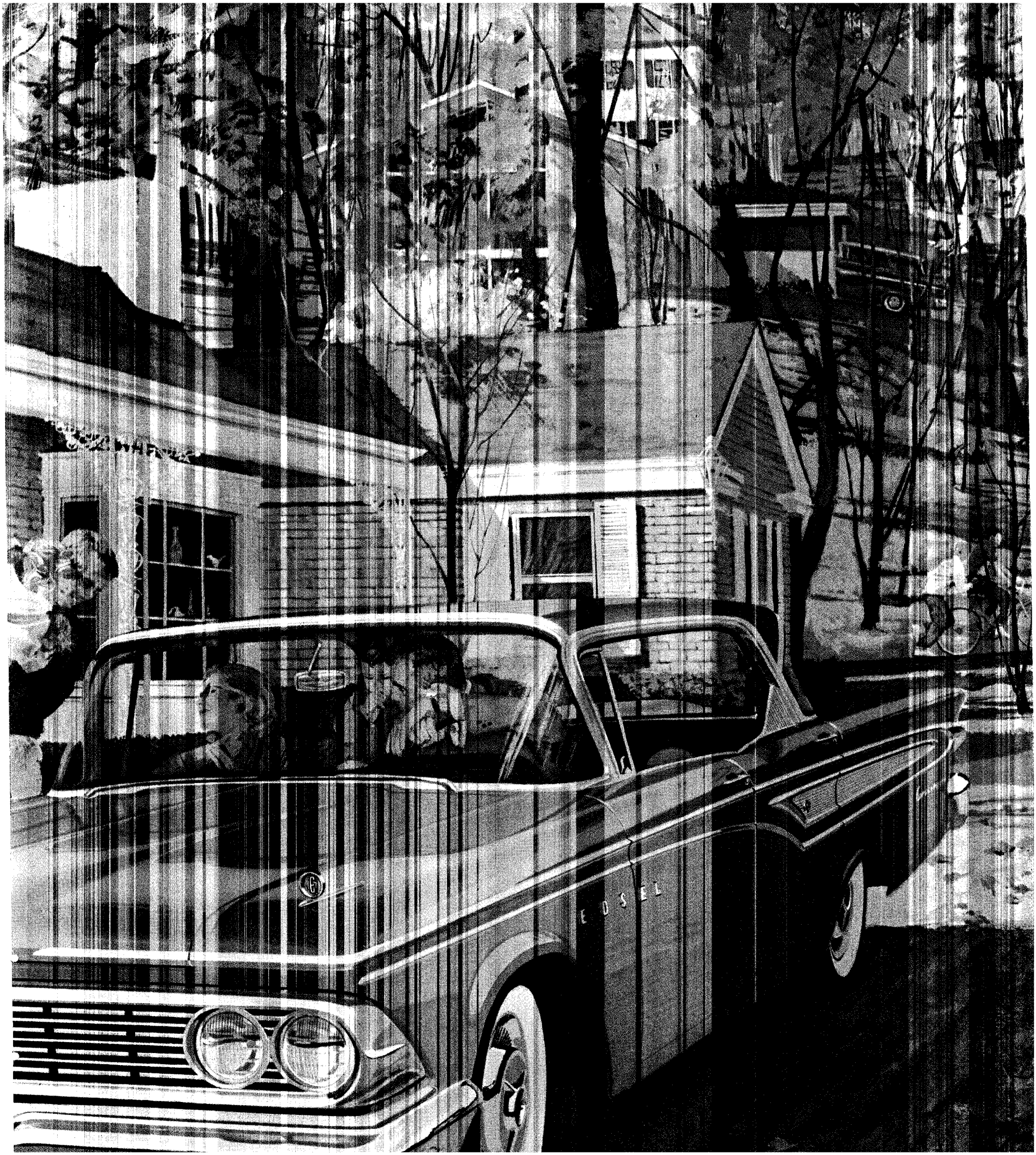

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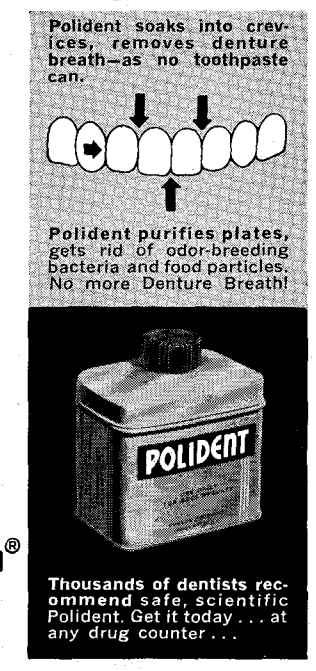
Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.
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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

(*Continued from Page 67*) "What do you mean?" Mason asked.

"Someone ran a rattail file up and down the barrel until the thing is all scratched and cut. Test bullets fired through it are valueless."

"Then how do they know it's the murder gun?" Mason asked.

"They found it under Norda Allison's pillow."

"Where?"

"In the house where she had been sleeping."

"Don't be silly," Mason said. "If that gun was found under her pillow, it was planted there. She left that house early in the morning and went to a hotel. Do you think she'd have gone away and left a gun under the pillow?"

"Under the circumstances, she might have," Drake said.

"What circumstances?"

"It's a gun that had been bought by Barton Jennings. He didn't have a permit for it. He used it on a camping trip up in Idaho. He was fishing and said he wanted to take along a twenty-two to get some grouse."

"How does he explain it being under Norda Allison's pillow?"

"He doesn't explain."

"It was his gun," Mason said. "It should have been in his possession. It's up to him to explain. Where did he keep it?"

"In a bureau drawer in the room where they put Norda Allison for the night."

"And very conveniently left the gun in the drawer for her to find?"

"That's their story."

"That's a hell of a story," Mason said. "Anything else, Paul?"

"Yeah. I've got the names of the people who were with Mervin Selkirk up in San Francisco. That is, a newspaper reporter up there got them."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, Mervin Selkirk hit this fellow up there with brass knuckles. They've now established that all right. Some inoffensive bird named Benedict was the target. Selkirk had the brass knuckles and he was laying for Benedict. He socked the guy and then slipped the brass knuckles to this other chap, who pretended he didn't want to have his name involved as a witness and got out fast."

"What's the name of the fellow who went out with the brass knuckles?" Mason asked.

"Nick Fallon," Drake said. "His full name is Arturas Francisco Fallon, but Nick is a nickname. He's the guy who furnished the brass knuckles. Selkirk knew he had them. Said he wanted to borrow them. Had them in his pocket. Stuck his foot out when Benedict walked by. Then, when Benedict stumbled, began cussing him, and as Benedict straightened up to show a little indignation, Selkirk cracked him on the jaw, then slipped the knuckles back to Fallon. Fallon knew what he was supposed to do right quick. He got out of there fast."

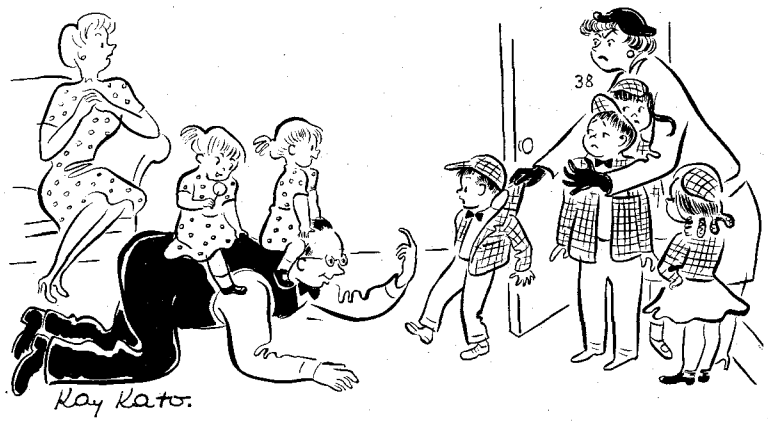
Mason digested that information, turned to Della Street and said, "O.K., Della, let's go."

"Where will you be?" Drake asked.

"We'll be in touch with you, Paul. Keep on the job. Get all the information you can. What have they done with Norda Allison?"

"They're booking her for suspicion of murder."

"Find out anything about Robert Selkirk, the seven-year-old son of Mervin by his former marriage?"



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joe, on getting a divorce, wed a divorcee. Each had children by the first marriage. Joe arranged it so that his children and his new wife's children visited them at the same time. His first wife objected that this arrangement was unfair to her offspring. She asked the court to change it.

"His children should visit him on days when he can give them his undivided attention," she argued. "Instead, he's lumping all the visits together to avoid having youngsters around every weekend. In doing so, he forces his own children to share his fatherly attentions with his second wife's children."

"It's the simplest and most sensible arrangement," Joe replied. "Except for my first wife, we are all one happy family together. Actually, a large family like that is an advantage all round."

If you were the court, would you uphold the first wife or Joe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe got all the children on the same weekend. The court said the arrangement might be advantageous to the children as well as the father.

Based on a 1957 Missouri decision.

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"Not yet," Drake said. "He's supposed to be on some kind of a camping trip. Went out with a Scout group of some sort. They will be gone two or three days."

"I have a tip he's not with that group," Mason said.

"Then I've sure sent a man on a wild-goose chase," Drake told him. "He's rented a jeep and is going in over mountain roads. I told him to find out if Robert was with the group; then get to the nearest phone and let me know."

"When will you be hearing from him?"

"Probably within an hour."

"We'll call you back," Mason said. . . . "Come on, Della."

They rode down in the elevator.

"How," Mason asked, "would you like to pose as my wife?"

Her eyes were without expression. "How long?" she asked tonelessly.

"An hour or two."

"What for?"

"We're going to borrow a baby."

"Oh, are we?"

"And then phone for a baby sitter," Mason said. "Know anybody in your apartment house who would co-operate?"

Della Street thought things over for a moment, then said, "Well, there's a grass widow on the lower floor—the baby'd be asleep."

"That's fine," Mason said. "We'll see if we can fix it up."

She laughed enigmatically and said, "I thought for a moment your intentions were —— Skip it."

Mason drove her to her apartment house and opened the door of the car. She jumped out on the other side. "Let's go."

They went up to Della's apartment. Della excused herself, and a moment later came back with a woman of about her own age.

"This is Mrs. Colton, Mr. Mason. I've asked her if we could borrow her baby and —— Well, she wanted to look you over."

"We need a baby sitter," Mason said, "and I want it to look convincing. You can stay out in the hall if you want."

"Oh, I don't think that's necessary," she said, laughing. "I just wanted to size up the situation. It's such an unusual request."

"She's asleep now," Della Street explained, "but we can move her bed in here or we could put her in my bed."

"It's going to look rather crowded for a couple and a baby," Mason pointed out.

"You ought to see our apartment if you think this one would look crowded," Mrs. Colton said.

Della Street looked at Mason and raised her eyebrows. Mason nodded.

"Well, thanks a lot, Alice," Della said. "If you don't mind, we'll bring her in."

Mason seated himself, thumbed through the pages of the telephone book, got the number of the Nite-Out Agency and entered it in his notebook. A few moments later the door opened and Della Street and Alice Colton appeared, carrying a crib with a sleeping baby.

"You'd better call me if she wakens," Alice Colton said. "She knows you, Della, but if she should waken and find herself in a strange apartment, she —— Well, I'd like to be there."

"Don't worry," Della said. "We'll call you. We just want to use her for a short time for —— Look, Alice, why don't you stay right here with us?"

"Would it be all right if I did?"

"Sure it would," Della said. "Only just be careful to appear as a friend of ours and not as her mother. For the purposes of this masquerade, I want to be the mother of the baby."

She turned toward Perry Mason and elevated her eyebrows. Mason nodded, picked up the telephone and dialed the number of the agency.

"Hello," he said, when a voice answered. "We find ourselves confronted with an emergency. We need a baby sitter right away and it may be she will have to stay here all night. I'm not certain. Now, we're willing to pay forty dollars for the right person, if she'll be willing to stay all night."

The voice of the woman at the agency was reassuring. "That will be quite satisfactory. I'm certain we can get you a reliable sitter for that price."

"Well now," Mason told her, "there's a problem. My wife is very nervous and we simply won't feel satisfied if we leave the child with a total stranger."

"Do you know any of our sitters?" the voice asked.

"Not personally," Mason said, "but you have a Hannah Bass. Persons who have used your agency and have had her recommend her very highly. Would it be possible for you to get her?"

"I'll see," the voice said. "If you'll give me your telephone number, I'll find out and call you back."

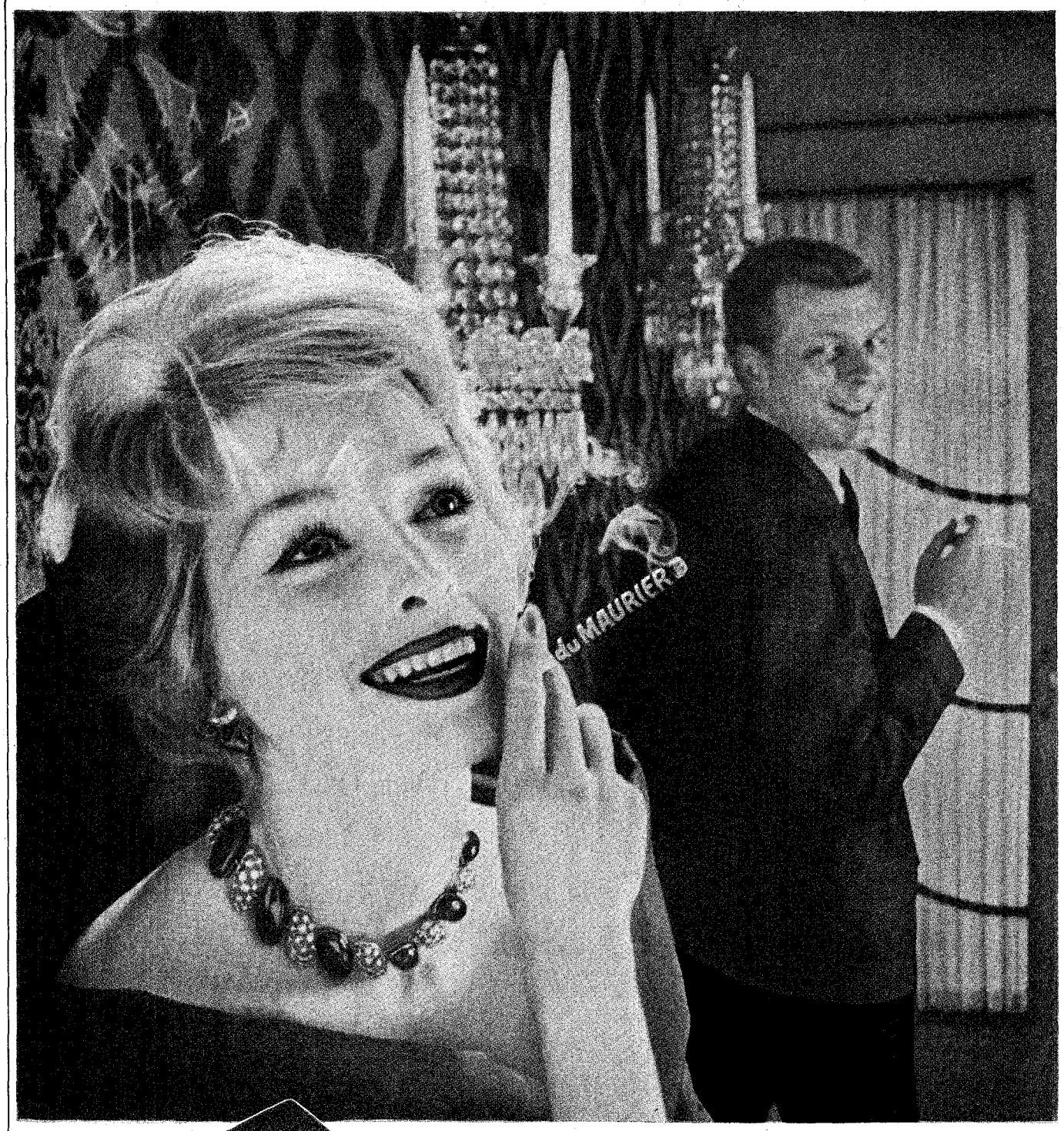
Mason gave her the number and hung up.

Alice Colton watched them with puzzled eyes.

"It's all right, Alice," Della Street said.

A few moments later, Della Street's telephone rang. Mason answered it.

"This is the Nite-Out Agency," the feminine voice said. "We've contacted Hannah Bass and it's quite all right with her. She wants to know, however, if it is definitely assured that it will be an all-night job and that you are willing to pay forty dollars." (*Continued on Page 76*)



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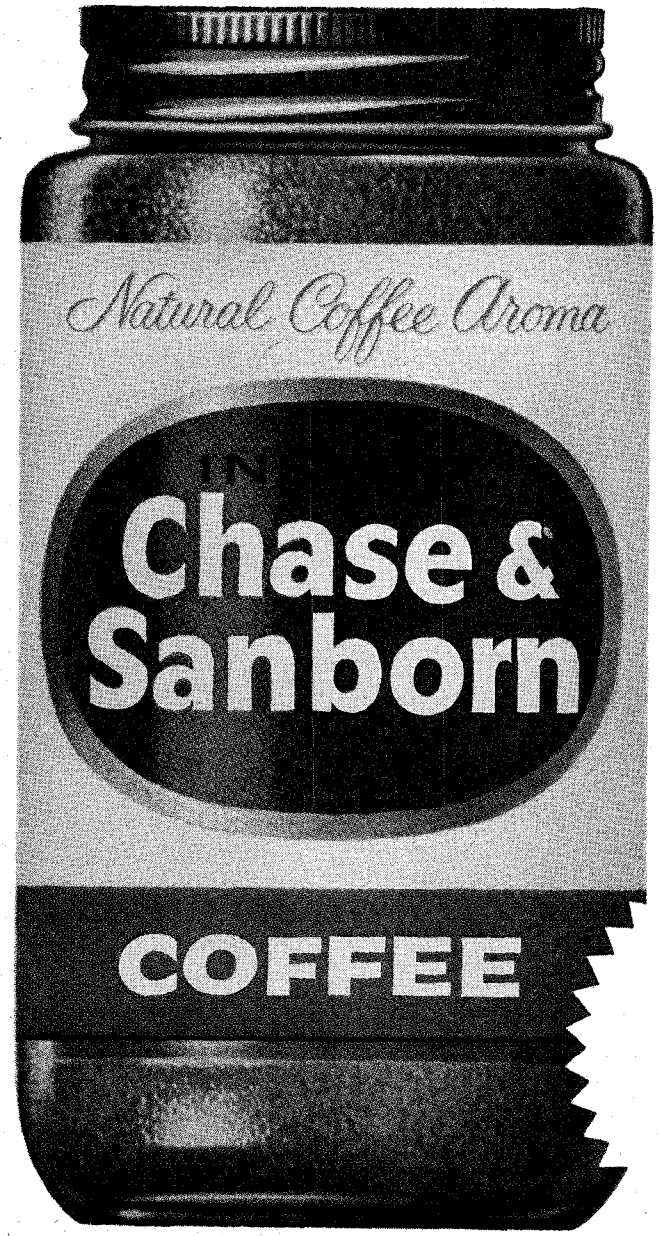

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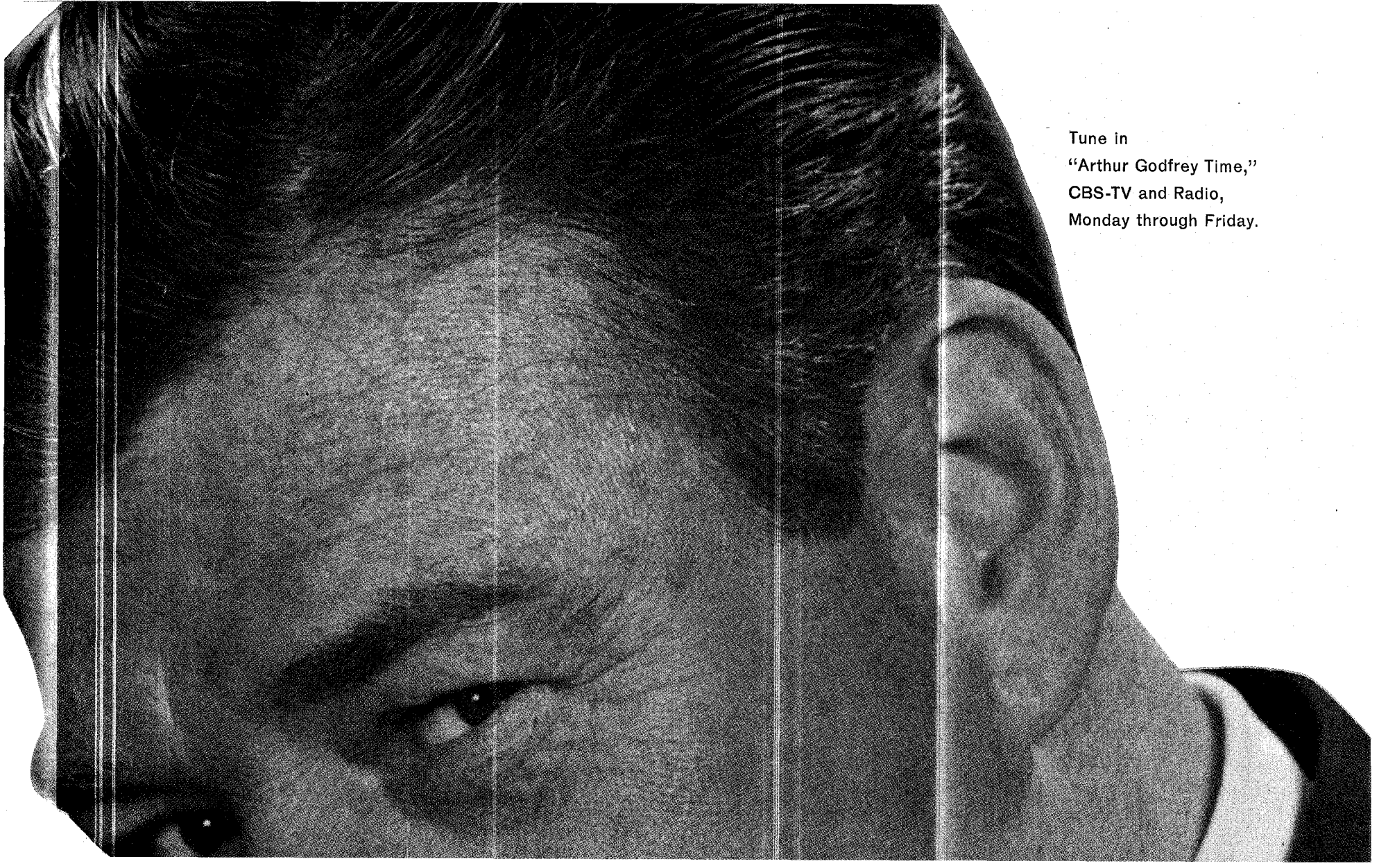

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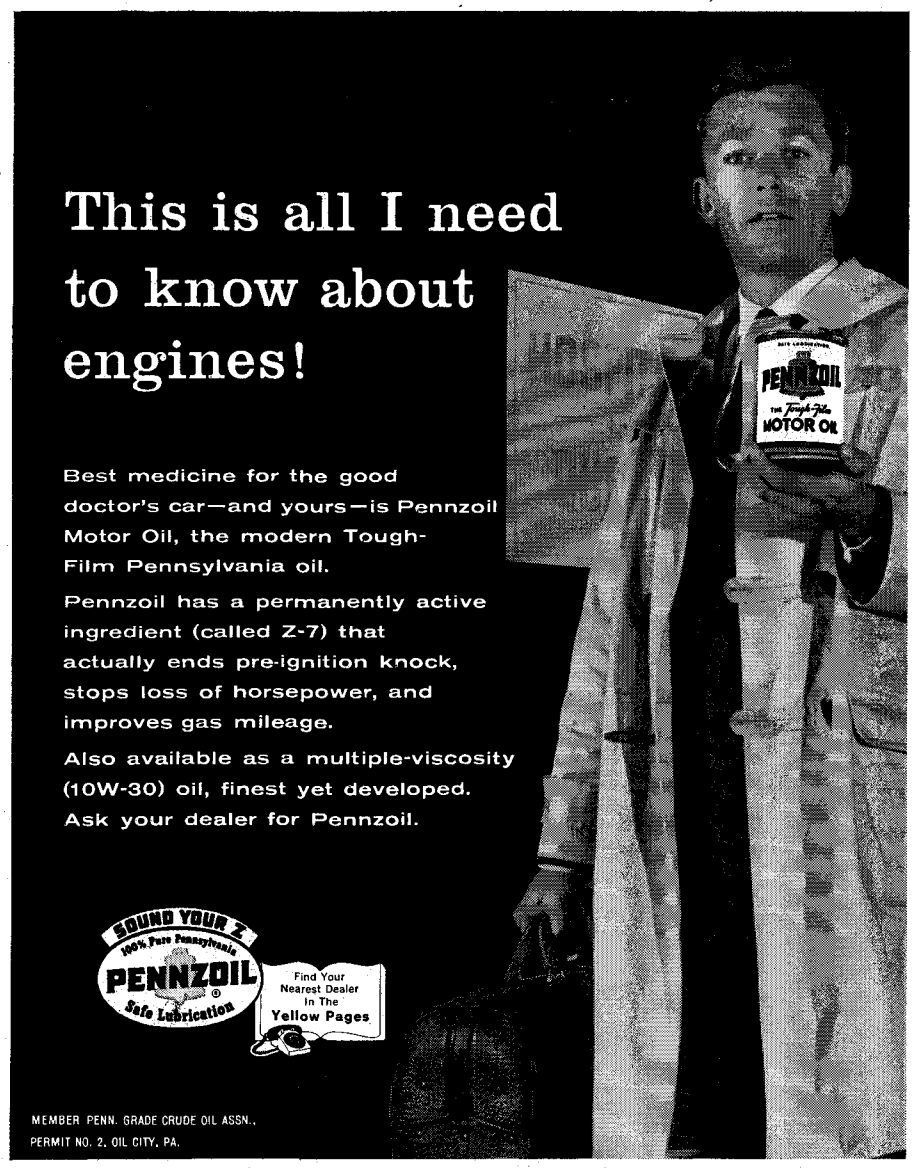
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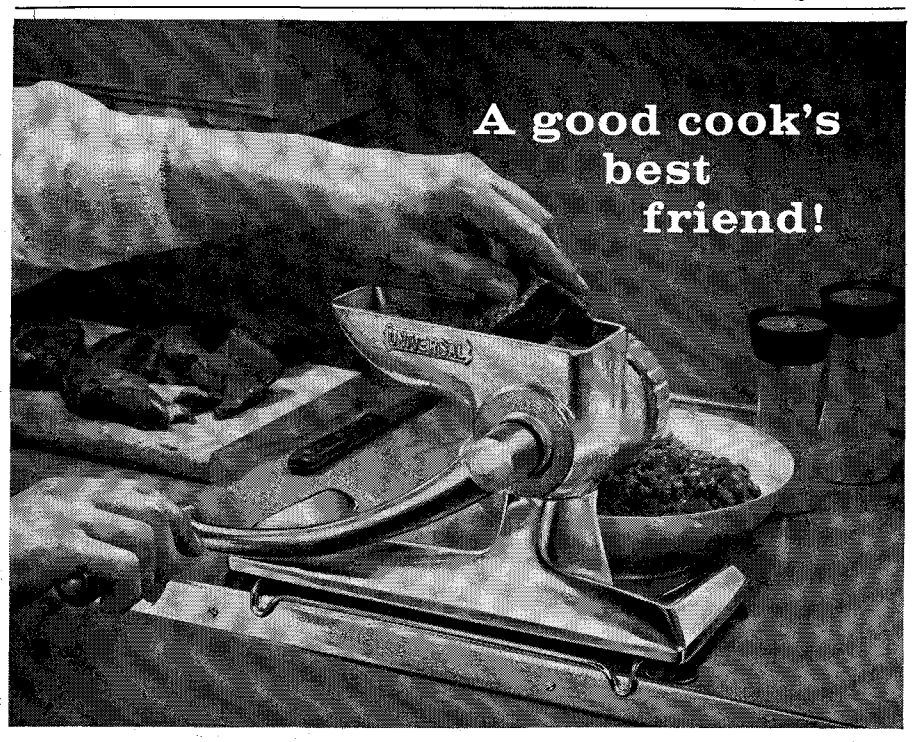
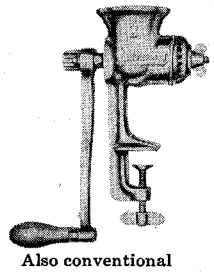


UNIVERSAL "TAB-L-TOP"

FOOD AND MEAT CHOPPER



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USE-TESTED by McCall's

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(*Continued from Page 73*)

"That's right," Mason said. "It's an all-night job until eight o'clock in the morning. If anything happens and the emergency doesn't materialize, she'll get the forty dollars anyway, and cab fare home."

"She has her own car. Will you give me your name and address?"

"The apartment," Mason said, "is in my wife's name. The name is Della Street. You have the telephone number and if you have a pencil, I'll give you the address."

Mason gave her the address of Della Street's apartment house, and the feminine voice said, "Mrs. Bass will be there within thirty minutes."

"Thank you," Mason said. He hung up the telephone.

Alice Colton looked around the apartment and said, "The feminine influence predominates pretty much, Della. Mr. Mason doesn't seem to be—well, he doesn't seem to live here."

Mason said, "I guess you have a point there. If you folks will pardon me."

He took off his coat, untied his necktie, opened the shirt at the neck, kicked off his shoes, settled back in his stocking feet, picked up the paper and turned to the sporting section.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Better," Alice Colton said, smiling. "You know, you two—well, when you look like that, you—you seem to sort of fit in."

"Thanks," Mason said, as Della Street blushed slightly.

Alice Colton continued to regard them with speculative curiosity.

"Now, when Mrs. Bass comes in," Mason said to Alice Colton, "we're going to need a story for her. It's this: Della and I are married. You're Della's sister. Della's mother is very ill and we're trying to get a plane to Denver. My sister is coming in tomorrow to relieve the baby sitter and take care of the child until we return. We're awaiting confirmation on plane tickets. . . . Della, you'd better load up a couple of suitcases and bring them out here, and you, Mrs. Colton, had better get a suitcase and have it ready. And while you're about it, Mrs. Colton, I'd appreciate it if you'd ring up Western Union and send a telegram to Della Street at this address saying: 'Mother passed away an hour ago. No need to make the trip. Will advise you concerning funeral arrangements. Florence.'"

"You want that sent?"

"I want it sent," Mason said. "Go to your apartment and get a suitcase, throw some books in it or anything you want, and come back here, but telephone that message just before you leave your apartment. You'll have to charge it to your phone. Della will fix up the financial arrangements."

"This is a real thrill," Mrs. Colton said, laughing nervously. "I feel all cloak-and-daggerish."

"This is routine," Della Street said, laughing.

"After Mrs. Bass comes," Mason instructed Mrs. Colton, "you're to be the tragic one. Della and I will take it more or less as a matter of course. Della will be philosophical about her mother. After all, she's been sick and the end was not unexpected. You will be quiet and moody, and perhaps sob a bit in a quiet, unobtrusive way. You will, however, listen very carefully to everything that is said, and remember what is said because you may have to testify."

"In court?" Alice Colton asked in consternation.

"Sure," Mason said, making his voice sound casual. "There's nothing to it. Just get up on the witness stand and tell what you heard. Della Street will be right along with you. Just be sure you're telling the truth and there's nothing to worry about."

Alice Colton laughed nervously. "Good heavens," she said, "I'll never sleep tonight, not a wink. I'll go get the suitcase and send the telegram."

She was back in some ten minutes, carrying a suitcase. In the meantime Della Street had placed two suitcases near the door.

A few minutes later the street bell rang and Hannah Bass announced herself.

"Come on up," Della Street said, pushing the button which released the lock on the street door.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Just keep up with his nose drops and . . ."

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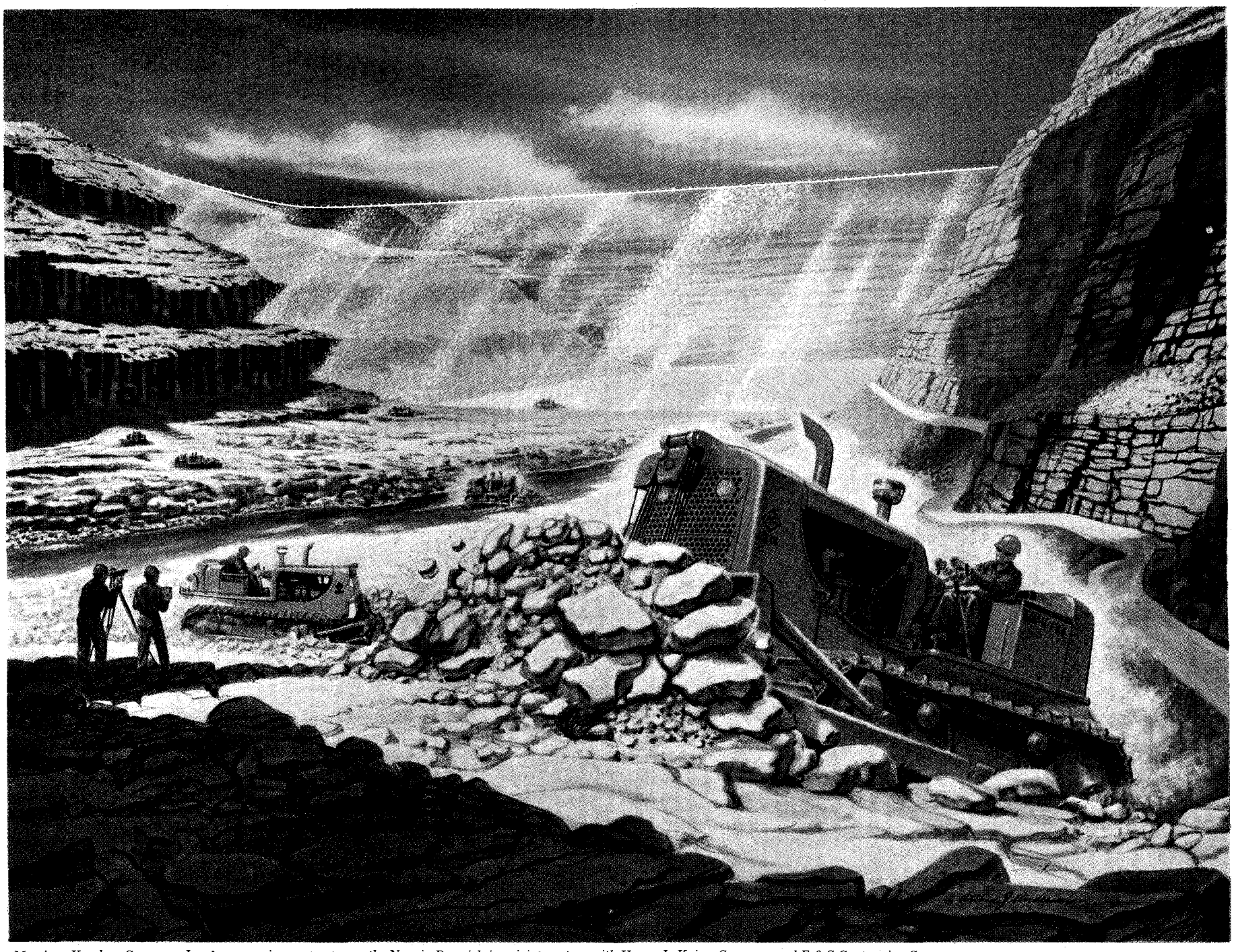
News about Allis-Chalmers construction machinery . . .

Tractor power helps build Navajo Dam... 40 stories high



Morrison-Knudsen Company, Inc. is sponsoring contractor on the Navajo Dam job in a joint venture with Henry J. Kaiser Company and F & S Contracting Company

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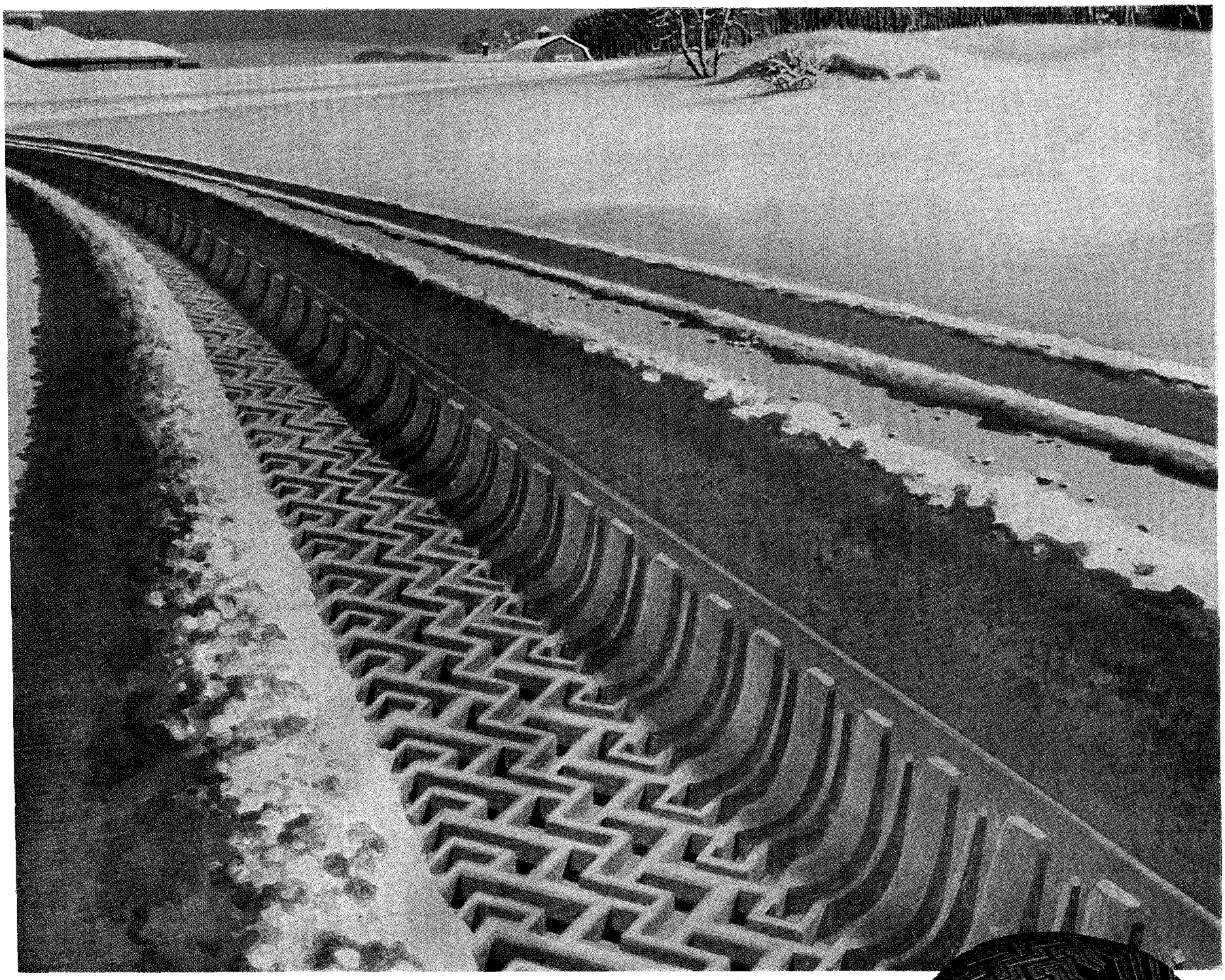

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The Champ Was Scared (Continued from Page 37)

"O.K." Tommy settles back in the chair.

"Were you taken away from your original manager by mobsters?"

"Well." Tommy clears his throat. "For one thing, he wasn't my original manager. He took me away from somebody else when the guy was drunk. Uh—I don't know about libel suits or that, but you're askin' me for facts."

"You're on your own, Tommy. Perhaps you'd better omit names."

"O.K. So this guy walks in a bar and he buys a fighter, which is me, for a bill and a half. Then ——"

"A bill and a half. One hundred and fifty?"

"Right. Then I get in some trouble and I wind up in jail. So this guy sells me for one thousand bucks. Is that bad?"

"All right. In jail. You want to talk about that?"

"Sure, why not? Like I said, I used to hang with a rough crowd. Sooner or later, somebody must get hurt. And when somebody's hurt, somebody must pay. So I paid. And I want to tell you one thing. People's been swell. I mean real swell."

It goes like that—nice. Of course I could of told this television guy some stuff, but he is not looking to interview little Jimmy, the trainer.

I trained this fighter through three managers. The first was some little thief called Henny—I forget his second name—who had a stable of truck drivers and pick swingers up in New England. And he picks up this kid DiToreo. This one don't drive a truck or swing a pick. He is a bum.

I am a little surprised when I see Tough Tommy so far from the Bronx. See, that's my old neighborhood and I remember him as a bushy-haired boy of sixteen who was already a hot candidate for Leavenworth.

His old man was a famous fighter in our neighborhood, you know. Used to score about four kayoes a week. Every Saturday night, after he floored the old lady, he'd start in on the three kids. The dear old soul held the title in that railroad flat till one wintry night when Tommy became the head of the family. But since he got no ambition to support himself, much less them, he stepped over the old man laying there with the busted jawbone and walked out.

He went from there to a buddy's place. It was snowing out and these people didn't want the boy to catch the flu, so they took him in and give him a mess of *pasta*. He sat and watched the television with them, and they give him some homemade Italian wine to take the chill off—just a little glass because he was so young.

When they turned in they let him use the couch. He slept, sweet and peaceful, till about two A.M. Then he got up and robbed the house. He spent the rest of that night in a hotel room, where no old lady wouldn't be shaking him awake before he was good and ready. So you can see how he was out on his own at an early age.

Now he shows up in this little club near Boston, fighting a four-rounder under the name of Joe Wills, and I figure some Bronx taxpayer must be laying in a hospital with a broken head.

Am I surprised when I see Tommy in a ring! He is lousy! I am surprised, because this kid got a reputation as a street fighter. Them boys pick up tricks, and when they put their hands up they look like a fighter. Tough Tommy DiToreo is just a wild swinger, but one thing he has. He could hit holes in a wall with that right hand.

He lands a bomb in the first ten seconds, and then swings like he is trying to knock out the ring lights. The crowd laughs, but when Tommy does connect again, they scream, because this is a punch that hurts everybody in the joint.

It is a clean knockout, at 1:53. Henny, the manager, does a fat little cha-cha on the ring apron, because he figures he found a home. "Oh!" he hollers. "This kid belts like I would like to belt my mother-in-law!" Then he says to me, "Jimmy, you got to learn him to hold up his hands."

Trouble is he expects me to turn a windmill into a fighter inside of a week, and about all I have time to teach Tommy before he sends him back in is that it is against the rules to bring your switchblade in with you.

So he's crude, but he slaughters these four-round fighters in the ring, and in between he is slaughtering the four-drink fighters in the gin mills, and he is the scariest kid in town. Then one night after he slams another one of these baloneys, I run into Arnie Fell, back in the managers' section.

... ...

November Day

Old haggard wind has
plucked the trees
Like pheasants, held
between her knees.
In rows she hangs them,
bare and neat,
Their brilliant plumage at
her feet.

Eleanor Averitt

... ...

The managers' section is where they stay when their fighters are not working, in those rear rows of ringside which nobody buys. Arnie is sitting all doubled up, like them skinny guys get.

"Hello, Pittsburgh," he says in that soft, hoarse voice. "You're a long way from Boys' Town."

"Kansas City Sam!" I clap his bony shoulder. "How's managing?"

"Managing," he tells me, "is suffering from the shorts."

"You got a boy going in this bowling alley?"

"Next week. But he's nobody. What about this Joe Wills?"

I push out my lip. "Strong, but I have a suspicion he's a hound. He'll quit when it gets rough. Don't waste your time."

"Time?" He smiles. "Why, time is all I've got, Pittsburgh."

So Tommy is beating people lopsided, and out there this skinny bird is hunched up, watching. One night he touches my arm as I go by.

"Joe Wills is not his right name."

"No. Tommy DiToreo. Bronx, New York."

"Ah," he says. That's all.

Another time: "Any relation to a street fighter called Tough Tommy?"

"Same guy."

"O.K."

Now Tommy smashes a guy in a six, and right away they rush him into a semifinal eight. So I have a fight with Henny, but he is by now a mastermind, and papers are signed with Johnny Kazarowski, out of St. Paul.

Soon as I see this Kazarowski I know we are in trouble. His record is in and out, but I am ready to lay the odds that was just bad management. He came off the shakeout gang in a foundry. It's heavy, hot work, breaking them clay forms out of the steel, where the scrap comes down to melt up. It give this Johnny Kazarowski them slick worker's muscles to go with the strong jaw, high cheekbones and cold, chinky eyes. His look when Tommy starts his bad-boy act at the weigh-in is—I don't know—curious. He even smiles a little. It's a grown-up smile.

"Henny," I mumble, "I wouldn't bet this one too heavy."

Johnny Kazarowski knocks out Joe Wills with a left to the body in the second round, and catches the late train for New York.

After that one we are not such a big sensation around here no more, but Henny, the manager, cries all over the promoter's office that the kid was sick, and we get booked back for a six.

In this one we are up against a counter-puncher with no power, but a nice move. Tommy is throwing by way of East New York, which I told him and told him he shouldn't do this, and here is a neat counter, on the chin. And there is our boy sitting on his silk pants and watching the referee count, with a funny look on his face.

The bell rings just then, and between rounds I talk to the fighter, slapping the grease on his face, but I mean slapping it.

"Listen, you tramp! That man can't hit hard enough to hurt you, and you know it! Don't let me see you on that deck no more! You hear?"

It does not help. Tough Tommy takes the count at 1:04 of the fourth, down on one knee and listening for that beautiful word, "Ten!"

Walking out, I spot Arnie. "Well?" I say. "Is he a hound?"

"He is a hound," Arnie says. "Is your manager ready to unload him?"

"He is ready to unload."

"O.K. Stay close."

Henny goes out to a saloon, and Arnie tails us. "Scotch and water," he says, moving in; and to Henny, "Your boy quit real nice tonight."

"Did you see that stiff?" Henny is indignant. "What a nothing!"

"That boy," says Arnie, "is a ki-yi from Dogville." He downs his whisky and gasps. "He has geezer in him that he hasn't even used yet."

"Right!" Henny howls. "Why should I be cursed with a mutt like that?"

"But then," says Arnie, slow and smooth, "I have always been a dog lover. Maybe I'll do you a favor and take him off your hands."

Right away Henny is suspicious. "Why? Why would you want a hound?"

"Maybe—just maybe—I am fronting for certain people."

"Oh!" says the bummy manager. "Tough guys! That means fixes! Oh, this boy will be great in fixes. When he knows the other guy is going in the water, he will come out like Tarzan of the Apes."

So he asks for five bills, and whines for three, but Arnie's offer is a hundred and a half. "Better hurry up before it drops to a hundred," says Arnie.

"I'll take it." Henny grabs for the money. "And good riddance."

When we are on the sidewalk, I say to Arnie, "Now what do we do—teach him to have guts?"

Arnie smiles that slow smile. "No. You can't teach that. I'm going to try to make him fight, though. He hasn't done that yet." We start to walk and he says, "Do you agree that he's never really been hurt by a punch?" (*Continued on Page 84*)

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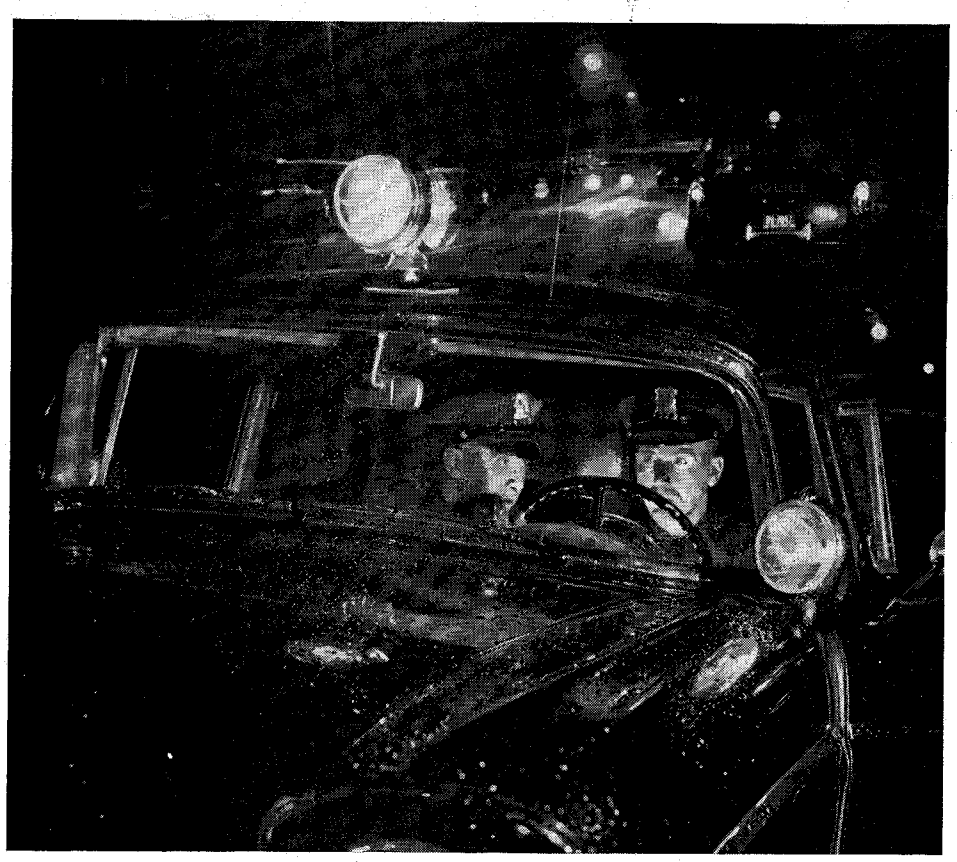
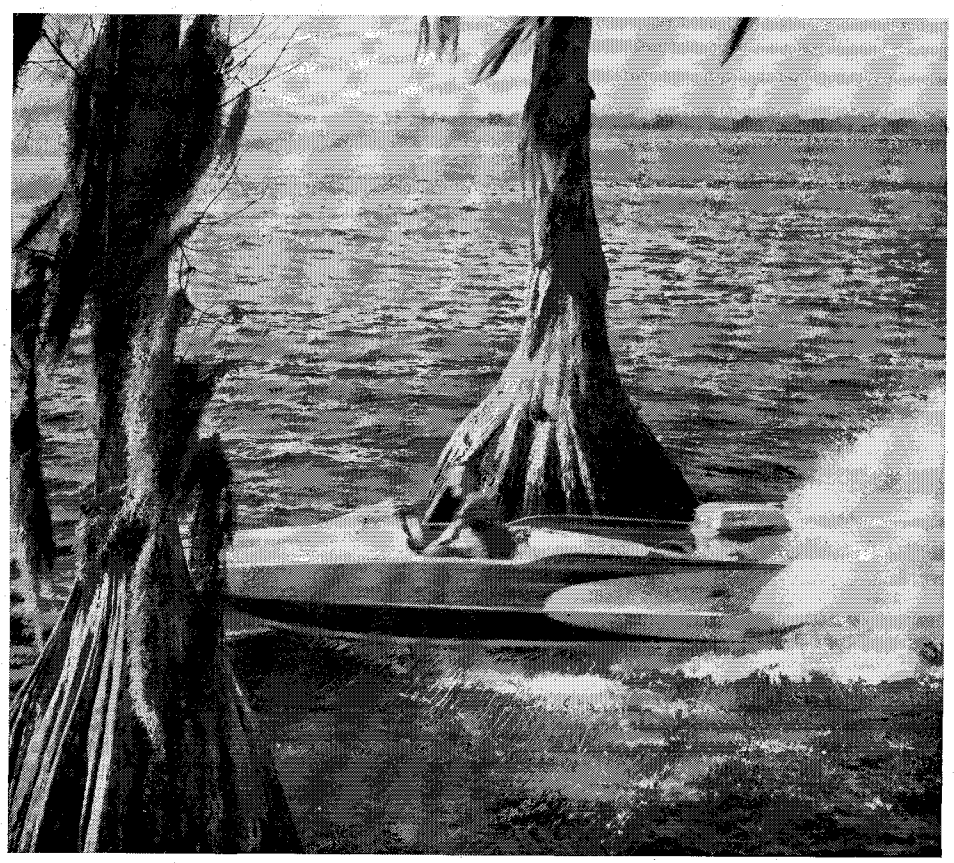
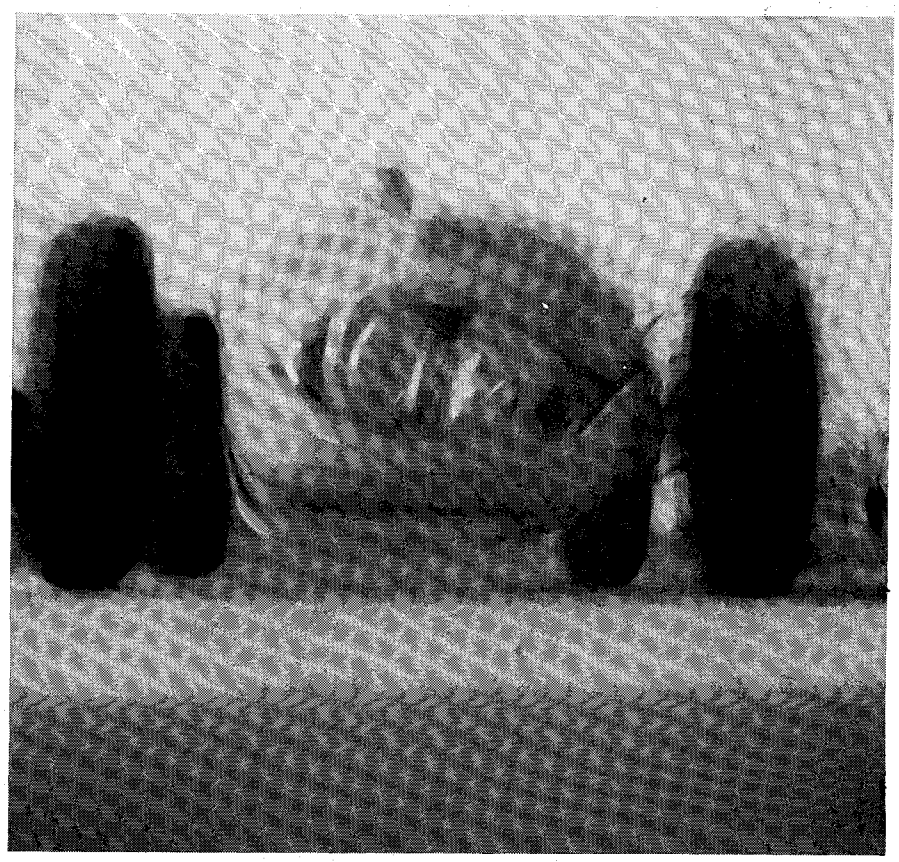


Police cars—nearly *twice* as many U. S. police cars today are powered by Champions as by any other spark plug.

Car makers—over *twice* as many car makers (including Rolls-Royce) specify Champions—36 different makes in all!



Outboard engines—*all* major U. S. makers of outboard engines use Champions for easier starts, top performance.



Racing cars—8 of the last 9 Indianapolis winners . . . 9 of 10 *stock* car winners over the past 5 years, used Champions.

Q. Why is it that wherever performance is vital—on land, sea or in the air—the experts choose Champion spark plugs?

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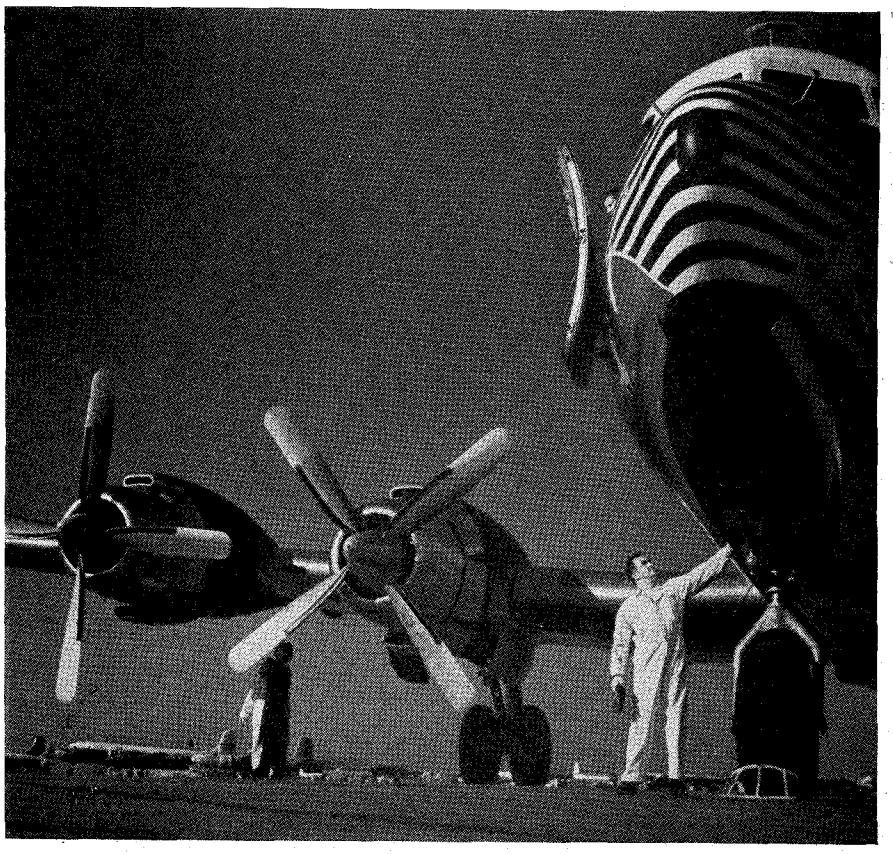
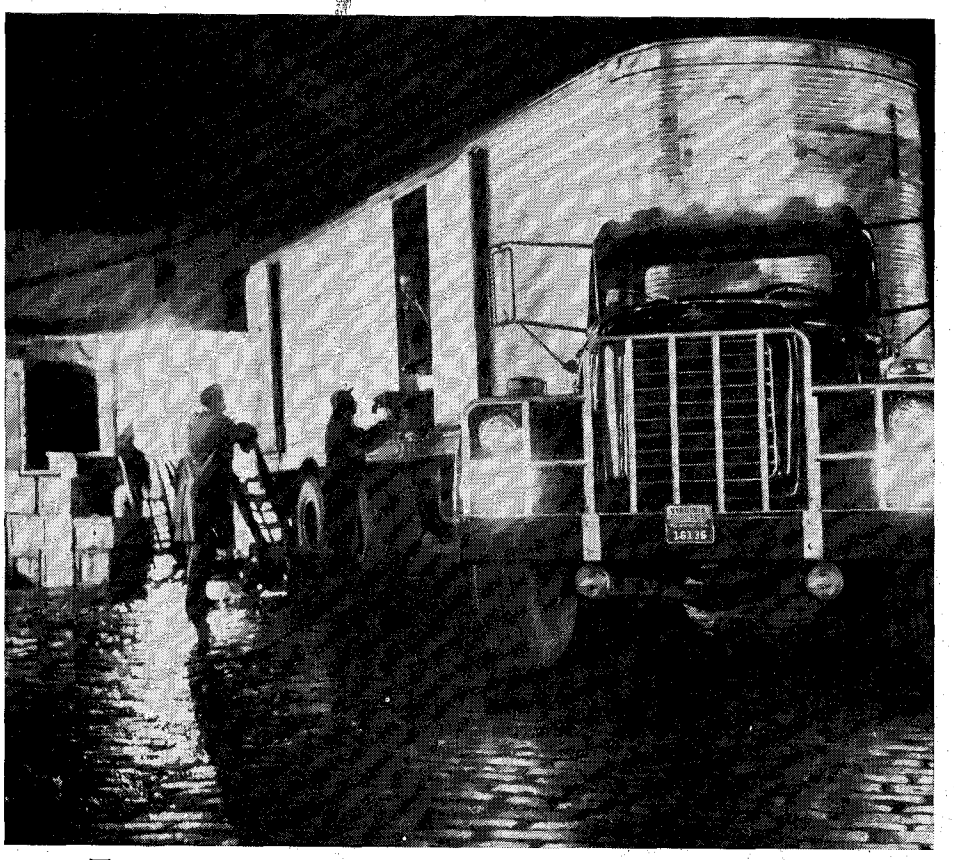


Airlines—*all* of the world's major airlines use Champions for the safe, dependable performance the airlines *must* have!



Trucks—eight out of ten truck manufacturers in the U. S. A. specify Champions for *full power*, regardless of load or road.

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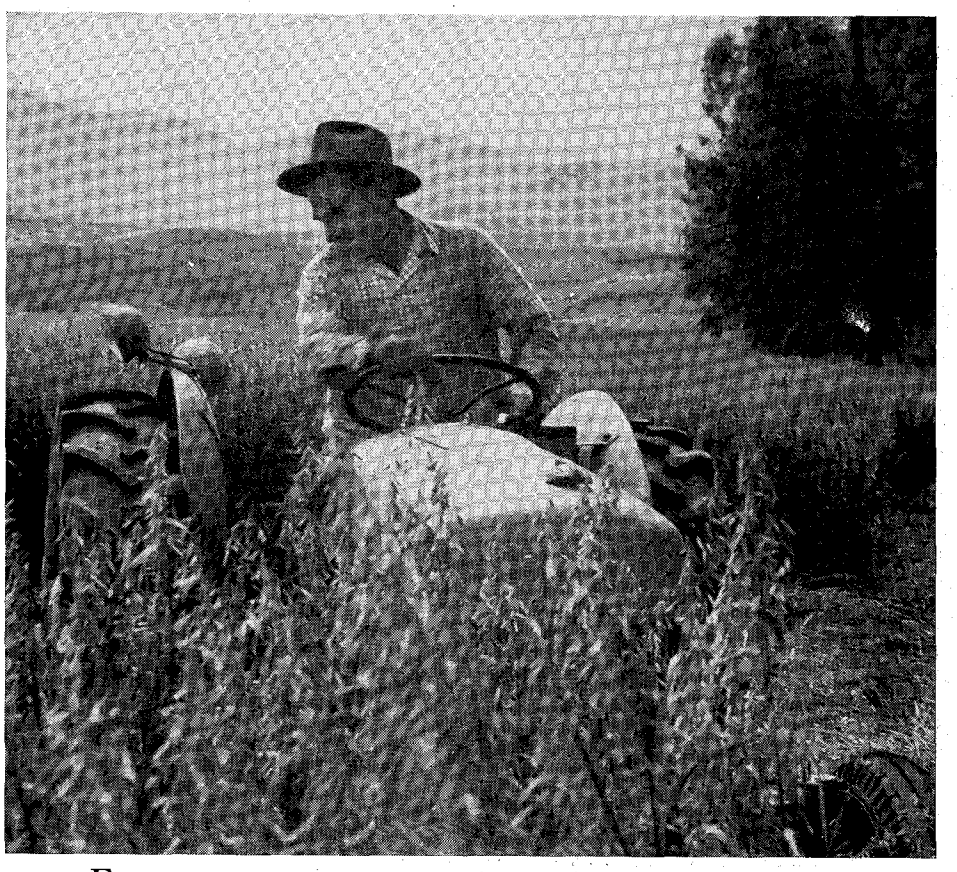
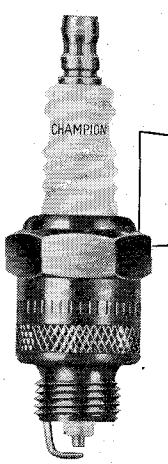


Farm tractors—every major U. S. tractor maker uses Champions for the dependable pulling power farmers need.

A. The experts know from experience that you can always depend on Champions. To get top performance from your car, put in a new set of Champions every 10,000 miles!



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(*Continued from Page 81*) "That's right. His eyes was always clear."

"I thought so." He starts to walk faster, and I trot to keep up with him. "He'll be at the bus station," Arnie explains, "on his way back to the old neighborhood, where he can get well by telling the boys on the corner how he murdered them out of town."

The next New York bus is at midnight, and sure enough Tommy is in the gin mill across the way, waiting for it. As we walk in, Arnie throws up his arm to stop me. "Hold it. Watch this."

The people are very quiet. A table is turned over, smashed glass and liquor is on the floor, and next to the mess is standing a very drunken man. Facing him is Tough Tommy DiToreo. Tommy has his hands on his hips.

"That drunk," says Arnie softly, "is going to get hit."

"Now whatta you hafta be a nasty guy for?" we hear Tommy say. "Why canchoo be nice? Hah?"

This does not sound like fighting talk to me, and I tell Arnie so.

"Just wait," he says. "See the hands on the hips?"

"What's de percentage," says Tommy, "if you start trouble? Hah? First t'ing you know, there's a fight and somebody got a broken bone."

The big drunk is holding up his fists, swaying a little.

Tommy still has his hands on his hips. "You don't want nobody to get busted up, do ya? Hah? Tella truth."

The drunk lowers his hands. "No-o-o. I guess ——"

Bam! Tommy hits him with a right to the jaw that you could hear out in the street. Down goes the drunk and out the door runs Tough Tommy DiToreo.

And now I see how he could win fifty street fights and not learn a thing about fighting. Except, of course, "Never punch a man who is able to defend himself."

We get our stuff and ride the bus to New York with him. I tell him Arnie is his new manager. He stares out from under that hanging mop. "You better getcher dough back. I'm quittin' the ring."

"That would be foolish. You were mismanaged, that's all."

"Boy, you said one there! That crumb overmatched me every time."

"Overmatching wasn't the trouble. The trouble was he didn't teach you how to keep from getting hurt."

I look at Arnie, but he gives me the elbow. "I was really worried about you tonight. He could have got you killed."

"You know you're right?" says Tommy. "Dat guy was a-nawful belter. I coo'n't seem to stop dem punches."

"I will teach you how to keep from getting hurt," says Arnie Fell.

Next day he takes him up to Bobby Gleason's and puts him in with Donnaro, who is ten years in the business. But first he talks to Donnaro.

"No straight punches," he whispers to him. "Only hooks."

We put Tommy in a bob-and-weave crouch, with the gloves up around the head. Donnaro's hooks bounce off this defense, and after three rounds of not getting hit, our ki-yi decides maybe he will not retire after all.

The tricks Arnie pulls out to con him are a wonder. One day when we think we have him ready for his first comeback bout, he is sparring with a good boy and gets clipped with a hard right. He hits the deck.

What a job we have now. "I got a glass jaw!" the ki-yi hollers in the dressing room. "I can't take a punch!"

Arnie does not argue with him. He just says, "Come over here. We're going to weigh you in right now."

I've been wondering why Arnie was monkeying with the scale while I was rubbing the fighter down. Now I find out.

Tommy steps on. "One forty-nine!" Arnie yells. "You lost four pounds! You're overtrained. . . . Jimmy, haven't you been checking his weight?"

"Yeah!" says Tommy. "How come you di'n't check my weight?"

"No wonder you were knocked down," says Arnie. "You take a two-day layoff, boy. Eat good and get plenty of rest."

Tommy rests, and Arnie gets Teddy Brenner to book him in the St. Nick in a four. The opponent is a colored boy, Nathan Carvell.

"I don't like his looks," Tommy mumbles to Arnie after they weigh in. "Didja see de arm on him?"

"Big muscles don't win fights. This isn't weight lifting."

"Yeah, but you can't hurt dem colored boys wit' a head punch."

"That's a stupid superstition. You're a professional now. You've got to forget that kid stuff."

"I'm ascared of colored guys."

So now we got that one out in the open. "You know something?" Arnie mutters. "I heard Mushky saying that Carvell was so chicken about fighting you that they had to drag him out of the house this morning."

"No kiddin'? Guess he heard about me, hah?"

I will tell you how chicken this Carvell is. I think if you shot him with a .45, he would get up and come back at you.

If one half of the world knew how the other half lived, they wouldn't pay their bills either.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

In the first round, Tommy hits him with everything. Every time Carvell goes down, we figure it's a knockout, but here he comes again. At the bell his seconds have to leap in and grab him, because he is starting to fall again. They drag him to the corner.

And in our corner Tough Tommy DiToreo collapses on his stool with his head hanging and arms dangling, and goes like this: "Uh! I quit!"

"What?" me and Arnie both scream.

"I quit. I can't go no more. I quit."

I look in the other corner. They are working like three crazy ones over the body they got there. "You're nuts," I say. "You got it won."

Tough Tommy's head lolls from side to side. "I can't. I'm breakin' my hands. I quit."

Now I have seen a lot of fear, but this was the worst.

"They'll never let him come out for the second round," says Arnie.

"That's right," I say. "All you got to do is stand up when the bell rings and it's over, because that Carvell is out."

Tommy shakes his head.

The buzzer, and we get on each side of him, ready to lift. "Tell the ref I can't go no more," Tommy says. "T'row in the towel."

The bell rings, and by main force we lift the man off his stool. We shove him out toward the middle of the ring.

Them three colored guys in the other corner have done a real job. Carvell is coming out.

Tommy stands and stares at him.

"Let's go," says the referee, and claps his hands.

"Go on!" Arnie Fell screams. "Hit him! Hit him!"

Carvell has his hands up, but he is walking in a dream.

"Hit him!" I roar. "Hit him, you ki-yi! Blow on him!"

I think if Carvell could of thrown one punch, Tough Tommy DiToreo would of taken the count. But now he is out there, the people are looking and he cannot blame his manager for stopping the fight. So out of desperation he throws a right hand, and you could count fifty over poor Carvell.

Oh, how Tommy hates going in that ring. One time he claims he's got some disease, and Arnie takes him over to a doctor and gets him a shot of Aqua Distillata. That's plain water, to you. He wins that fight by a knockout.

He starts to build a reputation. The guys are now dying in their dressing rooms when they got to get in there with him, while meanwhile, down the hall, he is dying in his.

Now they want to put him in the Garden with King Marco, who was once king of them all. Marco is old, but he is still a tough man, and our guy knows this. "His style is wrong for me!" he beefs.

"It so happens," Arnie says, "that his style is just right for you. He'll come in and mix with you, and you can dump him."

"I hear he got an iron head; you could break your hands on him."

"What are you, some violin player, with the hands? You could split a rock with those mitts of yours."

But this is a bad one. Tommy has seen what Marco done to some boys.

"Come here," says Arnie. "I see I'll have to tell you. We must keep this quiet. Jimmy knows, but he's the only one."

I am surprised. What do I know?

Arnie lowers his voice. "The King's been taken care of."

"What?" You should see such relief on Tough Tommy's face.

"Pipe down," Arnie says. "The fix is in. Now don't open your mouth and ruin the odds."

"Boy!" says the fighter. He begins to laugh.

"The King wants you to take it easy on him," says Arnie. "Let him look good. He'll turn in a good fast lose."

"Tell the King not to worry," says Tommy. "Why should anybody get busted up? What's the percentage in bein' a nasty guy?" And behind his back, I make a little bow to Arnie Fell.

That night me and Arnie and Miss A.C. are in a restaurant. A.C. means Atlantic City, and it is a gag name we give her at a party some years before. This is a real good-looking head, the type that always seems to go for them skinny guys, and a good sport. Too good, if you ask me, because she is waiting six years for Arnie to get a contender so they could get married. It looks good now, and we are laughing it up when all at once Arnie says to her, "Take a walk to the powder room, missus. Unexpected business conference." She's used to this, so she gives him the eyebrow and goes.

"Punks," he tells me, low-voiced.

I look up, and here comes one of them gun carriers. He looks around, like for a friend, and then he walks out. Pretty soon The Baron comes in. He's the one they carry the guns for.

He comes over to our table—one of them five-foot-two big shots, you know? "I don't have much time," he says, and sits down. "You know who I am, right?" His voice is real pleasant, like a file on iron.

Arnie looks at him. "We know you."

"I think I'll help your fighter. I like what I hear." (*Continued on Page 86*)

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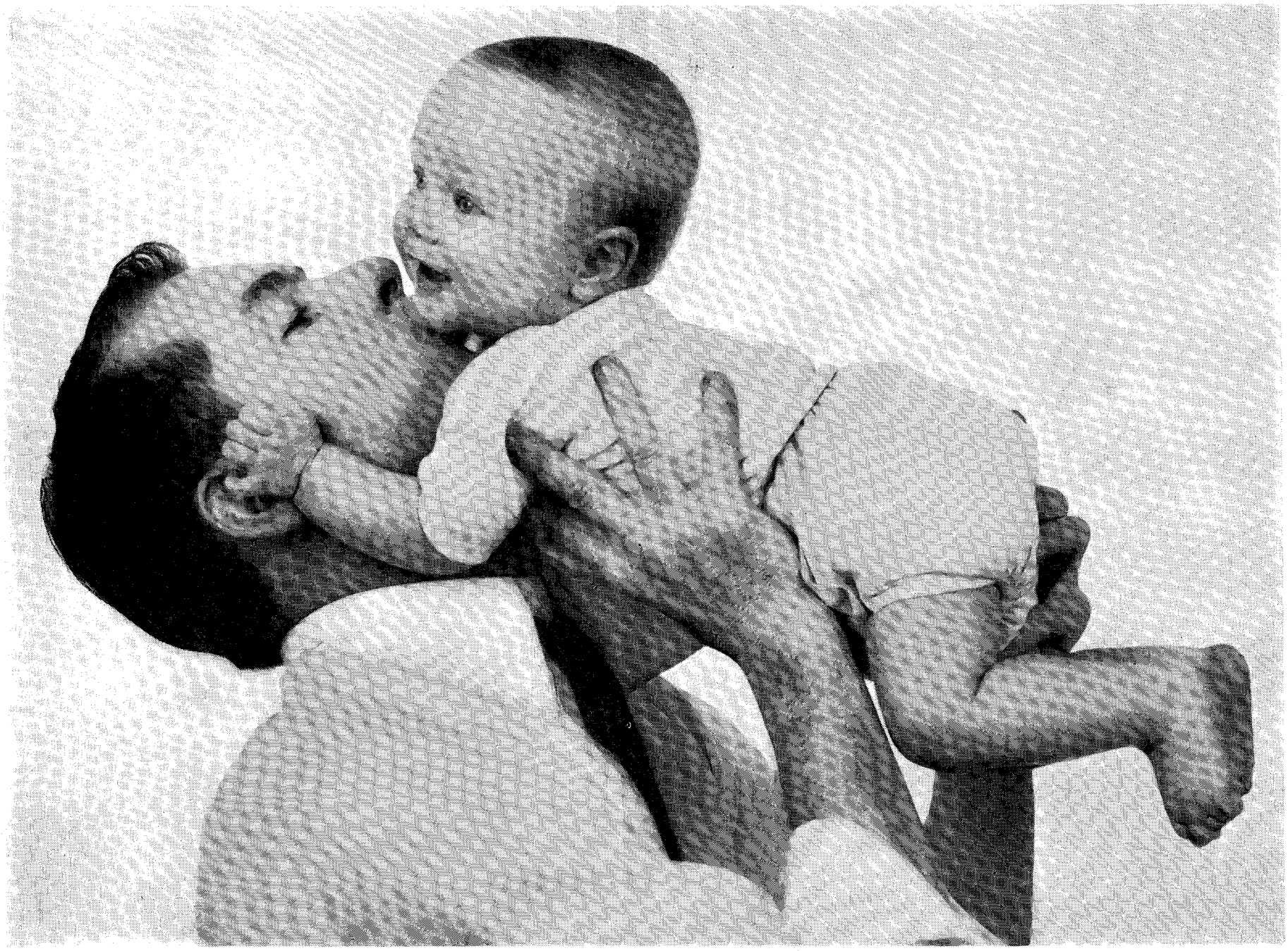

What Margie doesn't know about her pa

His name is Tom. And what Margie doesn't know is this:

One day, when Tom was single, his boss gave him a bouncing raise. And Tom took thought.

Why dribble this lovely money away, went the thought. If I add the raise each week to my savings, pretty soon I'll be able to buy some stock in some good company listed on the New York Stock Exchange. And I should begin getting an extra income from dividends.

So Tom bought the stock. And before long a check popped up in his mail. It was a dividend. And so far, every three months he's been receiving a check for another dividend. A second income. Just like the income millions of other shareholders receive.

Heady stuff

It wasn't a big extra income. But it was heady stuff. And Tom thought he knew how to make it grow. Save the dividends, put them with other savings and acquire more stock.

Now Tom has an income of just under $50 a month from dividends. And back they go into the purchase of more good common stock to get more dividends.

Some of the stocks Tom has bought are better than others. He knows that stock prices go down as well as up, that a company may not pay a dividend. He was told to invest only money left over after bills were paid and emergencies provided for, that an investor should get facts – never depend on tips or rumors. And he should get good advice from a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange.

Excellent booklet

Tom uses a booklet thousands of other investors use. It lists more than 300 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid a cash dividend every year from 25 to more than 100 years. It's called "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." We sent it to him free.

If Tom's family should need a little extra cash, dividends may provide it. If they need a lot, Tom can, under ordinary circumstances, convert his stock quickly into cash. Or borrow at a bank, using his stock as collateral. He likes to think that when Margie is ready for college, dividends can help pay her expenses. And that when he wants to retire, dividends may make him more comfortable the rest of his life.

Just the other day, Tom bought a share of stock for Margie herself, because there's a new law in his state that makes it easier to give stock to children.

That's Margie's pa. Nice going, Margie. You chose well.

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(*Continued from Page 84*) "Just another middleweight," says Arnie. "Got a lot to learn."

Those eyes look at me now, and I can tell you they are about as soft as two marbles. "You train him. I hear he's a banger."

"Bangs very good. Big hitter."

He flicks the eyes back to Arnie. "I'll get him fights."

Arnie is very pleasant. "That's my job."

"You need a partner."

"For how much?"

"How much does a partner take? Half."

There is a pause; then Arnie says, "What do you pay me for this?"

A sort of a smile. "I don't buy into deals. I get invited in."

"This is my fighter. I made him."

"All right. Am I throwin' you out? Fifty-fifty, I said. Listen, a lot of big names in this town are cutting it up with The Baron—singers, actors—they know how I help 'em. Anyway, this is just talk. I don't take over nothing that hasn't been tested. Let's see how he makes out Friday night. Then maybe we'll make a deal."

He goes. Miss A.C. comes back from the powder room, but it's not a party no more. This man could turn you on or off with one phone call.

I have to give Henny, the manager, credit for one thing: what he said about how this boy would come out when the fix was in. From the first bell, Tommy is in there belting like King Marco murdered his kid brother. Boom! Boom! Tremendous right hands, and Marco is covering and running while the crowd is up and rocking the place.

There's another terrific right hand, and this will show you how this guy could punch. King Marco is down on his side, and he has never been down in his whole career. But the old King is tough, and he comes up slugging. For the rest of the round they bang toe to toe.

In the corner, Tommy is screaming, "I t'ought he was layin' down!"

"He is—he is, but you gotta put him there!"

"But he's hittin' me some awful shots! That left hook!"

"Don't you notice," says Arnie, "how he's pulling that punch? You're in there with a pro, buddy. He's gonna make it look good."

"Look good! He's try'na win the fight!"

"No, he's not. Don't you see how he's leaving himself open for your right?"

So Arnie cons him, and Tommy goes out and whales away some more at this man who is fighting him with every trick in the book, and Tommy trumps every trick because he does not know he should be afraid.

After the second, Marco wises up and bicycles. Tommy chases him, always throwing, and every once in a while Marco will stop and flurry. After nine, we are worried, because we figure the old King has got it about 5–4, give or take a round, and could win a duke if he stays.

"Tommy!" Arnie barks as he comes back. "I just got the word! Marco is switching! He's not going in! He's gonna try to squeeze out a decision!"

"What? That miserable creep! . . . But I'm way ahead on points, anyways."

Fighters always think this. So Arnie does not argue. Instead he says, "That's no good; he's got the judges in a bag."

"Why, them crooks!" He is indignant, and bangs his fists together.

"Not wild now, Tommy," Arnie Fell whispers, rubbing his shoulders. "Stay in a shell like we taught you. When he draws back the left to hook, then throw the right. And make it count."

"I'll kill the bum." He thumbs the mouthpiece back in over his teeth.

And in the tenth he crouches, waiting in that shell, like he must of waited on some dim-lit street corners for a special guy to walk by with his jaw unprotected.

Marco jabs, jabs. He uppercuts. No reply. He shoots a one-two at the arms and elbows, and now he draws back that big left to hook one in. Tommy DiToreo springs at him, slamming the right to the jaw, and King Marco goes down. When he gets up, Tommy pushes by the referee, and this time you could only stop him with a gun. He hammers that man on the ropes till what finally slides to the floor is completely dead to this world.

But Arnie Fell does not cheer with the rest of them, because he now has an appointment. "Well," he says, "I guess I'll have to cut the man in."

But the man has changed his mind. "Listen, manager," he says the next day, "I'm gonna give you a break. You don't have to share your fighter."

"No?" Arnie is surprised, but careful.

"No. You're gonna sell him. Two grand for the contract."

Arnie's face goes cold. "Two grand? Can you spare that much?"

"I hear you bought him for a hundred and a half. Nice profit."

"Yes," says Arnie, and his voice is shaky, "and there's a million dollars in him. I think I'll pass up the two thousand."

That is that, and the man leaves. Them kind do not argue.

"This is the one," Arnie keeps mumbling while we wait to see what happens. "This ki-yi is the fighter! I must hang on to him—right, Jimmy?"

The next day two plain-clothes guys show up at the gym. "Tommy DiToreo?"

Tommy gives them a fast look, and you know he has seen them Irish beef-eaters before. "He just left," he says; "I'll try and catch him for you."

"Hold it! If you're not him, you're his brother. You'll do."

Arnie, going very pale, moves in to fight them, and he hears, "Take it easy, manager. You'll be seeing your boy in a year or two."

"It's a phony beef!" yells Tommy. "Who pressed a complaint on me?"

"Oh, lots of people." The guy turns to Arnie. "Felonious-assault case, the Bronx, about a year old. We know he did it, but we had no witnesses. Now all of a sudden we've got three of them. . . . Let's go, DiToreo."

Of course we need just one guess to know who found them witnesses. He calls up the day Tommy is sentenced to from one to five. Tough luck, he says, but he is willing to make a long-range investment in the future.

O.K., says Arnie, who has busted himself developing this fighter; two thousand. Oh, no, says the man. The price has dropped in half now. So Miss A.C. cancels the wedding gown, and I do not see Arnie for a long while.

Tommy gets out in a year and The Baron takes me on to train him.

"He's always cursing you out," he says, "so you must be good."

He gets what we call a paper manager to front for him, and you should hear Tommy rap Arnie Fell to the newspaper guys. I guess it's because Arnie understood him, and he couldn't forgive that.

Now he knocks over a few second-raters for a warmup, and then they sign him with Tony Jenaro, a top welterweight. Jenaro is a smooth topnotcher in a fast division, and I figure our tough guy is in for his lumps. He gets a lot of them. For nine rounds little Tony moves in and out and under, jabbing, cutting, stabbing away to pile up them points, and Tommy is chasing him like a bull after a bee.

"Too bad," I tell him between them last two rounds, "that you haven't got him in an alley. Because with the rules we are fighting tonight, you will never catch this guy."

So in the tenth he fights his own rules. He has been wrestling and bulling, and for them Tony got an answer. He got no answer for being strangled. Tough Tommy shoves him into the ropes and grabs him by the throat with his left hand, and he is throttling the guy while he smashes him with terrible right-hand shots.

Tony is down and the crowd is up, jumping and screaming. Tony wobbles up at nine, and Tommy goes snarling in for the knockout he must have. Holding him there like a dummy with the left hand around the throat, he hits that welterweight with the heaviest middleweight punch since Graziano quit the ring, and takes him out just in time: at 2:51 of the tenth.

Two months later, at the Chicago Stadium, he meets the old champ, who has nothing left but his brain, and batters him for a bloody fifteen-round decision and the title.

Now, it is against their principles for people like Tommy and The Baron to let you have a fair crack at anything, so they book them over-the-weight bouts, which this is the greatest racket. See, a champion can keep in fighting shape, make money and take no chances. In case some clown in East Nowhere beats him, he can laugh it off as a home-town decision, and never get in another ring with that man as long as they both shall live. The only danger is getting knocked out, but that is why you have a manager—to hand-pick the opponents. That is how we come to fight Johnny Cash in Los Angeles. He is one of them opponents.

Cash is big locally, but this is not the big boxing league. For a while, when he was just starting in, he had fought around New York and Chi, and in fast company he did not win. Also, his manager is a nobody, and The Baron knows all the managers that count. So nobody is worried about Johnny Cash.

The signing is handled by mail. They're going to fight in the old Angels' ball park. We do not see the opponent till the weigh-in.

Johnny Cash turns out to be a guy with cold, chinky eyes and a left hook that we remember. Behind him stands his nobody manager, and behind the nobody manager stands Arnie Fell, looking innocent.

"Hey!" Tommy grabs my arm when he sees the fighter. "That's the Polack—what's his name? Kazanski?"

"Kazanski," I tell him, looking hard at Arnie Fell, "is a shortstop. Kazarowski is a fist fighter."

"I don't feel so good," Tommy tells me. "Let's get outta here."

But the photographers are grabbing him now, and it is too late.

Back in The Baron's swell suite, Tommy is yelping plenty. "The bum is try'na sneak up on me! He changed his name!"

"So what? Louis changed his name; Graziano, Pep, Robinson ——"

"But this guy knocked me out!"

"You were a beginner!" The Baron barks. "Now you're at your peak and he's washed up! What are you—ascared of this guy? What's all these excuses?"

"You're the one who should be making excuses! You flopped on the job."

"You're outta line, fella."

"No, I ain't." Tommy is standing opposite the little Baron with his hands on his hips. "You're supposed to protect me from things like this. So, while you were playin' fight manager, Arnie Fell sandbagged me wit' this match."

"Take those hands off your hips or you'll get hit with something harder than a left hook."

"I ain't gonna hit you. But I'm gonna tell you something. You oughtta get out of the fight racket. They're all laughin' at you."

"What? Nobody laughs at me!"

"Don't be so sure. I got friends too. You're a great one for fixes. Well, they say this Cash had to take the losing end of a fix a few times, to get along with you big boys. And that was why you thought his record was bad." Tommy walks to the door and The Baron watches him with his mouth open. "You better pray for me to win this thing or you'll be the biggest little joke in this business." And he slams out the door.

At the ball park that night, who tries to dodge me but Miss A.C. I head her off. "Looks like a big gate," I say. "You and Arnie could get married now."

"Arnie and I," she freezes me out, "were married a year ago, when he was so low I had to buy my own ring. We stayed in the (*Continued on Page 88*)

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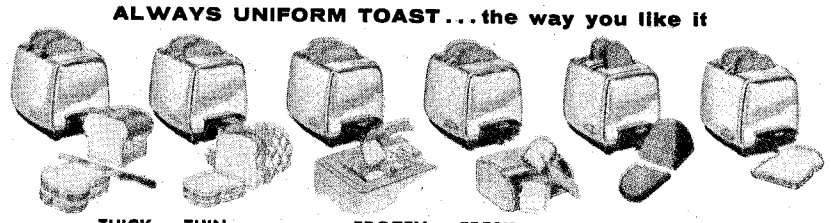

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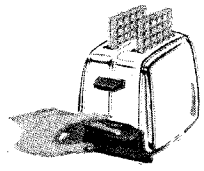

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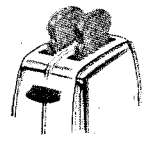

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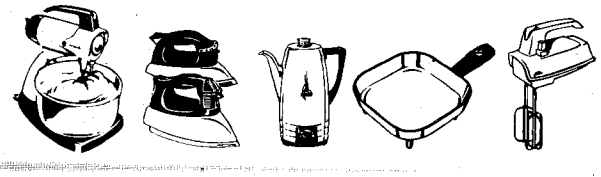

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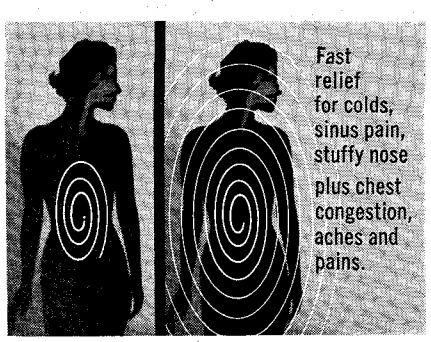

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NEW **Vicks** DOUBLE-BUFFERED **cold tablets**

(*Continued from Page 86*) cheapest hotel in town. And do you know who turned out to be living in the same place? A washed-up middleweight by the name of Kazarowski." And she walks away.

In the first round, Tommy comes out very big, almost like he done with King Marco, but this here is different. That time it was because he thought the guy was going in. This is terror. He charges this Cash almost off his feet, and the packed ball park is one roar of sound. And the sportswriters will report how he rushed out like a fearless savage, and all that. But I know my fighter.

Johnny Cash moves away and there is never a change of expression on that Slavic face as he ducks and dodges this insane flurry. There's a crasher that gets through, though, to the temple, and Cash is staggered, just like a bull would be if Tommy DiToreo hit him. Now a left hook to the jaw knocks his mouthpiece flying, another right—and Johnny Cash is down.

He gets up. A minute later he is down again. He gets up again. The round ends.

"He's nothin'!" Tommy yells, in the corner. "That Polack bum! I'm killin' him!"

"So kill him," I say.

Cash, who is known for a left hook out here, is not using it much tonight. Mostly straight punches, a jab and a right cross. Once in a while a right-hand lead, straight through those gloves and arms, into Tommy DiToreo's famous tough face. You could see the guy is fighting a planned fight. We must try to break up that plan with bombs.

The bombs do pretty good. In the third, Johnny Cash is down for nine, and in the sixth he takes an awful hammering. Crash! That terrific right hand, and Cash falls into the ropes. Tommy leaps in after him and Cash squints out of his swollen eye and fires a right cross that stops Tommy in his tracks. Now Cash follows with that left hook that we met before, when his name was Kazarowski. Them slick worker's muscles haven't had the spring beaten out of them yet. Down goes Tommy.

He is up at six, and Cash is after him, fast, smooth, punching him into the ropes. Tommy twists his face away to try and escape those fists.

Now the bell rings, Cash drops his hands and Tommy panics. You know, panic does not always mean running away. It could mean attack, and that is what Tommy does. "Whup!" goes the right, into the gut.

Cash is staggering, bent over, and Tommy is swinging with both hands, while the referee and all us seconds run after him, and the television director nearly faints, screaming, "Take it off! Cut to the studio! Roll a commercial! Anything!" Tough Tommy's brand of fighting is not clean-shaven and deodorized.

Johnny Cash has been hurt by that one punch more than all the others, because in a fight they brace themselves for the shock when they know one's coming. But this was not in a fight. This was a street-corner special.

They work like crazy in that corner, and I have a little homework too. My man's got a swelling that's going to burst if it's hit again. He is raving as I work with swabs and ice. "You gotta kill this guy! I never seen anything like it! You gotta kill him!"

"Well, you said you would, so do it."

They have some job in that other corner. Cash is an injured man, but Arnie Fell puts him together some way and gets him on his feet for the seventh. He is still hurt, so he ducks and clinches, and lasts the round, but that's six he has lost on the score sheet.

We are now in the eighth, and Arnie and his fighter cannot win a decision. And a knockout they surely can't get, because a man hurt that bad cannot punch hard—and never mind them television movies where the guy gets up and wins by a kayo after getting slaughtered for nine rounds. No, such punching I do not believe. But the first part—getting off the floor—that is possible. If you want it bad enough, and if you have somebody screaming at you like Arnie Fell was. Arnie knew what he was screaming about.

Tough Tommy DiToreo is bombing. No science, just a war. "Boom!" the right hand, and Johnny Cash is down, sprawling in a corner.

And Johnny Kazarowski, the guy from the shakeout gang at the foundry, gets up. Some way he makes it to his feet. With his head turned because one eye is swelled shut, drippy with blood, he comes at Tommy again. From something he remembers, he manages to slip under what is now a wild, desperate right and throw a right cross of his own on the button.

It is not a big punch. There are no big punches left. But it is delivered with a memory of timing and leverage. It staggers Tommy DiToreo, and the crowd will tell their friends, "Just like in the movies! He gets up and hits him one terrific shot!"

Today's bride often discovers she has been rushed off her feet, but not out of her job.

G. NORMAN COLLIE

Not terrific. Terrifying. Dead men do not get up and hit you.

"Punch!" I screech at Tommy. "Hit him! He must go!"

Tommy punches. The guy falls. At eight he is up, and coming on. Tough Tommy stands there.

"Hit him!" I yell. "He's through!"

But then comes that left hook to the chin, and Tough Tommy is down.

"Get up! Bum! Ki-yi! Get up!"

He makes it up at nine and stands holding on to the rope. His knees are wobbling just a little.

Johnny Kazarowski squints up at the clock. Fifty seconds left. He moves in.

Six months later, Johnny Cash met Tommy DiToreo at the Chicago Stadium, and this time the middleweight title was on the line. The betting on this fight was very interesting.

You know the full-time, serious gamblers do not just put their money on who wins or loses. They will bet you other propositions, like how many rounds it goes. Well, in this fight I tried to get some action on a special proposition, because I am now training Johnny Cash, and I always bet my fighter if I really like him.

My proposition was that once Tommy DiToreo went down, he would not get up. I figured I should get good odds. After all, the last one was a war.

But when the betting boys had got through laughing at the former Baron and crying over their losses, the word had gone out on this fighter. Nobody would bet me a dollar.

Johnny Cash knocked out Tough Tommy DiToreo with a left to the body in the second round, and we all caught the late train for New York.

The sportswriters wrote that it was a terrific punch. THE END

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Our Own Inside Story

(Continued from Page 29)

Neither of us has ever read a classified document since the year 1947, when Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and Secretary of War Robert Patterson honored us with a modified clearance to do for The Saturday Evening Post an article on guided missiles (which, if we do say so, stands up remarkably well to this day). If anyone now made us a present of a classified document, we would reject it as firmly as we would reject a pot of poison. Without special clearance, any reporter is a fool to touch a finger to any secret paper. If a reporter nowadays intends to publish what the Government does not want published (which is a large part of a serious reporter's function), he needs to be able to assert, with perfect truth, that he has used no information coming to him from any classified source.

Although we have never so much as glanced at a secret document since 1947, there have been times in our twelve-year partnership when every high official in Washington, conspicuously including Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, was absolutely convinced that our "pipelines" were "leaking" vast quantities of secret papers to us. The occasions when we infuriated Presidents Truman and Eisenhower are worth describing, partly because the stories are rather comic, and partly because they tell a good deal about the Washington correspondent's trade.

After the first Soviet atomic-bomb test in September, 1949 (an event which transformed forever the world we live in), two schools of thought quickly developed in the American Government. One school, headed by Secretary of State Dean Acheson, proposed a major national effort in response to the Soviet bomb, as embodied in the famous state paper, NSC 68. Such a response would have meant, of course, sharply and embarrassingly reversing the economy-first defense policies of Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson. Johnson and certain of his allies on Capitol Hill therefore began putting it about that the Soviet bomb was a fake, and that the Soviets probably did not have a deliverable nuclear weapon at all.

We therefore printed the evidence that the Soviets had quite certainly tested a true nuclear bomb, evidence which came from air samples, seismographic tracings and other means, which were all common knowledge throughout the entire American scientific community. As it happened, President Truman himself was mulishly reluctant to believe that the American atomic monopoly had been broken. Therefore (as we finally learned a full two years later), just the same evidence that appeared in our column had been assembled, in a paper intended to convince Truman, by the adherents of the Acheson school. The paper was marked, of course, TOP SECRET, EYES ALONE, and so on. Truman was always much impressed by the rituals of government secrecy, and when he read our piece he was instantly convinced that we had cribbed it from his own precious secret paper. He grew furiously angry and personally ordered an immediate official investigation—the first of five or six we have experienced. So all our affairs were winnowed by the Federal flatfeet for months, all because of the President's conviction that we had seen a paper we had never even heard about.

The occasion when we infuriated President Eisenhower was even more ludicrous in its origins. In 1955, while the elder of us was abroad, the Eisenhower administration received intelligence reports of the Soviet intention to launch an earth satellite. An angry controversy ensued within the administration about the desirability versus the expense of an American satellite project. The younger partner learned about the controversy, published the essential facts, and became himself emotionally—perhaps too emotionally—engaged in the issue. He dreamed up two then wholly imaginary headlines—SOVIETS CLAIM SUCCESSFUL LAUNCHING OF EARTH SATELLITE and U.S. RADAR CONFIRMS EXISTENCE OF SOVIET SATELLITE; and, to suggest the impact of a first Soviet satellite launching on the American world position, he repeated his imaginary headlines to every official he could buttonhole.

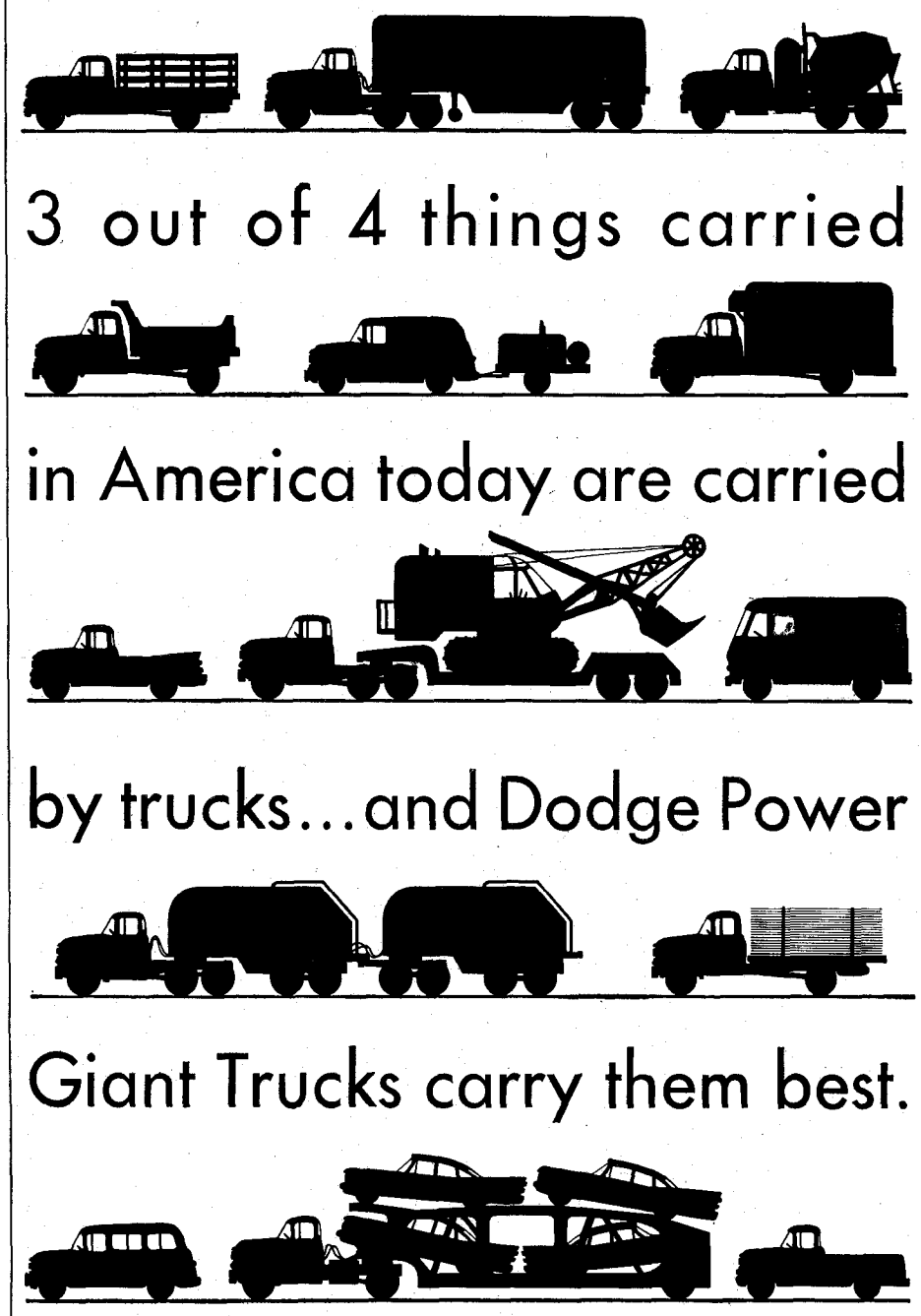
Then, by sheerest chance, at the very moment when the President had to decide the satellite issue, the reporter sat down and wrote a column incorporating his imaginary headlines. Also by sheerest chance (as we found out much later), some official charged with studying the pros and cons of an American satellite used the headlines almost verbatim, no doubt forgetting the source, in the NSC paper he had to prepare for the President. Again by chance, the President read the column, and the next day, with awful fatality, he read the NSC paper. Perhaps rather naturally, he did not suspect that this was a case of an NSC paper quoting the Alsops, rather than the other way round. "It's bad enough to read about an NSC paper in the Alsop column *after* it's been submitted to me," he thundered, according to the story we heard much later, "but it's a damn sight worse to read about an NSC paper in the Alsop column *before* I've even seen it."

This second fit of fearful Presidential temper produced another security investigation of extreme severity. Although the accident of the NSC paper that quoted the Alsop column was pretty funny, the consequences of such accidents are not at all funny these days.

For the American Government now strikes at reporters indirectly, by harassing the reporters' friends in government. A welcome-home party for the elder partner, arranged by two old friends in the government weeks in advance of the satellite-paper episode, had to be hastily canceled on orders from above. More serious, as in all the occasions when we have been the subject of official investigation, all our official friends and acquaintances were called on the carpet and quizzed by the government security investigators. This new rule of guilt-by-association-with-reporters makes it increasingly difficult for reporters in Washington to get at the facts that show where the country really stands. For this very reason, American public opinion is visibly beginning to suffer from an anemia of essential information, which in turn is having a profound and insidious effect on the whole process of government in these United States.

But we have already had our say on this important subject in The Saturday Evening Post (THAT WASHINGTON SECURITY CURTAIN, February 19, 1955). The purpose of this article is to try to convey some notion of what Washington reporting is really like, what the techniques of the peculiar trade are, and how, despite that security curtain, the essential facts necessary to an understanding of the national situation do continue to get published somewhere, by someone.

One rule of the trade is suggested by the stories of the rage of Messrs. Truman and Eisenhower. The rule is that you have to do your homework. We aroused the Presidential tempers for purely accidental reasons. Yet it is also true that we should not have been able to write the columns which aroused (*Continued on Page 92*)



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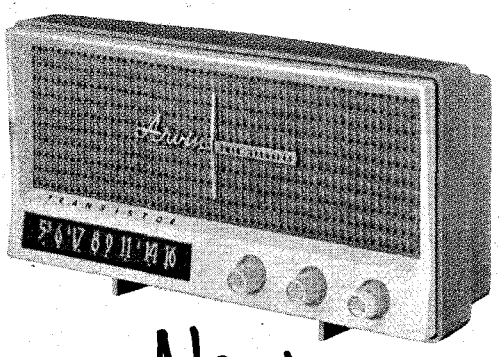

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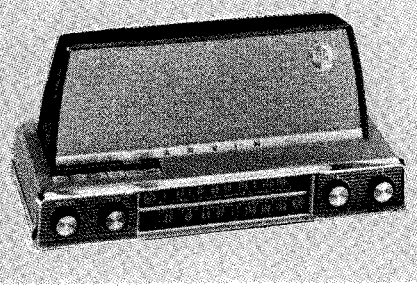

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(*Continued from Page 89*) the Presidential tempers if we had not done our homework on atomic bombs and satellites. (The rub is that an immense amount of dreary homework may be needed before the reporter has the necessary grasp of the problem he wants the official or politician to talk about.) In these grimly complicated times, technology in all its most awe-inspiring branches, and the higher forms of economics, and political-strategic geography, and many other arcane subjects have merged into politics. So you need at least a nodding acquaintance with all these subjects if you wish to do your job the right way, trying to cover the really big, truly significant stories.

In other ways, being a Washington correspondent is very much like being a reporter anywhere else. You work with a different set of raw materials, ranging from "initial thrust" or "critical size" to the meaning of Dienbienphu, and with a different sort of people—politicians, officials, soldiers, scientists and economists. You also inhabit a different sort of city, with its own peculiar charm and its own peculiar dullness. (Social conversation in Washington is almost invariably composed, in equal parts, of personal gossip, political dispute and the eternal news of real estate, which fascinates Washingtonians because so many of the city's inhabitants are birds of passage, always changing nests.) But although the Washington correspondent's raw material and range of acquaintance and place of habitation are all specialized in this manner, the rules of his trade remain the eternal rules of the whole reporting craft.

For one thing, a Washington correspondent, like any reporter, must always remember that his feet are as important an item of his equipment as his head. Rarely—very rarely—journalism produces a news analyst who can spot the essential outline of a situation from the vantage point of his own desk, with no more help than the morning newspapers may give him. Walter Lippmann, by some magic means we have never understood, can go on making perfectly good sense about the current news when he is taking a long semivacation in Maine. But even Lippmann takes great pains to refresh his analytical powers by frequent, direct contact with people and events. Not even the most astute analyst can possibly know what the news means by sheer mental telepathy.

When we were partners in the column-writing business, we always regarded ourselves as reporters first and foremost, no different from other reporters except in having a wider liberty of judgment and expression. We tried never to print a column lacking at least one previously unpublished and significant item of factual information. So the rule of the feet applied—and since we have gone our separate ways, it still applies—to us, just as much as to anyone else.

The essential point of the rule of the feet is simple enough. If you get out and see what is going on for yourself, and talk (in person, not on the telephone) to a great many people who are responsibly involved in what is going on, you can hardly help doing a good job of reporting. One way or another, significant developments come to your notice in the early stages, and so you always find something to say that is worth saying, or something to observe that is worth describing.

For ourselves, since we have also practiced as reporters overseas and as combat reporters when the occasion has demanded, we have carried the rule of the feet a degree further than is perhaps usual in Washington. Having reached the dreary stage in middle life when one tends to come apart at the seams, we do the dreary exercises that are needful to keep the seams reasonably well calked. Otherwise, we could not have clambered down a net into a landing craft off Inchon, or gone on a patrol in the Malayan jungle, or followed a French battalion on operations in the Algerian hills—which are some of the things one or the other of us has had to do in our years of work together.

Yet we do not wish to suggest that keeping moving is the be-all and the end-all of the reporting trade. Your feet are useful—indeed, they are essential. But your feet only carry you to the politicians and officials who are the sources of your information.

The word "source" is almost as commonly abused, in talk about the reporting trade, as those other words, "pipeline" and "leak." People speak of a reporter's sources as though these sources were so many freely bubbling, always gushing springs. Yet the voluntary source is very nearly as rare as hen's teeth. Once in a very long time, particularly if you specialize in some subject, as we did in national defense, someone with a passionate interest in that subject will volunteer information on it. This happened to us perhaps two or three times in our twelve years together—and the information was never classified, and never really important.

Most fathers wish that higher education were lower.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

How then does one develop these famous sources, that all successful reporters undoubtedly need to have? The answer is really fairly simple. The vast majority of politicians and officials are deeply interested in the problems they have to deal with—if they were not, they would long since have taken up some other and more remunerative line of work. They enjoy talking about those problems with anyone who can discuss them fairly sensibly. Other things being equal, they like their own pet problems to be sensibly presented to the public. So if you have a fair understanding of the nature of the problem, a responsible official will usually be glad to talk about the problem with considerable frankness.

Although this involves an immense amount of homework, the rewards are commensurate. A reporter can have no more satisfying moment than the moment when a man in high position says, "I don't mind talking to *you*, because you know what I'm talking about." That really happened to one of us, once, and the speaker was a man of great brilliance, carrying a staggering load of responsibility, with a ferocious reputation for hostility to newspapermen.

Sometimes it is not enough to have done your homework. You have to be lucky as well. In truth, sheer luck plays a great role in a reporter's meetings with the movers and shakers of this world, and sometimes you must be very patient while you wait for your luck to turn. The younger member of our partnership too well remembers an interview with Jawaharlal Nehru, which was a very sticky business indeed at the outset. It was just before the monsoons, when New Delhi's horrible heat was at its worst. Nehru lay back in an exhausted attitude on a sofa, smoking a cigarette in a long holder, and answering question after carefully prepared question with an openly, even arrogantly, bored "yes," or "no," and once,

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with crushing disdain, "Does it really matter?"

Finally, the reporter, casting desperately about for a subject which might pierce the great man's shield of tedium, asked Nehru about the conflict between Communism and Asian nationalism. That opened the floodgates for fair—Nehru forgot the heat, sat straight up and talked passionately for almost an hour, with a profound perceptiveness that his subsequent public statements have not always shown.

Both of us, at one time or another, have interviewed Clement Attlee when he was the British Prime Minister, and we heartily agree that the average Attlee interview was the most trying reportorial experience either of us ever had. Not that Attlee is arrogant, or rude, or inhumanly cold. He is simply the one politician either of us has ever met who really does seem to dislike the sound of the human voice when uttered by himself.

Of course, you do not go to see the Prime Minister of Great Britain in the expectation of a jolly chat. It is fairly intimidating to be received in the long Cabinet Room of Number Ten Downing Street, with half of the most majestic ghosts in the history of the English-speaking peoples seeming to gibber in corners, and the portrait of Sir Robert Walpole above the fireplace, in his place of honor behind his successor's special chair. Moreover, Prime Ministers tend to be rather busy men, so you go to your appointment with not more than four carefully prepared questions which you regard as especially important.

Interviewing Attlee, you were apt to find that you had run through your questions in an elapsed time of not more than two minutes. The Prime Minister would receive his caller pleasantly and then settle back in his chair, smoking his pipe so fiercely that loud guggling noises were emitted from time to time. The first question would be asked. The pipe would be removed from the clenched jaws just long enough to permit some such noncommittal monosyllable as "quite" to emerge. Then the jaws would clench shut again, the guggling would continue, and the whole performance would be repeated. After four repetitions of the "Question—Guggle-guggle—Quite" sequence, the now distraught caller would rise to leave, the Prime Minister would say a cordial farewell, and so the interview would end.

But once—this was about six weeks before the attack in Korea—the elder of us chanced on the right question. He merely used the phrase "Western defense" and the result was like bursting a bung on a barrel. Out came the pipe for good, and the Prime Minister launched into an eloquent, closely informed discussion of the weaknesses of Western defense, the need for America to "give a lead." By the end, secretaries kept popping into the room, only to be waved away by a Prime Minister too absorbed in his subject to worry about his next appointment.

It is a curiously rewarding feeling, the feeling of *getting through* to a remarkable mind like Nehru's or Attlee's. It is one of the reasons why most reporters who are reasonably successful find it worth while to devote so much legwork and so much headwork to a trade that is not notably highly paid, and sometimes resembles the trade of undertaking. For although undertaking unquestionably offers greater material rewards, reporting offers larger intangible rewards.

Above all, reporting offers the sense of being personally involved—*engagé*, as the French say—in the great political processes of one's own time. The reporter who is not consciously *engagé* is, in fact, likely to be a bad and unsuccessful reporter. Of course no reporter should indulge in excessive political partisanship. Of course all reporters must be sternly loyal to the facts. But even if a reporter is icily impartial in both these ways, he must still be *engagé*, if only because he himself is a most necessary part of the political process.

In a democratic society, although politicians and officials rather often forget it, the masters are the people. The reporters who cover national affairs are, in effect, the people's eyes and ears. They have the task of making the people's government the people's business. They are the instruments that create an informed public opinion. In the democracies, opinion is made by the daily publication of an infinite variety of facts, some trivial and commonplace, some profoundly important, some desperately remote from normal human experience, but all somehow bearing on the national situation. No one has ever explained how this daily factual bombardment is transmuted into public opinion, but the process does work quite remarkably well, when the facts are fully and convincingly published.

Tell the people the truth about their situation, and the people will respond to any challenge the truth offers. That is the fundamental rule of a democratic society. If you do not believe it, you do not believe in democracy. It is the reporter's job to see, to the best of his ability, that the truth is told. And it is the reporter's share in the democratic process, his vital role in the national debate, that makes the reporter's trade more rewarding and exciting than the undertaker's.

It means that the reporter, while always remembering that he is a mere

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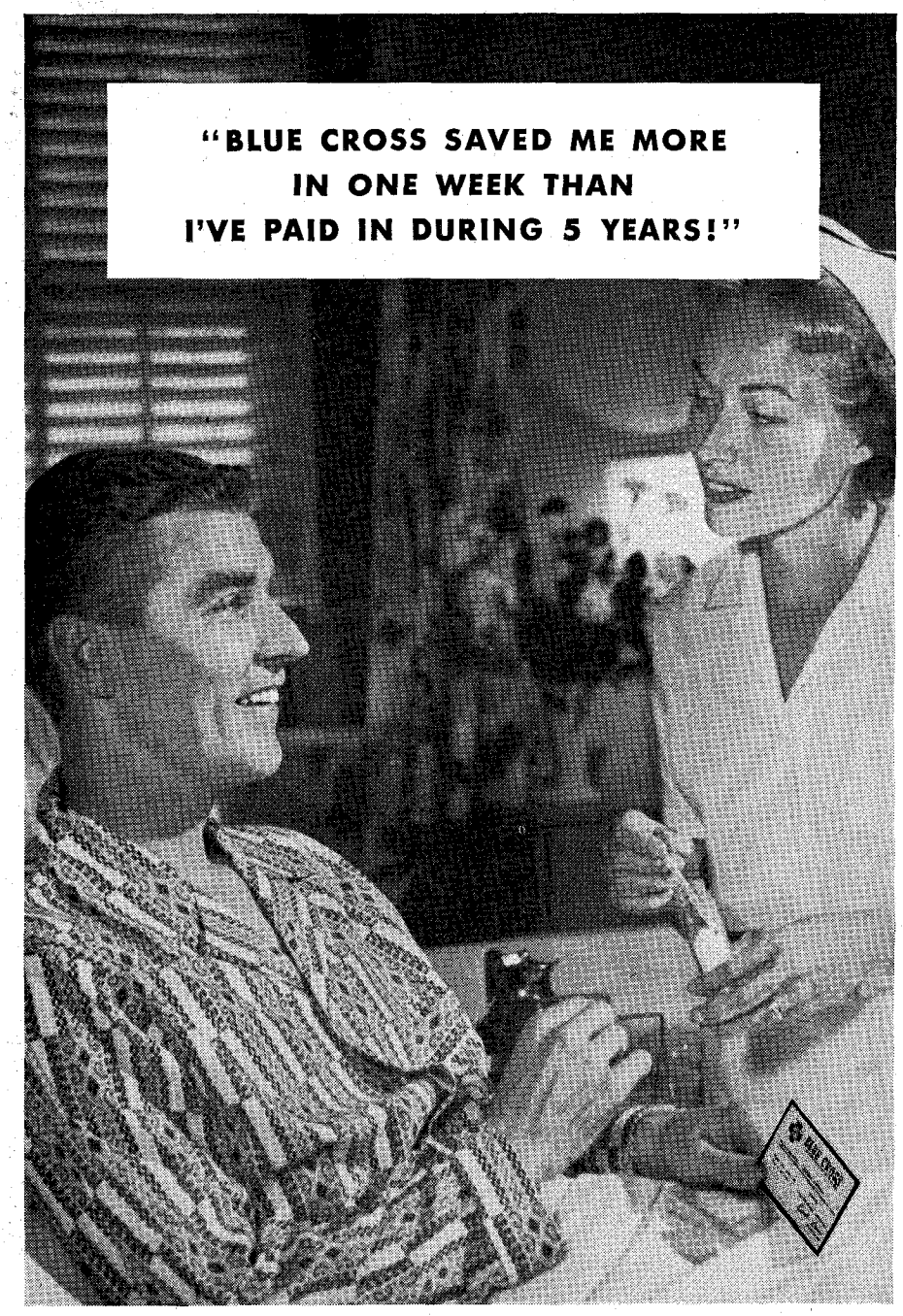

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honest tradesman, must also remember that he has a high and necessary public function to perform. Furthermore, the reporter has a perfect right to be indignant if he is prevented from performing his function of transmitting information. This in turn determines the relationship between the reporter and the politician or public official. We have acquired a reputation, in our opinion unjustified, of bringing a touch of arrogance to this relationship. But if a reporter errs at all, it is better to err on the side of arrogance (or decent self-respect, as we should prefer to say) than to err on the side of meeching.

It is mighty tempting for any reporter—a mere practitioner of a useful trade—to be pleased when he is figuratively patted on the head by public men of great power and responsibility. It is even more tempting when the public man occasionally tosses a titbit of useful information between the head-pats, as you might toss a spaniel a biscuit. But reporters who allow themselves to fall into this spaniel-like relationship with public men automatically cease to perform their own public function. So the temptation is to be resisted at all costs.

The truth is that any good reporter must be prepared to lose a friend, at least for a while, especially if the friend is promoted to one of the principal public offices. For if the reporter has done his honest best to find out all the facts, he must then call the turn as he sees it. Otherwise, he will be a bad reporter. Within the very wide limits of human fallibility, we have tried to call the turn as we saw it, and we have lost eminent friends by so doing. Dean G. Acheson, for example, was another old tribal friend. He was born in the same town our family comes from, and we went to the same school; and now that he is Secretary of State no longer, we like to think that he has become our friend again. But he did not like our reporting of his performance as a chief actor on the public stage—perhaps quite justifiably, for his performance looks better in retrospect with every passing year. So he was not our friend when he was Secretary of State.

By the same token, we were on friendly terms with Louis A. Johnson when he became Secretary of Defense—to the extent, at least, that one can be on friendly terms with a man one neither entirely trusts nor particularly likes. (This peculiar form of friendship, which we call business friendship, is widespread in Washington.) Johnson was an expert at the biscuit-tossing technique of dealing with reporters—he even gave us his private telephone number when he became Defense Secretary, which his predecessor, James Forrestal, had never given us. But we did not stay friends with Louis Johnson, since the price of staying friends with him was failing to report what Johnson was really doing to the defense of the United States.

We can name only two officials on the very highest levels, with whom our friendship grew continuously warmer while they were in office. The first was James F. Byrnes, whose great services as President Truman's Secretary of State are now too often forgotten. In those days, there was a crying need to correct the American public's wartime delusions about the character and purposes of their former Russian ally just as rapidly as possible. Byrnes recognized the need, and the role of responsible reporters in meeting it. The result was a swiftly changed, newly realistic American public opinion.

The other high official with whom our friendship grew while he was in office was James Forrestal. To us, Forrestal seems the tragic hero of the postwar years. He carried a burden of foresight, a vision of the dangers of the future, that gave him no rest by day or night. He was killed by his own foreknowledge, and by his unrelenting struggle to prevent what he saw from becoming the future's terrible reality. America, today, is living with the consequences of Forrestal's defeat by littler men.

This matter of friendship with men in government, it must be added, is always a prickly problem for the Washington correspondent, even in the case of the "Indians," the second- and third-level officials who constitute the vast majority of the citizens of political Washington. If a reporter has any friends at all, most of them are bound to be government men. And since life without friendship is a pretty bleak business, the reporter must go to considerable pains to maintain a correct relation between his trade and his personal life.

In fact, we have both long adhered to a flat rule against reporting after working hours. A reporter who does so will soon be as unwelcome as an insurance agent who takes along a bundle of contracts to every party he goes to. The rule is, therefore, that reporting must be limited to an official's office or to the luncheon table—the lunch table being barbarously considered in Washington a mere extension of the office. And sometimes even this rule is not strict enough to solve the problem.

Two of our closest friends in Washington hold sensitive positions in a sensitive agency—they were the two who arranged the welcome-home party which was canceled on orders from above after the fiasco of the headlines in the NSC paper. We long ago decided that the price of retaining these particular friends was never to discuss with them any matters within the area of their official responsibility. Fortunately, our two friends have other topics besides the familiar Washington triad—gossip, politics, and real estate—so the conversation rarely lags.

We wish to end this examination of the big and little personal problems and working methods and public function of the political reporter with an answer of sorts to another man we are proud to count as a friend. He is Charles Bohlen, the great Russian expert now rather oddly consigned to the American Embassy in Manila. Bohlen has always contended that "officials and reporters are natural enemies, because the reporter always wants just what the official should not give him."

We think, on the contrary, that the responsible public official and the responsible reporter are, or should be, natural allies. It is the reporter's business to portray the national situation to the American people, and the man in government cannot do what needs doing unless the American people, who are his masters, understand the national situation. When a weak government does not know what to do, and so wishes to conceal from the nation the need to do anything, Bohlen's rule tends to come true. But when the government wishes to respond to the hard challenges of the times, and knows its own mind about the appropriate responses, then the government is eager to tell the people just how matters stand for America. In these periods of strong, clear-purposed government, the reporter's life is immensely exciting and immensely satisfying.

To be sure, it is not always so. There are headaches and even occasional near-heartbreaks in the reporting trade, as there no doubt are also in the trade of undertaking. But on the whole we are grateful to our pleasure-loving uncle.

Editors' note—This is the first of two articles by the Alsop brothers. The second will appear next week.

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A Night to Quarrel (Continued from Page 32)

on thirty years, and I ain't scorched a ham yet. So why should I start now?"

"I only thought—well, it's my first formal party, and I'm anxious to have everything perfect, Emma."

"You know what the other Missus Corwin done when she was having a dinner party?" Emma glanced with critical eyes at the table setting. "She went up and laid on her bed and rested her bones, and let me and Mattie and Thomas take care of things."

The doorbell rang. Ellen glanced at the big mantelpiece clock, suddenly panic-stricken. With relief she saw it was too early for the dinner guests to be arriving. Thomas went to the door, and Bill Corwin came in, saying, "Sorry, but I don't seem to have my key." He walked over and kissed his wife. "How's my little hostess?" He was a tall man, and towered over her like an oak. Thomas and Mattie had evaporated in their special, silent way.

She swallowed. "All right."

"Have those two old wraiths been making you nervous?"

"Thomas and Mattie? No, they're wonderful. In fact they're so irritatingly competent they won't let me do anything. Of course I'm nervous about Harvey. He'll be here any minute, and I've been rehearsing my speeches. Stepmothers don't exactly have the best of reputations. Then there's this house ——"

"Don't worry about Harvey. He's always been a little on the haughty side, but you'll get used to him. As for the party, aside from Colonel Keleher, my banker, a pompous old blowhard, they're all amiable folks. Now what about the house?"

She glanced around at the dark mahogany woodwork, at the monstrous chandelier overhead, the Victorian furniture, the starched lace curtains, the Oriental porcelains brought back by the commodore from China and India. "I was thinking if we took out those huge hall mirrors, made over the fireplace, and ripped the partitions ——"

He smiled. "Tonight?"

"I'm really not joking, Bill. This house is full of ghosts. I find myself tiptoeing around in it. I'm afraid to light a cigarette for fear an attendant will tap me on the shoulder and say, 'No smoking in the museum, ma'am.'"

He had to laugh. Lighting a fresh cigar, he said, "You're letting Mattie and Thomas intimidate you. When I was fifteen I stood over there by the hall closet and drop-kicked a football through the front window to let them know who was boss. I've still got the football upstairs in one of the closets." He flipped a bit of ash on the Turkish rug. "Now I just show my independence with cigar ashes."

"Well, I wish you'd show it by having that chandelier taken down. Or let me call some wrecking company ——"

"I'd better go up and start showering," he said, "if I don't want to be late for the party."

"Bill, you can't leave me all alone to greet a lot of perfect strangers. Bill!" But he had already gone.

Thomas came by then, and she said, "You won't forget the candles? I'll be busy ——"

"Ma'am, I will not forget."

The doorbell rang. "Oh, lord. Who can that be?"

"Probably Master Harvey," murmured Thomas, going to the door. He was right. It was Master Harvey, looking stiff and prim in his close-fitting gray uniform.

"'Lo, Thomas." He looked around him. "Guess my father isn't home yet."

"He's upstairs showering," said Ellen. "You're—well, Harvey?"

He shrugged. "I'm all right."

Thomas said, "I'll take your bags up."

"Let's go in the living room," said Ellen. "We're having a little dinner party, and I ——"

Harvey's eyes roved around. "Somebody moved the television."

"Yes. I thought it would look less conspicuous between the windows."

"I was used to it where it was."

"Tell me about the academy," said Ellen. "What's it like?"

"Like any other military academy, probably."

Ellen swallowed uncomfortably. "It may be a little while before dinner. Suppose I ask Emma to fix you a sandwich ——"

"I had one on the train."

"Oh. Well. Shall I play something on the piano while we're waiting for Bill—for your father to come down?"

"I don't like music. Much."

"What do you like, Harvey?"

"Football."

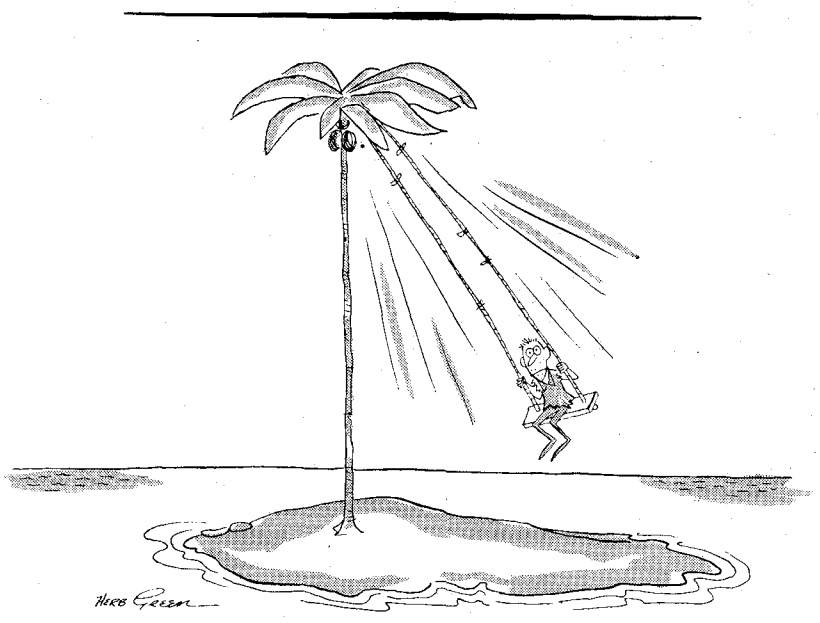
Ellen brightened. "That's interesting. What position do you play?"

"I don't play any position. I just like to watch it." After a pause he said, "It was better where it was."

"Where what was?"

"The television."

"All right. We'll move it back tomorrow." She said, "I was thinking that during your vacation you and I might go to a matinee or something."



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He flicked at an imaginary piece of lint on his sleeve. "I expect I'll be busy all the time I'm here."

Little by little the color had risen in Ellen's cheeks. She said, "Harvey, I'm trying my best to be friends with you. But you're making it very difficult. Why can't you try a little to like me?"

"Did I say I didn't?"

"Then don't be so —— Here, let's put a jazz record on the hi-fi."

"Jazz bores me."

Irritated, she said, "Apparently everything bores you, Harvey."

"Oh, no. Dad doesn't bore me. Our science teacher doesn't bore me. Lots of things don't bore me."

"Then I wish you'd unbend a little and not seem so righteous and perfect about everything."

He raised his eyebrows. "What's wrong with being perfect?"

"Nothing," said Ellen angrily. "It just gets tiresome after a while."

Bill came in then and greeted his son. "How are you, Harvey?"

"All right."

Ellen said, "That's pure modesty, Bill. He's wonderful. He's just voted himself the ideal American boy."

Harvey turned to his father. "I don't know why she has to pick on me."

Bill sighed. "He's only a kid, Ellen. Pay no attention."

"I liked the television better where it was," said Harvey.

"I said I'd move it back."

"Why'd you have to move it in the first place?" he insisted.

She flared up angrily. "Don't speak to me in that tone of voice, young man."

"Now, now," said Bill. "There's no point in quarreling with Harvey the first evening he's back. Let's ——"

"I? I quarrel with Harvey!" Ellen drew an audible breath through her nose.

"Actually, he's still a child. He ——"

She saw a faint smile curling up on Harvey's lips. Choking, she said, "I've had all I want of this child for one evening. I'm going to my room. You can serve your own dinner and entertain your own friends. You can stay here and admire that chandelier and pour gravy on the Turkish rug for all I care. Good night."

"Ellen. Please!" He followed after her as she ran up the winding staircase.

Harvey, going toward his own room, wore an expression of smug satisfaction as he murmured, "Who cares for television anyway?"

Mattie and Thomas appeared in the empty living room. Said Thomas, "Ten after seven. Do you suppose she intends to stay in her room? I'm thinking of Colonel Keleher."

"He's sure to find it odd if the madam is absent," said Mattie. "What was the argument about?"

"Something about television. I expect it goes deeper than that, though."

Mattie raised her eyebrows. "Harvey?"

Said Thomas, "He was bound to be—well, difficult. I must say I preferred the—the prewar calm that prevailed before mister's new marriage. I wonder if I should ask him for instructions?"

"About what?"

"The table. Is madam's place to remain set?"

"Yes. It's a delicate point, Thomas. He's—he's upstairs in her room now. I wonder what Harvey is doing?"

"A moment ago he was in the kitchen looking for aluminum spoons."

"Spoons?"

Old Thomas shrugged. "He said he was bored and had decided to begin work on an electric brain or a lightning calculator or something."

"Strange," murmured Mattie.

"About Harvey?"

"No. I meant I can't understand why mister—well, what prompts a man who has a peaceful home to take it into his head to remarry?"

"I'm sure I wouldn't know," said Thomas. "I can't help thinking of those tranquil days when the worst we had to worry about was Harvey cutting through the piano strings with a hacksaw, or shooting holes with his BB gun through the portrait of mister's grandmother."

"Suppose ——" began Mattie. "It's only a thought. But do you suppose a thing like this could end in a separation?"

Thomas thought this over. "It could," he decided, "if Harvey has his way."

In the kitchen Emma was saying, "I thought I told you to stay out of here? Now, the minute my back is turned —— Give me that pie plate."

"I need this piece of metal," said Harvey, "to make a conductor of."

"Well, you're not running a streetcar in here."

"You don't understand, Emma. I need it for an electrical conductor. I'm building a machine that can add, subtract, and do long division."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Emma, "gettin' this whole household in an uproar."

... ...

When Listening to a Lecture Preliminary to a Traffic Ticket . . .

I'd surely like to know just
what'll
Serve as a circumspect
rebuttal.

Arthur Frederic Otis

... ...

Harvey cocked his head sideways. "I don't hear any noise."

"You know exactly what I mean, causing all this ruckus between your dad and missus."

"What I need most is some bell wire. I need about eleven yards of bell wire," said Harvey. "Nobody ever rings this back doorbell. How about ——"

"You just touch that bell wire, and I'll give you what-for."

"Look," said Harvey. "How about loaning me a couple of those curtain rods in the closet? For this hookup I need to have a negative and a positive pole ——"

"I've got more on my mind than your silly subtracting machine," observed Emma. "So just subtract yourself from my kitchen and let me tend to these cream tarts."

Upstairs, Ellen lay stretched out on the bed, her face half-buried in a pillow. "Do get up and dress, Ellen," Bill was saying. "It's well after seven."

"Go away."

He shook his head. "I don't understand what justification you think you have for acting like this. I told you Harvey's a bit on the stuffy side. With a little patience ——"

"Will you go away?"

Bill settled himself in a chair, took out a fresh cigar, and puffed it alight. "I'm staying right here, Ellen. When eight o'clock comes, Thomas can show the guests up to your bedroom. If necessary, we can serve a light buffet supper off the dressing table ——"

"When you try to be amusing, Bill, you're pitiful."

"Then you suggest an alternative. If you say so, I'll take Harvey down to the dog pound directly after dinner and have him destroyed."

She sat upright, staring at him angrily. "This is no joking matter, Bill. I'm mad clear through. If you could have heard me trying to make friends with Harvey for your sake, trying to draw him out, trying to make him like me —— And then to have you insult me before that little—that monster!"

His expression had become serious. "I thought we both knew what we were doing when we got married, Ellen."

"So did I," she said. "But now I'm not so sure."

"Just because Harvey, who's only a boy, after all, acts up a bit?"

"It's not merely a question of Harvey, Bill. I suddenly seem to be living in a bygone world, as though I'd walked back into the last century. Somehow, at the office, we both had the same viewpoint. But here, in this old house, I don't know. Every time I walk through a door I expect to collide with the ghost of some old seagoing grandfather. Mattie and Thomas float around like two spooks. That awful chandelier seems to hang over my head like a Damocles sword. I keep seeing sixteen me's every time I pass in front of those hall mirrors. As for my room, this fourposter looks like the bed George Washington died in. I thought we could start off fresh, tear the insides out of the place and bring some life and color into it. But apparently we see things differently."

"Is that all, Ellen?"

"I don't expect my old job back at the office. But I can get another, the first thing in the morning if necessary."

"Is that all?"

"No. But it'll do for the present."

He held out his hand. "Now, get up and dress. It's almost seven-thirty, and these guests of ours will be arriving at eight. I love you, you're one of my biggest accounts, and the customer is always right. Tomorrow we'll send Harvey packing ——"

"You still think it's a joke, don't you, Bill?"

"Let's call it an exhibition of temperament. You're talking about things that can't be settled in the fifteen minutes before a dinner party. Now please ——"

A knock sounded, and Emma, the cook, perspiration standing on her brow, murmured, "Excuse me for intrudin'."

"What is it, Emma?" asked Bill.

"It's Missus Greenleigh. She's come early and she says she wants to see Missus Corwin. Thomas and Mattie, they're stallin' around with her. But you know old Missus Greenleigh, mister."

"Yes, I know Laura Greenleigh," said Bill. "I've known her for forty years, and father knew her for fifty. Ellen, you've just got to get up."

"I don't have to do anything I don't want to."

"Also," said Emma, "Harvey's been messing around my kitchen. I turn around, and there he is, stickin' salted sardines into the tops of my cream tarts. I don't know if I got time to make a new dessert before dinner."

Bill blinked. "Very well, Emma. Tell Mattie to show Mrs. Greenleigh up here. And don't worry about the dessert. In the end we may all go out and have coffee and doughnuts somewhere."

Old Mrs. Greenleigh, wearing a purple dress and a lavaliere weighted down with oversized diamonds, said, "All right. Scat, everybody." When she was alone with Ellen, she smiled. "I thought I'd stop in early and make your acquaintance, my dear."

"How do you do," said Ellen curtly.

The old woman looked around her, squinting. "I don't know what you've done to this bedroom, but whatever it is, it's an improvement."

"I had the ceiling redone last Monday," said Ellen. "There were a lot of painted penguins flying over my head up there, and I didn't like the idea of ——"

The elderly lady grinned. "I understand."

"No, Mrs. Greenleigh. It's just that penguins don't fly."

"What was the quarrel about?" asked Mrs. Greenleigh.

"Quarrel?"

"Everyone gets upset and quarrels before their first important dinner party. Why, I purposely came in early to patch things up."

"I don't understand."

"Ellen, I have three married daughters," said the old lady. "I'm a great-grandmother, and I've lived with Doctor Greenleigh for forty-seven years. There's not much I don't know, although I must say I never knew till this very moment that penguins can't fly."

"Well, they can't, I assure you," said Ellen. "I took a course in bird lore once."

"It's probably the most nerve-racking day in a young matron's life," declared Mrs. Greenleigh. "I mean the first time she has to entertain a houseful of her husband's friends."

"I did so much want everything to be perfect," said Ellen. "You probably won't believe this, Mrs. Greenleigh, but I even tested the dining table with a carpenter's level to make sure the soup would look even in the plates. And then to have that little monster ——"

"Harvey?"

"Oh, Harvey, and this ghostly old house, and the servants, and ——"

"Yes, Ellen?"

"I keep imagining I see the shade of the first Mrs. Corwin flitting through the hallways. I just couldn't say this to Bill. But I feel guilty, as though I'd stolen something that didn't belong to me."

Mrs. Greenleigh reached out and placed a hand gently on Ellen's shoulder. "I came to this house in a horse-drawn surrey the day Bill Corwin was born. My husband, Doctor Greenleigh, officiated at the ceremony. I've always liked to think of myself as a sort of fairy godmother to Bill. Well, maybe I can't pass as a fairy, but I make a bang-up godmother. Now why don't you start dressing, Ellen? It's getting very late."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Greenleigh. But things can never be the same between Bill and me again."

"A few minutes before a dinner party hardly seems like the time for a nice long confidential chat on the nature of men," observed the elderly matron. "So let's just say that on occasions they can be difficult."

"'Impossible' seems like a better word to me."

"But we fall in love with them, and there it is." Mrs. Greenleigh smiled. "They can also be quite winsome when they want to."

"Winsome—in a misleading sort of way."

"And charming. You must admit that no one is more charming than Bill Corwin when he extends himself. And good-humored as a rule."

"Sometimes," said Ellen, "a sense of humor can be trying."

"And affectionate, chivalrous, dependable?"

"Yes. He's all those things, Mrs. Greenleigh. But ——"

"Don't you realize, Ellen, that Harvey's a greater trial to his father than to you? The boy's mother died when he was a small child—she was a semi-invalid. Since then, Bill's had to run a business and look after (*Continued on Page 98*)

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(*Continued from Page 96*) his home as well. If he didn't retain his loyalty to this old place, how could you expect him to be loyal in the future to you or anything else?"

Ellen swallowed. "Maybe I've been doing him an injustice. I—he's really a very wonderful man." She was blinking a little. "You're wonderful, too, Mrs. Greenleigh."

"Let's not overdo it, my dear. Just slip into your prettiest gown, and we'll go down and meet these ogres together."

When they descended the circular staircase they found Bill sitting in the library off the living room, smoking a cigar and staring at the ceiling. "I should think you'd be out helping Thomas with the cocktails," Ellen said.

"I'm not responsible for what you think."

"You're angry with me."

"Now why should I be angry merely because you're breaking up a dinner party, driving the servants crazy, and threaten to go looking for a job in the morning?" He turned to Mrs. Greenleigh. "Those are just the little thoughtful things a wife does to amuse her husband after a hard day at the office. Angry? Nonsense."

"Do you know that it's fourteen to eight?" asked Mrs. Greenleigh. "The doctor will be in any minute. And so will Colonel Keleher—he always comes early to see if he can't find something to criticize."

"Well," said Bill, "it looks like the old fossil will hit the jack pot tonight."

"A moment ago I was saying you were wonderful," Ellen declared. "I called you chivalrous, affectionate, dependable. Well, you aren't any of those things. And for my part ——"

Young Harvey came over to join this group. "I guess that's about all the work I can do for today," he announced.

Mrs. Greenleigh said, "You've done a very good day's work indeed, young man."

"All I need now is about sixteen yards of bell wire and a ——"

Bill reached out and grasped his son by the shoulder. "Who asked you to go sticking sardines in Emma's cream tarts?"

"I was just trying to improve them."

"Three cheers for Harvey, the little improver," said Ellen sarcastically.

"Keep out of this, Ellen," advised Bill. "I'll take care of Harvey in my own way."

Said Harvey nervously, "I—I don't need takin' care of. I think I'll sort of go up to my room now. Well, good-by, everybody."

"Come here, young man," ordered Bill. "Enjoyed yourself, have you?"

"Oh, I don't know." Harvey was a little uncertain about it.

"Of course he's enjoyed himself," Ellen said. "He has a doting father who thinks he's cute and defends him ——"

"I asked you to keep out of this, Ellen. Your biggest concern seems to be a chandelier that's been hanging from the same ceiling for sixty years."

"Oh, I've got other concerns," said Ellen. "If I had my way I'd rip the insides out of this mausoleum and let some light into it."

At this point Thomas ran up. "Beg pardon, sir. But the electric popcorn popper is red-hot, mister. I noticed it when I ——"

"What popcorn popper?"

"It's all right, dad," said Harvey. "I guess I forgot to turn off the juice. You see, I use this popper as a rotary inductor to ——"

"Take care of it, Thomas."

"Yes, mister. In the meantime—I mean, Mattie and I —— Well, we're concerned, sir. We're beginning to have a little trouble with Emma. She was all right until ten minutes ago. Now I'm afraid she's begun to—to babble."

"I can believe it," said Bill. "Please be good enough to go and bring Mattie to the living room."

"Mattie? Very good, sir. Incidentally, ma'am, it's exactly ten to eight. Shall I light the candles?"

"Somehow," said Ellen, "they don't seem to be as important as they once did. But you may light them anyway."

"Like I say," said Harvey, "I think it's time I went up to my room. There's a couple of geography lessons I think I feel like learnin'."

"You're going to learn a lesson," said Bill, "but it hasn't anything to do with geography. It seems to me I've heard you're something of a football enthusiast, Harvey."

"Not to play," said Harvey. "To watch."

Thomas had come back with Mattie. Bill said, "In my room, Harvey, on the top shelf of the closet, you'll find a football in a canvas bag. Yes, I sent for you, Mattie. I want you to go and get a lot of dustpans and brooms and mops. Well, don't stand there, Harvey. Do as I tell you." Harvey departed, puzzled. "Thomas, I want you to help me move the living-room furniture and roll up the rug. No use spoiling a good antique Sarouk."

"Has everyone in this house gone mad?" demanded Mrs. Greenleigh.

In a few moments Harvey returned with the football, his forehead still wearing a vaguely puzzled wrinkle. Said Bill, "We've been playing games around here for the last hour. It's five to eight, twelve guests are due for dinner, and we're still playing games." He grasped Harvey's arm none too gently.

"Ow. That hurts! What am I supposed to do?"

"Kick it," said Bill.

"B-b-but I'm liable to bust something—the chandelier or something," wailed Harvey.

"Now," said Ellen, "you're going too far. True, I hate that ugly thing. But there's no need to ——"

"Will you kick it?" demanded Bill, increasing the pressure on Harvey's arm.

There was a sound of breaking glass as the ball sailed through the air and crashed in the midst of the chandelier's pendulous prisms. Mattie and Thomas, who had come in with brooms and dustpans, stared with fascination as the tinkling echoes slowly died away. The sharp ring of the doorbell finally cut into the dead silence.

Said Bill in a soft, almost pleasant voice, "I'll take the door, Thomas. Harvey, go to your room. You'll remain there supperless the rest of the evening. I'm depriving you of your spending allowance for the next four weeks. What you really deserve is a little shoebrush treatment."

Ellen boiled up. "Now you are going too far!" she cried, putting her arm protectively about Harvey's shoulder. "I won't stand idly by and see this child browbeaten for a few innocent pranks."

"Don't let him hit me," said Harvey.

"He'd better not try. You go to your room. I'll bring you up a nice plate of ham and sweet potatoes a little later."

"At least somebody understands me around this place." Harvey reached up and gravely pecked at Ellen's cheek. "Good night," he murmured. "I—I'm sorry I upset you."

The doorbell was ringing insistently.

"Now that somebody understands Harvey," said Bill, "the rest of you get this mess cleaned up—fast. Excuse me." He went to the door and found Colonel Keleher, an erect man with ruddy cheeks and teeth like Teddy Roosevelt's. "In here," said Bill. "Your hat, colonel. Nice afternoon, wasn't it?"

"No. It's been windy and damp."

"That's what I mean," said Bill. "Invigorating."

"Well, where's the hostess?" demanded the colonel, squinting. "Had this dinner on my mind all day. My curiosity's aroused. Never thought you'd take the step, Willie."

"I think," said Bill, "if we went around through the library and past the kitchen and came back through the hall, that would make an interesting way of getting to the living room. Sort of—work up an appetite."

"Don't need artificial stimulants to work up mine," declared the colonel.

"Very well," said Bill, unable to stall any longer.

"There," he heard Mrs. Greenleigh saying. "I guess we're all set. And it's exactly eight o'clock." Seeing Bill coming in with the colonel, she cried gaily, "Why, how do you do, Colonel Keleher? We were just talking about you, Mrs. Corwin and I. Weren't we, Ellen?"

"Y-yes."

"So this is the young Mrs. Corwin?" Bill offered him a cigar. "Had a hard day. Think I'll settle back in a chair and ——" He gazed around him critically. "You do keep a fine house, Mrs. Corwin. Not a pin out of place."

The doorbell sounded again, this time heartily. Said the colonel, "There are the rest of your guests. Um. I see you've removed that nightmare of a chandelier that used to hang over everybody's heads like a Damocles sword. Great improvement." He turned to Bill. "Look here, my boy. I've a great idea. Probably never occurred to you. But why don't you have the whole insides of this dreary place ripped out, and let some light and air in, eh? Blasted museum, that's what it is. No place for a young bride. I'll finance the change-over myself, Willie. I mean," he said. "What do you think, Mrs. Corwin? Too radical?"

Ellen answered very carefully. "No, Colonel Keleher. It sounds just radical enough."

I Can Take Care of Myself (Continued from Page 30)

worked out for Georgia's opener. He would just ball a blues in three flats and she would come on, singing her way through the tables and end it on her perch in front of his piano.

When he hit the B-flat chord that was her cue, nothing happened. The electrician pulled the rheostats down gently, not so anybody but Georgia would notice, but still nothing happened. Quickly, Bert cut into a key change and a chipper fingering of Nice Work and the lights subtly went all the way up again.

He could feel them getting nervous. He looked up and down the room. Near the door a big, beefy guy who had to be a cop was talking to Joey. Joey ushered the man to a table and came toward Bert. Bert wound up the number and arose. The applause was mild and just a little edgy.

"Bert," Joey said miserably, "you better go talk to that guy."

"What's he want?" Bert said.

"I don't know," Joey said. "He wouldn't tell me. But I know it's going to be something bad, real bad. I can feel it, Bert. You know?"

"Listen, Joey," Bert said. "Now listen carefully. I don't care how you feel. Stop showing it, Joey, if you know what's good for you and me and Georgia. I mean it, Joey. You know how *they* are."

"They? Who's *they?*" Joey said, paling.

"I don't have to draw you a picture," Bert said. "And look—you've got to have somebody to cover for us. I know Andy and Alice are looking for work and I know you can get them."

"Now? Right now?" Joey said.

"Right now," Bert said. "Here"—and he fished his address book out of his wallet—"you'll find them in here. Give them a call."

"Gee, I don't know," Joey said.

"They'll be all right," Bert said. "They can get here in fifteen minutes. It's the only thing you can do."

"Aw, cheese, this is going to kill me," Joey said.

"Get on the phone," Bert said. "Don't worry about it. They'll be all right."

The big man did not get up when Bert went to his table. "Are you Bert Haber?"

"Maybe. Who are you?"

"Detective Jack Burton. Manhattan East. Are you acquainted with ——"

"Let's see a badge or something, first, chief. Not that way! Hand it to me under the table."

Bert felt the detective's sunburst on the little badge, without looking at it. He passed it back.

"All right," he said. "I'm Bert Haber."

"Are you acquainted"—and the detective pulled a little folder with a photograph in it from his breast pocket—"with that woman?"

Bert looked at it and shut his eyes tight and threw it back as if it were something to be loathed.

"Yes," he said finally. "Did you have to do it that way?"

"There wasn't any other way," the detective said. "We haven't made any positive identification yet and all we could do under the circumstances was to photograph the face, right there."

"Where?" Bert said. "Where!"

Burton consulted a notebook. "An alleyway between two multiple dwellings of tenement residence, on West 55th Street between Ninth and Tenth avenues. Did she live in that neighborhood?"

"No," Bert said. "When was she found?"

"Now that's a good question," the detective said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know," the detective said expressionlessly. "Maybe you know. What do I mean, Mr. Haber?"

"Oh," Bert said. "I see. Look. I know I seem to be taking all this just as if I knew it would happen. Well, I did, but I didn't know when, or where, or—how."

"You can account for your movements, then, between the time you left here last night and when I came in just now?"

"Yes, I can. From here, I took Georgia home ——"

"Did you usually do that? Where did she live? When was it, exactly, when you saw her last?" (*Continued on Page 102*)

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"1288 miles wiped the bored look off my face"

A rather informal report on the new 1959 Cars of The Forward Look from Chrysler Corporation

By Dwight Bohmbach,
an advertising writer

I'VE ALWAYS lumped people who make automobiles in the same fanatic group with people who raise horses. If they're worth their salt, they're convinced they've got the hottest thing on the road—every year.

So when the boys in Engineering over at Chrysler Corporation told me they had some history-making new cars coming up for '59, I'm afraid I wasn't very polite.

I may even have yawned a bit.

"These cars are going to look like they can do more than any other car on the road," they enthused.

"Uh-huh," I muttered, rubbing a mosquito bite.

"They can do what they look like they can do!" they said.

"Don't tell me," I said firmly. "Show me."

Well—they did. And by golly, they were right. I've just come in from booting a new '59 Car of The *Forward* Look 1288 miles between Detroit and New York over a weekend.

"I will give 3 to 1 that these cars can out-corner, out-perform, and outlast anything in their classes."

When I arrived at the big garage at Chrysler Corporation, there were six 1959 models pulled out and standing in a row for me to see. A Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial—and a big sleek Plymouth wagon.

I could see right off what the engineers meant when they said these cars look like they can do more than any other cars on the road.

It's still easy to tuck one into an average garage. But their lean, sleek lines somehow make them *look* longer—give the cars a powerful, poised look like they're crouching to spring.

I'd already seen the '59 models from the other two big makers—and a lot of The *Forward* Look has rubbed off onto most of them. These people at Chrysler Corporation really started something; but the '59 Cars of The *Forward* Look are the best so far. Each has a distinct personality of its own, but you can tell they all sprang from the same good stock.

Dwight Bohmbach—all 6 feet 5½ inches and 205 pounds of him—steps out of the new Chrysler Corporation car that wiped the bored look off his face during his trip from Detroit to New York and back in 24 hours.

"The design that solved a 6 foot 5½ inch engineering problem. (Namely, me.)"

They looked so low that frankly, I was skeptical about how I'd fit into one of them. (At 6′5½″ and 205, I'm a full-size engineering problem for most new cars.) But the body on Chrysler Corporation cars is unlike any other in the business. It's not only designed to be unusually strong and stable. It has the added virtue of letting the designer steal extra leg and head room for outsize passengers like me.

(continued)

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"1288 miles wiped the bored look off my face"

(continued from preceding page)

But that's not the whole story. The '59 Cars of The *Forward* Look have one of the most thoughtful optional features to come out of Detroit in a long time: *Swivel Seats.* The front seats turn to face you like a fancy office chair. You simply *sit* into the car. Then swivel the seat around to the front on its noiseless nylon bearings, it locks in place, and you're ready to roll. Makes these the easiest cars to get in and out of I've ever seen. A long-awaited blessing for over-size men, gals wearing the chemise, bass fiddle players, people with carrying-age children—and *anybody* who's struggled in and out of cars.

The seat is padded with 2½ inches of foam rubber where you sit—and a full inch behind your back. Upholstery is new in all five '59 Chrysler Corporation cars, looks richer and more durable at the same time. It has a "hand-loomed" texture that looks like money. And it is upholstered as carefully as any custom-made sofa at home. Chrysler Corporation has a new Quality Craftsmanship program that's the most exacting in the industry—and you sure can see its results in this year's workmanship, inside and out.

Instrument panels are all redesigned, with instruments grouped around the speedometer where they're easy to see without looking away from the road for too long.

"A new paint for people who hate polishing"

Even the *paint* is new on these cars for '59, and if you're as lazy as I am about polishing the family car, you'll be all for it. It's a new kind of paint so tough and glossy you just sprinkle it down when the car gets dirty—wipe off the water and in 20 minutes it'll look like you spent the whole weekend polishing. You only have to wax it once in up to three years.

But the only way to tell anything about a car is to drive it. So I slipped behind the wheel.

The pushbutton driving controls are all in one small cluster of buttons to your left within easy reach. And this year a set of pushbuttons to your right controls temperature in the car. This puts everything literally at your fingertips.

I touched the Neutral button, turned the key, and the engine started. Even inside the garage, next to a wall, it sounded extraordinarily quiet. I put a light foot to the gas and got a throaty growl up front. I touched the Drive button and we moved out.

A persistent spraying rain was falling as we eased out into traffic. I turned a knob on the dash and the wipers started waving. These cars have *electric* wipers (they've had them for years). They don't slow to a gasp on hills, or when you step out to pass another car. A real safety feature.

"We started going places at the first stop light"

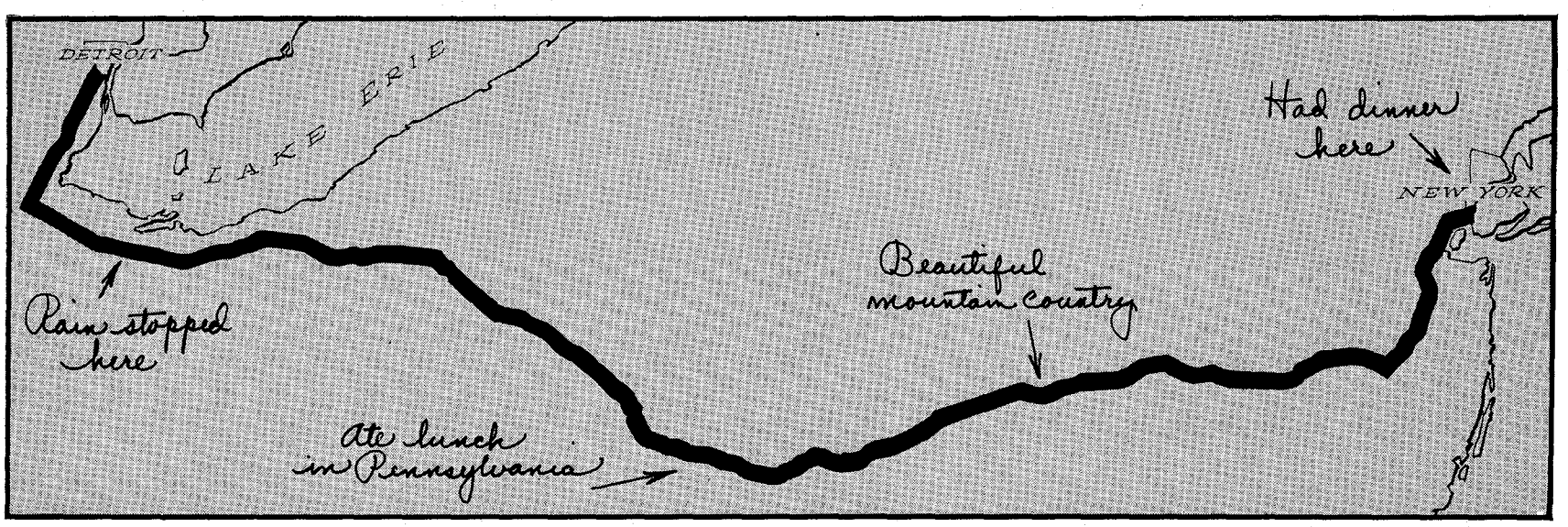
At the first stop light I got a hint of what we really had under the hood. With most big cars when you pull away from a stop the power comes on in a long, slow surge. But not this one. The seat tightened against my back when my foot poked the accelerator. (Now, I'm not a light-jumper. I usually sit back a bit and let the hotrods break the sound barrier getting away from stop lights. But any man gets a boot out of knowing he's got what it takes when he needs it. These cars have got it.)

The rain was more definite by the time we reached the outskirts of town. The other cars were easing around turns like old ladies on ice. But ours took the turns flat and firm as if we were on rails. The Cars of The *Forward* Look have Torsion-Aire Ride, and it really makes a difference. Our six-passenger car grooved around turns with the assurance of a sportscar.

If you're used to a car that rides like a pile of pillows, and squeals like a backseat driver on the turns, it'll take you a few miles to get used to the Torsion-Aire Ride. It's unlike that in any family car I've ever driven—neither stiff nor mushy soft. Firm and sure-footed is about the way I'd describe it. Even over railroad tracks and cobbled roads, you get practically no bounce—just a nice firm, "flat" ride.

"They don't bob their noses or scrape their tails"

When you stop fast, these cars don't bob their noses. When you start fast they don't scrape their tails. Gives you a



Route of Bohmbach's long drive in new '59 Chrysler Corporation car. Using turnpikes cut driving time almost in half.

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secure feeling that you are completely in control at all times.

The rain had stopped by the time we reached the turnpike. "Go ahead," the engineer riding with me urged," Speed limit here is 65. Let's see what your time is from 0 to 60."

Frankly, even then I didn't expect too much of a big, family car. I pushed the Drive button, and trounced my foot on the gas. The car scrambled a bit, then took a firm hold on the road. At about 45 she went into high so gently you could hardly feel it—just a slight hesitation, and then we were floating, faster and faster. "Sixty!" said my rider, and he clicked his stop watch. We had gone from a standstill to 60 miles an hour in about as much time as it would take you to read this sentence out loud.

Chrysler Corporation has always been jealously proud of its engineering reputation. Nobody else in the business has so many important engineering "firsts." The power plants in their '59 cars sure live up to that reputation.

"The brakes have the muscle to handle the power"

I've driven a lot of "hot" cars with brakes that didn't have nearly enough muscle to handle the power up front. But the brakes in these cars of The *Forward* Look are equal to any situation. Touch the brake pedal and it's strictly up to you how fast you want to stop. The secret is Total-Contact brakes. Practically every other car on the road has single cylinder brakes on all four wheels. Chrysler Corporation cars have single cylinder brakes in back—*double* cylinders up front, where most of the weight comes when you stop. And they are designed so the brake shoes come in contact with the drum *all the way around*—not just part of the way, as in most cars. This not only makes for easier, surer stops—but the brakes in Cars of The *Forward* Look wear better too.

Darkness caught up with us when we were still two hours out of New York. I was surprised to discover how fresh I felt after driving for a steady ten hours. A lot of things contribute to making these cars so relaxing to drive. But one of the most important is the power steering. It's called "Constant-Control Power Steering," and the name tells you its big difference over ordinary power rigs. This steering is quick and sensitive, with none of that deadness that makes you feel insecure in some cars. It gives you a nice firm "feel" of the road. And it works full-time—not just cutting in now and then. This full-time power steering helps take the strain out of long runs, makes the cars exceptionally nimble in town traffic. They're the easiest parking cars in their class.

Driving a Car of The *Forward* Look at night, you feel more than ever that the car is part of the road, and *you* are a part of the car. I've never driven a car that did so much to make me feel secure.

The low-set headlamps give a sweeping, intense view of the road. The big compound windshield these cars pioneered, gives unusual visibility (and incidentally—there's safety glass all around). With the new instrument panel, instruments *glow* instead of glare. The headlamps have a new Automatic Beam Changer that dims them for approaching cars, switches them back up after the car has passed. Even the rear vision mirror is electronically controlled, and adjusts itself automatically. When lights come up behind you, it dims itself, so you know they're there—but without glare.

"Wrings more pleasure out of a gallon of gas than any other car I've ever driven"

We were in Manhattan in time for dinner, having easily covered the 644 miles from Detroit in 12 hours. And with fewer stops for gas than I had ever experienced before. These cars wring more pleasure out of a gallon of gas than any other automobile I've ever driven. It's no happenstance that Chrysler Corporation cars ran away with performance honors in the 1957 and 1958 Mobilgas Economy Run—with every other major car in America pitted against them.

The next night, back in Detroit, I checked our mileage. We had covered 1288 miles in 24 hours driving time.

After our ground-covering weekend, the car felt ready to start right out again. And I—well, you can't drive so far in *any* automobile and not feel tired. But I was a lot fresher than I have ever felt after driving *three or four* hundred miles. This one drive brought out the difference great engineering makes.

So if you happen to see a large man with a particularly smug look on his face, in a new Car of The *Forward* Look *—you'll know who it is.* It'll be Yours Truly.

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO
CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

Every feature described here is available on most cars of The *Forward* Look for '59 either as standard equipment or at slight additional cost. Drive the models that appeal to you most. Choose the one that best suits your personal preference and pocketbook. From the lowest priced Plymouth to the highest priced Imperial each has the most to offer in its price bracket.

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NEW

FROM SMITH-CORONA

A FULL-FEATURED

CASH REGISTER FOR

LESS THAN $150.00!

$149.50

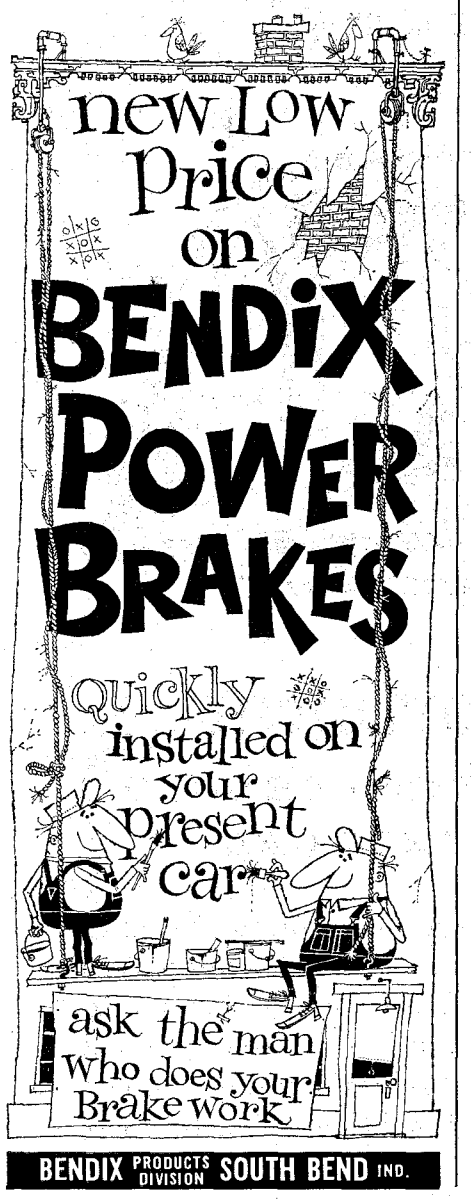
Manufacturer's list price. Subject to change.

Now! At a price every business can afford! A rugged, full-sized cash register—with features usually found only on machines costing many dollars more!

- EVERY TRANSACTION RECORDED ON TAPE!
- REMOVABLE ADDING MACHINE UNIT!
- CASH-PROTECTOR CASH DRAWER LOCK!
- SIX "SPECIAL TRANSACTION" KEYS!
- NON-ADD KEY TO PREVENT ERRORS!

SEE YOUR NEAREST SMITH-CORONA DEALER!

Smith-Corona



BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION SOUTH BEND IND.

(*Continued from Page 98*) "I had to do it the last couple of weeks," Bert said. "Somebody had to do it. She lived on East 61st, just two blocks north of here. I last saw her at four-oh-one A.M. I remember by the clock in the lobby of her building."

"That's kind of early, isn't it? I mean, these places don't close until four and it would take you more than a minute to ——"

"Yes, it was early," Bert said. "But I felt kind of responsible for her. The last couple of weeks, I always got her out of here long before Joey closed so it wouldn't be conspicuous. There's always a lot of business just before closing and nobody notices somebody leaving."

The detective sat back and folded his arms and nodded. Joey came over. "It's all right," he said. "They were home. They said they'll be right over. They said to thank you."

"They're welcome," Bert said. He noted with annoyance that now that another girl and another piano player were coming, Joey seemed relieved, as if nothing had happened to Georgia. But then, Joey didn't know. Well, let him read the papers.

"Can I offer you gentlemen a drink, anything?" Joey said.

The detective shook his head.

"Ask Bill to give me a double rye on the rocks," Bert said. Georgia's drink. He thought of playing Make It Another Old-Fashioned for her. Leave out the orange, leave out the cherry —— "No," Bert said. "Just make it a straight rye."

"Sure, Bert, sure," Joey said, and hurried to the bar.

"Listen," Bert said to the detective, "I went straight home from her place and I slept until six tonight, and then I tried to get her on the phone. It just kept ringing."

"That was at six o'clock?" the detective said, putting it down in the notebook.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," Bert said.

"Do what?"

Bert leaned forward and took the big man's arm.

"They know what happened because *they* did it. Now don't you think *they're* around here, keeping an eye on me, what do I know about it?"

The detective studied him, then folded up the notebook and put it away.

"I guess you're clean," Burton said. "Tell me about this—this feeling responsible for her. When did all that start?"

"Well, actually, I always feel responsible for a girl I'm working with," Bert said. "You don't know what it's like, playing these joints and watching these jerks get three drinks into them and turn into Rock Hudson. They think they're paying for it, the girl's their property."

"There's something you'll have to tell me," Burton said. "Did you ever have relations with this woman?"

Bert smiled. "In a way nobody else ever could," he said. "When I sat at that piano and she really sang it out, and they all shut up to listen, and she looked at me and I looked at her—yes, I guess you'd say there was a relationship there. But that's all it was. All music. Am I making any sense?"

"I mean, you weren't sleeping with her?"

"No."

"Did you ever want to?"

"Don't be silly. Who wouldn't want to?"

"Did you ever try?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm funny about those things. There's only one of the Aesop's Fables I ever remembered and that was the one about the goose that laid the golden egg. Or was that in Mother Goose?"

"Mr. Haber," Burton said, "we have reason to believe it was Little Sammy."

"What reason?"

"The way she looked. What they did to her."

"Yes. I saw that in the picture. Yes. God!"

"Did she know Little Sammy?"

"Doesn't everybody?"

"Well, I mean, did she ——"

"I know what you mean! No."

The waiter brought the drink and Bert let half of it sear away the hell that was rising in his throat. He toyed with the muddler and thought, *Poor, regimented Bill. Some bartender. He'd put a muddler in a drink even when there was nothing to stir but pure whisky. Poor Bill.*

"Did she ever meet Little Sammy?"

"Yes."

"You want to tell me about it?"

"No. But I have to, don't I?"

"Yes."

"All right. I told you, it was a couple of weeks ago. We had just started this room really going. Did you ever hear her sing?"

"No. Specifically what night was it she met Little Sammy?"

"The eleventh. I remember I bought a paper on the way home and it was the first time we were in Winchell. May I never forget that miserable night as long as I live."

Tolerance is the ability to smile when someone else's child behaves as badly as your own.

HAL CHADWICK

"What was so miserable about it?"

"Sammy was here all night. As soon as I started my first set I saw him and his gorillas sitting right over there. I went into Blues in Three. That's her opener—that *was* her opener—and right away, when she made her entrance, I could see him sweating from the eyeballs."

"Did he do anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, not right away," Bert said. "He was a perfect doll. He kept sending drinks over to us all night. The next day she got this big basket of flowers at her apartment. I don't know how he got the address."

"They have ways," the detective said.

"And that night he was there again, only then he started moving in."

"And you felt responsible for her?"

"Yes," Bert said. "Look. If she liked the guy I couldn't care less, but she couldn't stand the crumb. In this business you learn all kinds of gimmicks to stop guys like that, but nothing stopped him. At the end, there she was openly insulting him. And then there was last night."

"And?"

"And everything," Bert said. "She was passing his table to go and change. He grabbed her arm like she was one of his tomatoes. She took his drink and poured it down his shirt."

"I see," the detective said. "Yes, that would start him off. He's a bedbug about his clothes."

"I didn't help any, I guess," Bert said. "You know what I did? I started playing By a Waterfall. What a laugh it got. Everybody saw it. I don't think Bert Lahr ever got a laugh like that, trying. They were still laughing when Sammy and his apes got up and got out of here."

"It all stacks up," the detective said. "One thing this guy can never forgive, it's being laughed at. So you took her right home?"

"Not right away," Bert said. "I was feeling pretty good. Proud of us, you know. I went to the bar and had a drink. There was this guy sitting next to me, just minding his own business. Nice-looking guy, like an insurance man or something. He started talking to me.

"'Are you enjoying yourself?' he said.

"'Sure, like mad,' I said.

"'I'm very glad,' the insurance man said. 'That pleases me very much.'

"'I'm happy for you,' I said. 'Now what'll we talk about?'

"'There's nothing to make a long conversation about,' the insurance man said. 'You don't have to when you know somebody.'

"'Buster, I don't know you and right now I don't want to,' I said.

"'But I know you,' he said. 'You're Bert Haber.'

"'So?' I said.

"'And you live on the fourth floor of a walkup on East 54th, and you're only home in the daytime, isn't that right?' the guy said.

"'What's this all about?' I said. 'I'm not buying any insurance this year, Buster.'

"'Aren't you?' the guy said. 'I would, if I were you.' And then he reaches out quickly and shakes my hand before I can pull it away. 'I think we understand each other, don't we, Mr. Haber?' he says. Then he leaves. That's how *they* operate, *isn't it?*"

"Yes," the detective said.

"They don't warn you or threaten you or anything like that."

"They don't have to."

Bert signaled to Bill for another.

"I took her home," he said. "I told her I thought I ought to stay there with her, or maybe she ought to spend the night with me, or call the cops—do something. But she just kissed me good night—oh, God, a real, sweet kiss—and she said, 'Don't you worry, baby. Mamma's a big girl.'"

The detective buttoned his jacket, preparing to go. "I think that gives us a lot to go on, Mr. Haber," he said. "I think we can clean it up pretty quick. One thing. Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Anything like what?"

"Protection."

"No, I don't think so."

"We'll need you as a material witness when we put the arm on him."

"I'll be around."

"Well, we'd like to be sure of that. The case may depend on you."

"Don't worry about it," Bert said. The waiter brought the second drink and he poured it all down at once.

"Mr. Haber," the detective said, "I think you'd better come with me. Seriously, a lot of things could happen and you're very valuable to us."

"Well, for how long?" Bert said.

"I think there's a good chance we can clean it up by morning."

"That fast?" Bert said. "All right, I will."

Andy and Alice were coming in as they were going. Burton waited politely while Andy and Alice thanked Bert for the job. He didn't tell them what had really happened. They could read the papers too.

The detective led Bert to a gray, hardtop car.

"Get in back with my partner," Burton said.

Bert got in without looking at the other man. Burton got into the driver's seat and gunned the car toward the East River Drive. They were moving pretty fast. Bert turned to look at the man in the back seat with him.

"Hello," the insurance man said.

THE END

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GEM INTRODUCES *PUSH-BUTTON* RAZOR FOR MEN WITH TOUGH BEARDS

24-carat gold-plated.
Built-in shaving angle designed for tough beards.
In handsome Presentation Case.
Horizontal grooves on lather bar set up tough whiskers for closer shaving.
Push-Button automatically positions blade. You're ready to shave.
Longer handle, deep-grooved for firm grip.
GEM

There's never been a razor like the new Gem Push-Button Razor. Teamed up with extra-heavy, extra-sharp Gem Blades, it's the most powerful combination in history for shaving tough beards. Get tough with your tough beard—get the new Gem Push-Button Razor in the handsome Presentation Case today.

Avoid '5 o'clock shadow' with Gem.

Handsome Presentation Case contains Gem Push-Button Razor and Blades in Dispenser . . .

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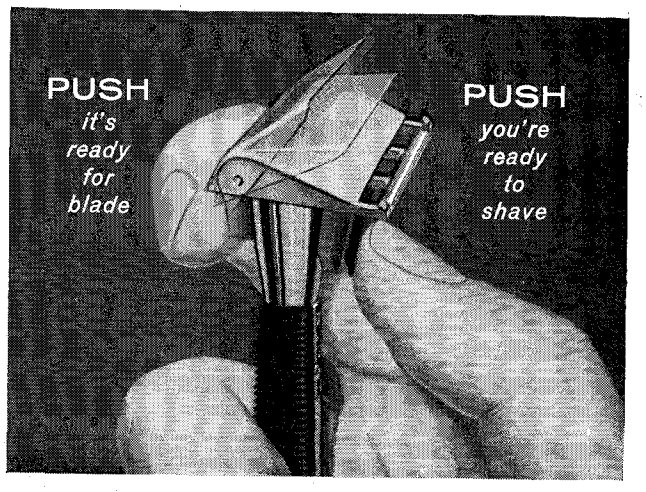

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We Found the Sunken Treasure

(Continued from Page 25)

the air down. Thus, we could remain on the bottom for the long periods necessary to explore a wreck thoroughly.

Our wreck lay in Mexican tideland waters, so we carefully checked the laws of treasure-trove in Mexico. They specify that treasure found by one person on another man's land must be split between the two. If treasure is found on land controlled by the Mexican government, including tidelands, half goes to the finder and half to the government. Fair enough, we concluded. Marx consulted United States officials in Mexico and Mexican officials on Cozumel and in Yucatán to find out if special permits or registrations were required. The answer from every source was no. "Who ever heard of a permit to dive on a galleon?" a prominent Mexican official asked.

By the time I arrived on Cozumel, Marx was straining at the leash. All the diving gear was ready. Our friend, Miguel Joaquin, the island's John D. Rockefeller and principal political wheeler-dealer, furnished a boat, the Aguilucho, a substantial stock of canned goods and staples from his grocery store, and best wishes for a successful trip. The Cozumel branch of the *Aduana*—a combination immigration and customs arm of the Mexican government—meticulously inspected our gear as it was being stored in the Aguilucho's hold. Just as dawn was breaking we obtained official clearance from the Captain of the Port and departed for Acumal, a small navigable cove on the Yucatán mainland, a half hour's boat ride from the wreck site.

The coast of Yucatán, opposite Cozumel, is one of the most desolate, sparsely populated regions in our hemisphere. Once a center of the ancient Mayan civilization of Central America, today it is a land that time and progress have forgotten. The coast line itself is one long, jagged coral reef, indented occasionally by beautiful coves. The thick mangrove jungle, a haven for jaguar and boa constrictors, reaches almost to the water's edge. Here and there, brave men have hacked out narrow strips on the coast and planted coconut trees amid uncovered Mayan ruins. These primitive plantations are tended by a few scattered Mexicans or Indians, who wage an unending battle against the encroaching jungle and its beasts. Giant sea turtles waddle up on the beaches at night to lay their eggs. The jaguar are so aggressive that no one ventures out after dark. Even in daytime, the settlers always carry rifles.

After a rough crossing, we made our landfall about noon and spent the afternoon unloading our boat and making camp in one of the three thatch-roofed Mayan huts along the sandy beach of Acumal cove. In late afternoon we were paid a visit by Acumal's most prominent citizen, a silver-haired sea captain named Gonzales, who for many decades has been coasting the shores of Yucatán in a large two-masted schooner. Gonzales has a leathery complexion, the horizon-seeking eyes of the sailor, and, considering his background, a surprisingly gentle nature. We welcomed his company and invited him to sit on a log by our hut.

We asked him how he had come to settle in Acumal. He replied in Spanish, which Marx translated: "I bought this land more than forty years ago, cleared the jungle away and planted coconut trees. Those were very bad times. There were many fierce Indians living here. They massacred my workers. When we brought new settlers, we had to blast our way ashore with rifles. But then one time a small ship carrying a cargo of whisky crashed against a reef. The casks washed ashore where they were discovered by the Indians, who soon were very drunk and fell upon one another at the beach. More than two hundred were killed that one night. After that, we were able to drive the remnants of the tribe back into the jungle."

"We have come to dive on the wreck at Punta Matanceros," we told him.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I know that wreck well. Many cannon and anchor along the reef. A very old ship indeed. When my settlers first came here, they found many beads, pearls, old rum bottles and crucifixes washed up on the beach at the point. Also, there is supposed to be a treasure.

"They say that a few years before I bought this land a man came here from Cozumel and made friends with the Indians, who led him to a huge cache of treasure which had been buried in the jungle just behind Punta Matanceros. The man returned to Cozumel intending to fit out an expedition and seize the treasure. However, he became critically ill and was taken to Belize, British Honduras, where he died."

We could guess what was coming next, but we remained politely silent. "On his deathbed," Gonzales went on, "he told a friend from Cozumel about the treasure and drew a map. The friend returned to Cozumel to form his own expedition, but he, too, died. His wife, Señora Serafina Novelo Vuido de Rivero, has the map, and she lives on Cozumel today. But she is an old woman and will not let anyone see her map." It was a familiar story, but somehow, the way Gonzales spun it, it had an authentic ring.

Gonzales told us that over the years many unsuccessful expeditions had been mounted to locate the treasure. "I, too, have searched the jungle many times," Gonzales went on. "But I don't believe the treasure is there. I think it is still in the water, and I believe the map will show that it is in the water."

"Why do you think that?" we asked.

"Because I have seen chests lying along the bottom. On a calm day we can see four metal chests about a hundred meters off the point, lying in the sand in eight fathoms of water. Many times we have sent down natives with ropes, but the water is too deep for them and we have never been able to raise the chests." We leaned in, while Gonzales drew a crude map in the dirt.

This kind of talk is bound to raise the temperature of anyone smitten with treasure fever. Marx and I responded predictably. And before the evening was over, we had made a deal with Gonzales. If he would show us the exact location of the chests and furnish his big two-masted schooner, which had a boom that could be used to raise the chests, we would do the diving. The proceeds would be split equally among the three of us, after we had set aside the government's cut. Gonzales was enthusiastic, but advised that we must wait for calmer water. He would not risk his schooner so close to the reef in rough water. The reef at that moment was being pounded by a gale.

During the night the unseasonable gale—the natives call it a *chubasco*—increased in fury and by dawn, when we awoke, huge breakers were cascading white water over the reef at Acumal. "*Marejada*," our boat crew reported, "very rough." But, they said, it would be "*bonanza*," or "calm," on the following day.

They were wrong. The *chubasco* continued for three days. To kill time, we spear-fished in the cove and one hot day hiked five miles up the coast to Punta Matanceros to make a thorough search of the beach. There we were surprised to find a six-foot cast-iron cannon, washed ashore from the wreck. We carefully measured it, noting the diameter of the bore, position of the trunnions, ogees and fillets, the shape of the cascabel and other characteristics, since rust had long ago destroyed the founder's hallmark and the date of casting. Back at camp we spent many hours trying to match the dimensions of the cannon with those contained in a history of artillery, but our efforts were inconclusive. It could have been either Spanish or English.

We also pondered the meaning of the name of the point, Matanceros, because frequently points, reefs or cays were named after the ship which perished there. Spanish-language authorities told us that, freely translated, Matanceros means "butcher" or "slaughter." Hence: Slaughter Point. This provided no clue to the identity of the ship, but indicated to us that in all probability many people had perished in the wreck or were slaughtered by hostile Indians.

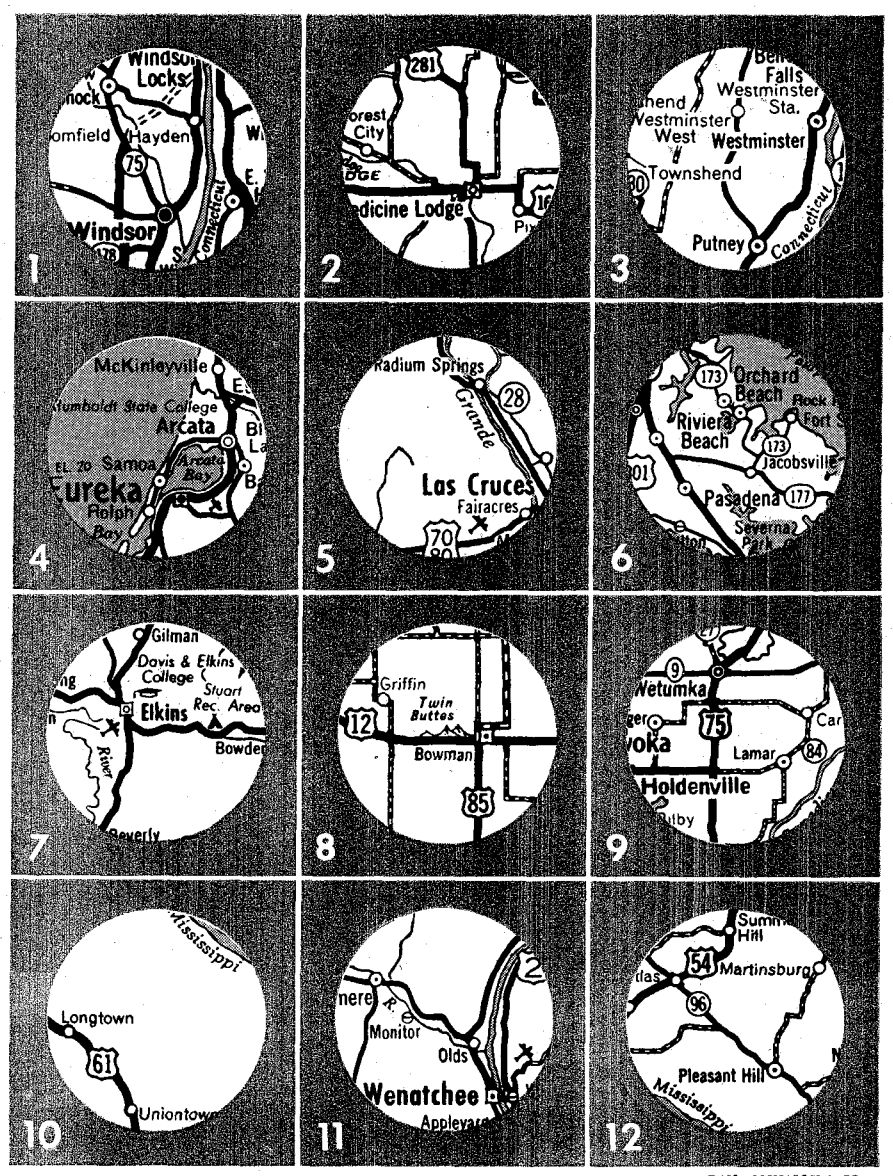
On the fourth morning I awoke to the shouts of "*Bonanza! Bonanza!*" It was Marx, hanging out of his hammock, pointing to the water.

The white breakers were no longer to be seen. Without stopping for breakfast, we ordered the Aguilucho made ready and by 6 A.M. we were anchored at the wreck site. The water was far from "bonanza"—much too rough, in fact, to risk Gonzales' two-master, so we decided to probe the chest we had found on our first expedition.

We broke out the compressors and lashed them down on Aguilucho's pitching deck. Then we squirmed into our tight-fitting, heavy woolen underwear, worn as protection against fire coral and the chill which comes with prolonged submersion. We slipped on our tennis shoes and heavy work gloves, eased into the harness, snapped on our twenty-five-pound weight belts and, lastly, clamped on our face plates. The compressor motors roared into action, pumping a smooth stream of air through the 100-foot hoses into the regulators. Marx picked up a heavy sledge hammer and large chisel and disappeared down the ladder.

I followed him with a hatchet and small pick. At about thirty feet my tennis shoes struck bottom.

The coral reef at Matanceros, as seen through the clear water below, looks very much like a miniature version of the rugged (*Continued on Page 106*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 108*)

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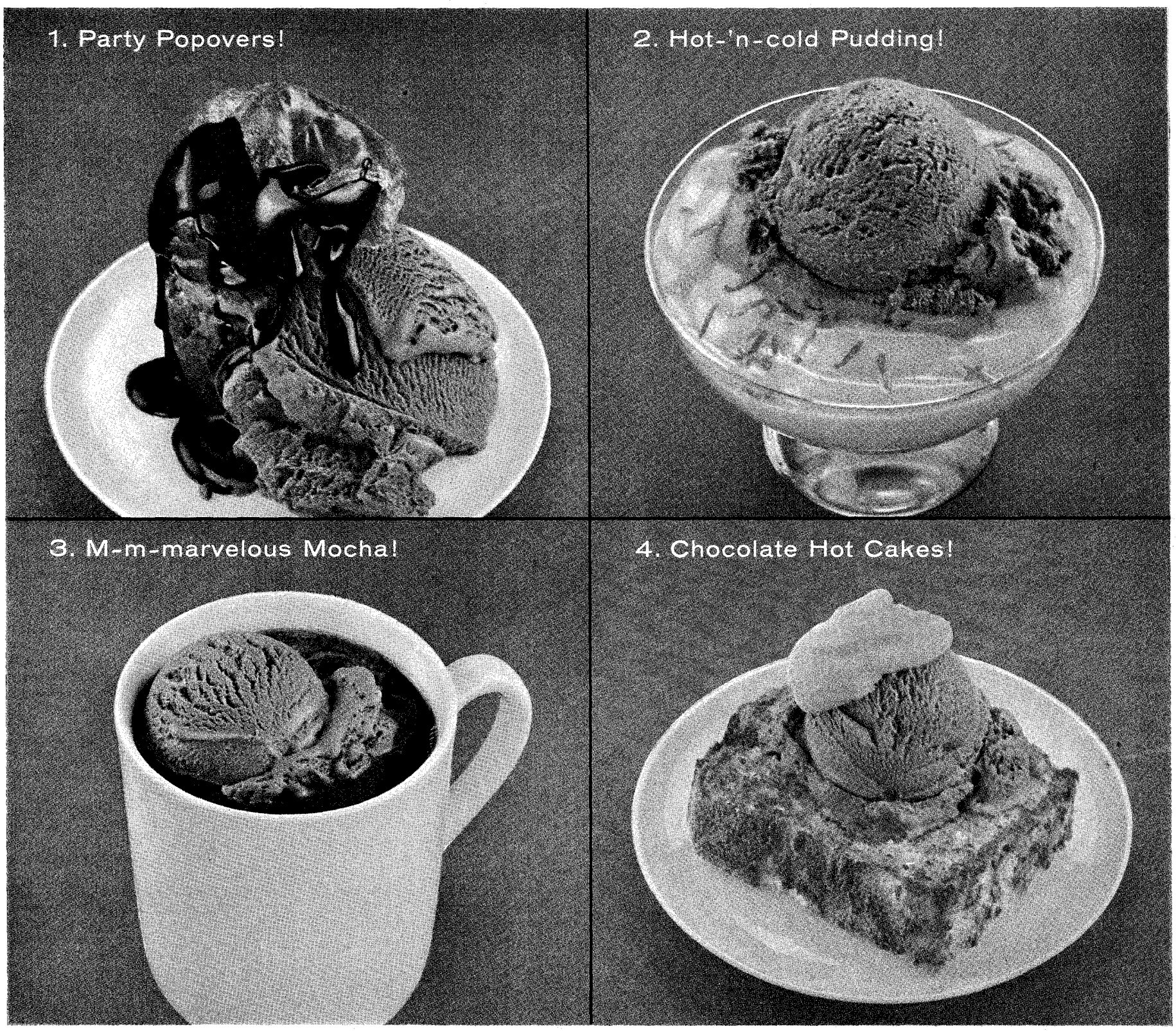
Fresh from the Foremost Dairy Kitchens . . .

4 hot ideas with cold, creamy Foremost Chocolate Ice Cream!



C'mon—the ice cream's melting! Melting next to piping-hot foods! Melting with everything that makes Foremost Chocolate Ice Cream so special: country cream . . . snow-pure sugar . . . choicest chocolate! Pick a hot idea right now, why don't you—and melt the family's heart!

1. **Party Popovers!** Wait 'til these pop up for dessert! Whisk hot popovers from oven, nestle Foremost Chocolate Ice Cream inside. (Like lots of chocolate? Pour fudge sauce over all!)
2. **Hot-'n-cold Pudding!** Pudding's a family favorite—but have you tried it hot, with Foremost Chocolate Ice Cream melting all through? (Extra good sprinkled with grated orange rind!)
3. **M-m-marvelous Mocha!** New way to cream your coffee—with wonderful Foremost Chocolate Ice Cream! Just plunk it into steaming cups; dust with cinnamon for a spicy touch!
4. **Chocolate Hot Cakes!** Sure to disappear like hotcakes! Toast slices of angel food or pound cake; top with Foremost Chocolate Ice Cream. Cap with snowy swirl of tinted, mint-flavored whipped cream.

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(*Continued from Page 104*) wastelands of the southwestern United States. There are stretches of flat or gently rolling coral looking like vast prairies, dotted with tiny patches of undersea flora which resemble tumbleweed and sagebrush. The prairie is cut by deep ravines and gorges, some with steep sides like those of the Grand Canyon.

Along this rugged terrain, scattered across an area about three blocks square, lay the surviving parts of the wreck. The big pieces, such as the cannon and anchor, were clearly visible, although embedded in coral. The smaller stuff, including our chest, had long since been submerged beneath the fast-growing reef. The wooden planking and ribs of the ship had been destroyed many years past by wave action and the voracious teredo worm.

When I reached the bottom I could hear the wavery "clink clink" of the sledge hammer striking the chisel, a clear sign that Marx had already found the chest. I followed his red air hose, floating in the water far above me.

As we were no more than 150 feet from the beach and heavy swells were running, the surging hurricane of water on the bottom made walking impossible. I clawed my way up a ridge, trying to avoid the antlers of fire coral which sprouted everywhere. Then I staggered drunkenly down the opposite slope, my heavy weights just barely keeping my feet in contact with the bottom. At last I saw Marx, partly obscured in a swirl of black sediment. Within a few moments I was working at his side.

Hacking coral is hard work, not unlike breaking up a concrete sidewalk. It is especially difficult in rough water. Each incoming swell rolled us beachward four or five feet. There was a second or two of peace, and then the outgoing bottom surge caught us and flung us seaward. This unwanted journey usually ended when Marx and I smashed against the jagged seaward wall of our small canyon. Between waves, we would scramble back to the chest, brace our feet and take one or two sluggish swings with the sledge hammer. Then we would be tumbled head over heels again.

Only the lust for gold would compel a man to endure such savage underwater punishment. Lust we had. We hacked for hours. On the chance that some valuables might be imbedded in the coral, we sent large chunks of it up to the boat by means of a basket raised and lowered by the crew. In the afternoon, at last, we broke through the top of the chest, eagerly prying away the heavy, coral-impregnated slabs of teakwood. We looked inside. Alas! No pile of gold doubloons met our eyes, just the dull outlines of hundreds of frayed, slimy knife handles, which we could see were horn, covered with a thin, crumbling coat of gold leaf. The blades had been made of silver, but long years in salt water had changed them to silver sulphide, a black gooey substance which spread and covered everything, including the exposed portions of our faces and necks. We sent the pieces of the chest and the knife handles—more than 300 altogether—up to the surface.

The furious, determined digging went on for three days, although the waves grew larger and the bottom surge stronger each day. On the second day, we became aware of an astonishing fact: Almost every chunk of coral we broke off contained some artifact—a belt buckle, earring, piece of costume jewelry, mirror, rum bottle and so on. The bottom at Punta Matanceros was literally paved with the remains of what must have been an enormous merchant ship—probably English or Spanish—carrying a rich cargo of trading goods to the New World.

On the third day we uncovered three more chests. One contained crucifixes which we thought were gold, but later turned out to be brass; another, silver-plated spoons; and the third, silver plates, which crumbled when we picked them up.

With this discovery we faced a serious dilemma: If our goodies—as we called the artifacts—were exposed to air without proper preservation, they would disintegrate. But the weather could worsen at any time, so we should spend every possible moment in the water, digging. And by now the water had become so rough that the boat crew couldn't operate the basket lift.

To solve these problems, we decided to lug our chunks of coral underwater to a protected patch of sand just to seaward of the reef and leave them. Later, when we had finished digging, we could anchor the boat over that one spot where we could raise all the chunks at one time, preserving goodies as we went along.

"Sharks are sissies," says Robert Marx, author Blair's treasure-diving colleague. Here, off the Yucatán coast, Marx playfully grabs a six-foot nurse shark by the tail.

We found still another chest—our fifth—solidly packed with silver-plated copper spoons, but we left it after one blow of the pick. "Just more of those damned spoons," Marx commented.

We had finished lugging the chunks of coral of the third chest to the open area and were looking around for another likely digging spot when my air suddenly shut off. I had just exhaled; my lungs were completely empty. I punched Marx on the shoulder and quickly drew a finger across my throat, a prearranged emergency signal. Marx took a breath and then passed me his mouthpiece. I took a deep breath and returned the mouthpiece.

Then I ripped the quick release on my weight belt and began a gradual ascent, exhaling all the way to avoid air embolism, the fatal bursting of the lungs. When I reached the surface I discovered that my air hose had become unscrewed from the regulator on my back. We concluded later that this had been caused by the constant head-over-heels tumbling.

I swam to the boat and climbed up the pitching ladder, noting the modest pile of coral stacked in the dory, and thinking with satisfaction of the large pile still on the bottom. Then to my astonishment I saw another boat—a much larger boat than the Aguilucho—hove to, close abeam. The boat was gray, and on its bow, in place of a name or number, there was a large, official-looking seal. Its crew was lowering a small dory over the side.

"*Policía,*" said one of our own sailors.

The *policía* boarded our boat on the starboard side at about the same time that Marx clambered up the boarding ladder on the port side, lugging both our weight belts. Marx stared dumfoundedly. Then a great babble in Spanish ensued between the *policía,* Marx and our boat crew, with the *policía* doing most of the talking.

Finally Marx came back to the bow with a long face and reported: "These are *Aduana* men. We are under arrest for 'disturbing an archaeological site.' We are to sail to Acumal immediately, where the boat will be searched. Then we must return to Cozumel to face charges."

"Can we go back down for our tools?" I asked. I was also thinking of the treasure we had left in the sand.

"No," Marx said. "They want us to leave now."

The boss of the *Aduana* team took up his post at our tiller and steered toward Acumal, while the gray boat sailed alongside. When we anchored in the cove, our boat was searched from stem to stern, and all the goodies we had brought up—the knife handles, a few belt buckles, earrings, about 300 pieces of costume jewelry and chunks of coral—were impounded.

The *Aduana* were polite, but cool. "Tonight you will return to Cozumel under escort," they said. However, this proved impossible because a severe gale blew up, and for three days no boat could leave the cove.

During our wait in Acumal, we were permitted to break goodies from the chunks of coral, photograph them and seal them in paraffin wax. This was done on the beach at Acumal under the watchful eyes of the *Aduana* men. We continued to protest our arrest, pointing out that we had been inspected by the *Aduana* before leaving Cozumel, had been cleared by the port captain and that no permit was required to dive on a galleon. But our pleas fell on deaf ears.

Little by little we found out the reason. It seems that on Cozumel, where so little happens that a shift in the wind can supply an afternoon's conversation, our expedition had caused great excitement. A couple of days after we set out for Acumal it had become accepted as fact on Cozumel that we had found the treasure of Matanceros, and that once we got it loaded on the Aguilucho we would murder the boat crew or else maroon them on a desolate beach, and sail for New Orleans with the loot. A man—a relative of the old woman who owned the treasure map—actually had filed an affidavit with the tax collector, demanding half the gold. However, officials on Cozumel were powerless to act, as we had broken no law.

Then a man came into the *Aduana* office and filed an affidavit stating that we had on board the Aguilucho ten cases of dynamite with which we would blow up Matanceros reef in order to uncover the gold quickly. It is against the law to have dynamite in one's possession in Mexico. As they had inspected our boat on departing Cozumel, the *Aduana* were fairly certain that we had no dynamite. But the pressure became so great that they were forced to put to sea in pursuit of us. Our well-laid expedition had been torpedoed by a completely unforeseeable factor: gossip.

As we later pieced the story together, when the *Aduana* found neither dynamite nor vast numbers of gold bars in the Aguilucho's hold, they were chagrined and somewhat embarrassed. To save face, they invoked the obscure and legally questionable charge of "disturbing an archaeological site," and ordered us to return to Cozumel. On the final day at Acumal, the *Aduana,* perhaps feeling foolish about the episode, rescinded our orders to return to Cozumel. Moreover, they gave us permission to return to the wreck to collect our tools and take photographs. "But no more digging," they said.

The mainmast of the *Aduana* boat had barely disappeared over the horizon before we got the Aguilucho under way for Punta Matanceros. We anchored and collected our tools. Then our eyes fell on the huge pile of goodies-laden coral which we had hacked and stacked. Marx and I ascended for a conference.

"Could lifting chunks of coral into the boat be considered digging?" I asked.

"It most certainly could not," Marx replied. "If we don't raise this stuff, it will soon be swept out to sea and nobody will ever see it again."

Having settled this point of jurisprudence, we again submerged. It took most of the day to raise our stack of coral, but the job was done with a clear conscience. That evening, however, when we cruised into Acumal, we left everything on the boat, locked in the hold. No use giving everyone the impression that we had been digging again, we reasoned.

The following morning we sailed far up the coast to a deserted cove so that we would have a chance to break up the coral without all the citizens of Acumal hanging over our shoulders. Our main goal was to uncover something that would provide a clue to the identification, nationality or age of the wreck.

We spread the chunks on a tarpaulin on the beach, picked up our tools and began smashing the coral into small pieces. The returns were astounding. Almost every chunk of coral was packed solid with treasure: religious medallions, hundreds of costume beads shaped and colored like diamonds and emeralds and mounted in silver settings, hundreds of copper straight pins, silver-plated copper spoons, brass (*Continued on Page 108*)

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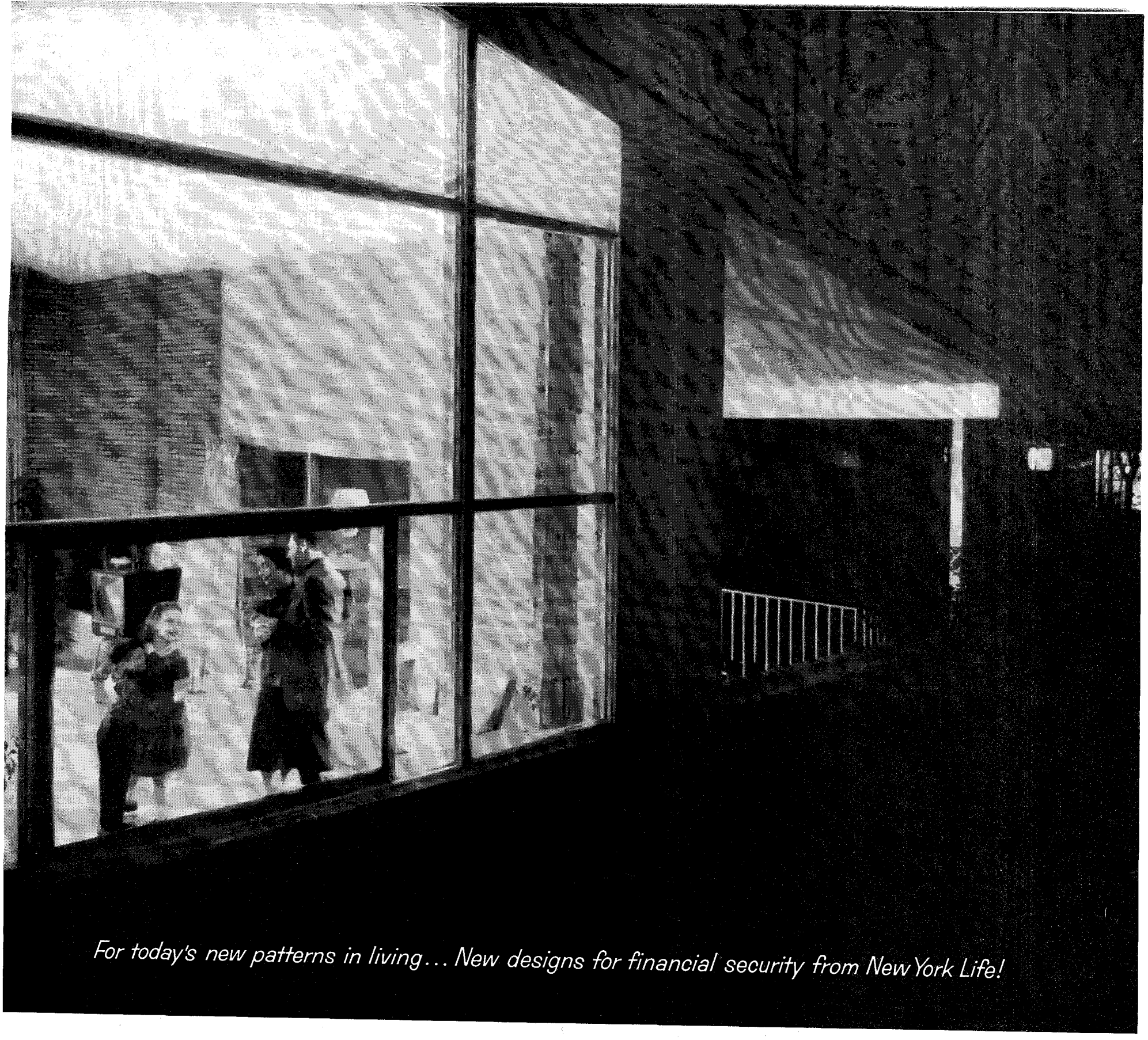

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(*Continued from Page 106*) butter-knife handles, ornamental handles for larger knives, pewter, brass and bronze shoe and breeches buckles, lead pistol balls and so on. We even managed to salvage eight of the fragile silver plates. After a fine bath in acid, which removed the lingering thin crust of coral, we photographed these items en masse and close up, and then covered them with protective coatings of paraffin wax.

We were sprawled on the beach, hard at this task, when suddenly we spied a sail cruising down the coast toward us. "The *Aduana!*" we thought. "How will we explain all this treasure? They will surely think we have been out digging again." Moreover, we were certain they would seize all of it—as they had the first batch—and that we would never receive our lawful share.

"Let's get it out of here," Marx said.

With great speed, we dumped the cleaned goodies into waterproof plastic bags and hid them in the bushes behind the beach. Then we scattered the coral remains along the sandy beach. By the time the boat itself came into view, we were lolling casually on the beach, drinking the milk of coconuts.

It was not the *Aduana*. The boat was the Clipper, Joaquin's big sailboat which he rarely operated beyond the lee of Cozumel Island. Obviously something important was in the wind, so we immediately got under way. When we came alongside the Clipper the crew passed us a letter from Joaquin. It said, in effect, that in spite of the reassuring report of the *Aduana*, all Cozumel was up in arms. The people were still certain that we had found the treasure of Matanceros. Joaquin advised that to avoid really serious trouble we ought to return to Cozumel and write Mexico City for permission to dive on the wreck.

It was clear that what little luck we had been riding had run out. Marx and I then both had the same thoughts: What would we do with the goodies? In light of Joaquin's letter, we were certain to provoke trouble if we returned with them to Cozumel. Moreover, under the confused and emotion-charged circumstances, there seemed little chance that we would ever receive our share. There was only one thing to do: Bury our treasure. Marx jumped aboard the Clipper and returned to Acumal to break camp. When the Clipper was out of sight I sailed back into the cove, retrieved the goodies from the bushes, picked out the lone coconut tree and put the bags in the ground.

When we returned to Cozumel that evening, half the people of the island thronged down on the pier to watch us unload. Four *Aduana* men, armed with .45-caliber pistols, descended on the boat and searched everything, including our personal gear. The next day we had a long and amiable talk with the chief of the *Aduana*, during which he admitted that we had broken no rules or regulations, and confessed that he had been forced to act because of political pressure from the townspeople. "This thing has gotten so big," he said, "I must insist that you write to the federal government for permission to return to the wreck."

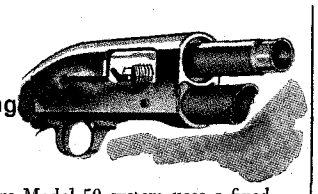
I spent ten days writing to officials in Mexico City for "permission" to dive on the wreck, but these requests became hopelessly bogged down in government bureaucracy, so I gave up and returned to the States. Marx went back to skin-diving.

After studying the many photographs of the goodies, including the close-ups of the medallions and crucifixes, and hearing my account of the expedition, Mendel L. Peterson, head curator, Department of Armed Forces History, Smithsonian Institution, reported: "Your description of the site leads me to believe that it will prove to be one of the most important merchant-ship sites ever discovered in this hemisphere."

Another expedition, free of interference by the *Aduana* and capable of spending at least two months at the site, could unquestionably produce a huge store of priceless archaeological artifacts, and perhaps at least one item which could provide the identity of the ship.

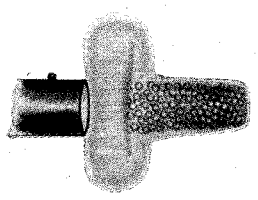
As for the treasure of Matanceros, if one exists, it still lies on or just off that desolate coast, along with Gonzales' four metal chests which we were not able to investigate. Our buried goodies, which are quite valuable from a purely archaeological standpoint are still there, buried beneath the lone coconut tree. Someday, I hope, Marx and I will put the two pieces of the map together and return to that cove—quietly and alone. THE END

non-recoiling barrel



The exclusive Model 50 system uses a fixed barrel and a floating chamber that moves a fraction of an inch. You get no annoying "double shuffle" to throw you off. Second shots get away faster, truer. Ribs meet receiver, don't start part way down barrel.

no power loss



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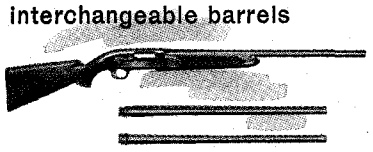
shoot all loads, no adjustment

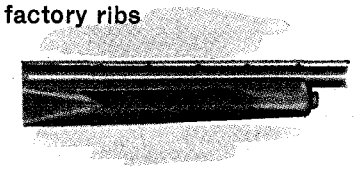
The patented design of the floating chamber permits switching from magnum to upland loads anytime without any adjustment of a dial or recoil ring. Prove it to yourself.

interchangeable barrels



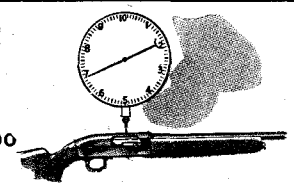
Just order extra barrels and change them yourself, anywhere, anytime. Easy, no-tool change converts your Model 50 from a duck gun to an upland gun in seconds. One Model 50 plus an extra barrel makes an all-round shotgun.

factory ribs

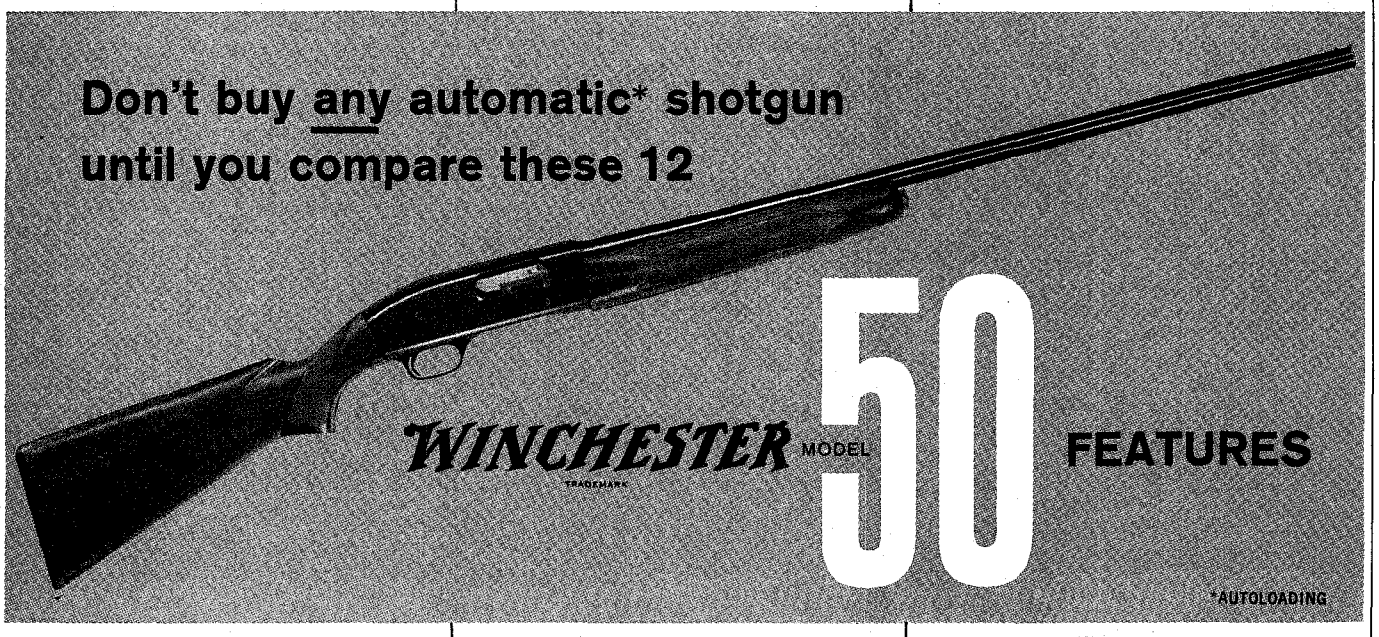


Carefully installed at the Winchester factory by skilled craftsmen, the Winchester Special Ventilated Rib gives a glare-proof, distortion-free sighting plane. Available on all models at a slight additional cost.

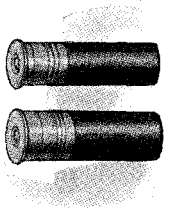
improved Feather-weight model, too



The special, light weight alloy receivers used for the improved Featherweight Model 50's far surpass the strength and round life of many conventional receivers, yet effect a weight saving of over a pound! Faultless functioning with all loads . . . under all conditions!



choice of gauges



The Featherweight is available in 12 gauge while the Standard-weight Model 50 is available in either 12 or 20 gauge. Both offer a full selection of barrel lengths and chokes.

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The unique Model 50 system makes recoil a soft, steady push rather than a jab. The action absorbs recoil so that you get, by measurement, 20% less effect. Shoot as much as you want and stay fast, fresh.

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Choose a Model 50 Standard or Featherweight and you have a shotgun that functions perfectly every time regardless of weather, weed seeds or dirt. Don't baby this baby. The Model 50 is at home in a duck blind downpour or in a tangled partridge thicket.

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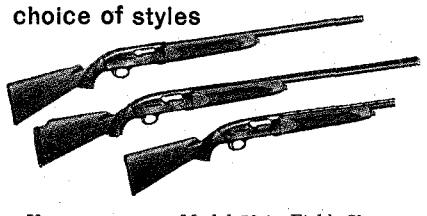
The smooth handling qualities of the Model 50 enable you to get "on target" faster. All Model 50's have perfect balance . . . feel just *right and swing fast. Swing a Model 50 to* your shoulder and see for yourself.

choice of styles



You can get your Model 50 in Field, Skeet, Trap and Pigeon Grade in Standardweight, and Field, Skeet and Pigeon Grade in *Featherweight style. Also available is a* wide choice of engravings at extra cost.

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Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 104

1. Conn.	2. Kans.	3. Vt.
4. Calif.	5. N.M.	6. Md.
7. W.Va.	8. N.D.	9. Okla.
10. Mo.	11. Wash.	12. Ill.

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At Home With the Space Men

(Continued from Page 35)

out, no great mystery about how a missile is built, or how it operates. Sir Isaac Newton could have built a Thor or Atlas, a Jupiter or a Titan, 300 years ago, they say, if the engineers of his day had known how to make the hardware for him. He understood completely the principles of propulsion involved and boiled them down into a formula which is still the basic law of missilery—a rule which said that for every action there must be an equal and opposite reaction. This equal and opposite force is expressed in terms of "thrust," they point out, which anybody who has ever fired a shotgun can understand, for the kick of a shotgun against the shoulder is a perfect illustration of Newton's law.

Even the youngsters at Canaveral, to their mothers' dismay, can demonstrate the principle by which a rocket is propelled. They roll a tin-foil chewing-gum wrapper into a tube, leaving it open at one end. They slip a kitchen match inside the tube and ignite the match by heating the tube. The expanding gases from the burning match squirt out the open end, sending tube and match stem scooting across the room.

A rocket engine does not need air to push against, the missile men explain. It functions just as well in airless outer space, for the laws of action and reaction work the same in a vacuum as in the atmosphere. It does need oxygen to burn, however, so all rockets must carry their own oxidizing agents with them. The greater part of a missile, therefore, is made up of huge tanks, containing such prosaic fuels as alcohol or kerosene, and liquid oxygen, called "lox" by the engineers, which sustains combustion.

These are far from being entirely satisfactory propellants. When burned together in a combustion chamber, they produce tremendous thrust per pound of fuel consumed, but they are troublesome to handle, and they can be dangerous. Oxygen, for example, remains liquid only when it is kept, under pressure, at a temperature of nearly 300 degrees below zero. It is hard for the layman to comprehend such cold, and the engineers grope for homely illustrations. If you dropped a rubber ball into liquid oxygen, they say, and then dropped it on the ground, it would break into a hundred pieces. If you poked a finger into it, and pulled the finger out and struck it gently, it would shatter like glass.

Liquid oxygen must be stored, therefore, in huge tanks that are built like vacuum bottles. When the temperature rises above 297 degrees below zero, it boils into a gas, expanding in volume more than 800 times. This means that the tanks and pumps and pipes within the missile must be absolutely leakproof, despite tremendous cold, strong vibration, and the surge and slosh of the fuel as the missile gathers speed. Fortunately, kerosene and liquid oxygen do not explode spontaneously when they come together, as do some more exotic fuels. When mixed, however, they form a yellow substance that looks like lemon gelatin, which will detonate at the slightest touch. A blob of this jelly no bigger than a marble would blow a man's foot off if he stepped on it.

Bringing the lox and the fuel together is, therefore, a tricky business. They must be sucked out of the tanks at tremendous speed, in exactly the right proportions, and forced into the combustion chamber, at fire-hose pressure, through a series of vaporizing nozzles that work the same as the perfume atomizers that ladies keep on their dressing tables. The nozzles must be set in such a way that fuel and oxygen blend and mix only in the split second before they meet the fires burning in the combustion chamber, or the mixture will jell and the vibration of the engines will cause the whole shebang to explode.

Even a perfect mixture, burning smoothly, with the hot gases blasting out of the bell-shaped engine at two and one-half miles per second, creates problems for the engineer. When the fires are going full blast, the temperature in the combustion chamber may reach as high as 6000 degrees, a heat no metals so far known to science can withstand. This means that the engine must be cooled to keep it from melting before it can lift the rocket off the ground. Cooling is accomplished by building the engine walls out of steel tubes, through which the kerosene is circulated before it is pumped into the combustion chamber.

The heart of the whole propulsion system, in fact, is a small turbopump, so powerful that, in less than three minutes, it can suck 10,000 gallons of fuel and liquid oxygen out of the tanks and squirt them into the combustion chamber. The details of this powerful little monster are classified, but the engineers say proudly that it can move from a standing start up to 30,000 revolutions per minute in two and one-tenth seconds. If a 300-horsepower automobile engine were as powerful, in proportion to its size, it would need to be no bigger than a pack of king-size cigarettes.

A pound of liquid fuel, when burning properly, produces some 200 pounds of thrust per second. It takes a pound of thrust to lift a pound of weight. It is obvious, therefore, that the Russians, to put their heavy Sputniks in orbit, have developed rocket motors more powerful than anything we have yet produced. The missile men are not disturbed by this. We could have had such giant engines, too, they say, if there had been a military need for them. In fact, we had such engines on the drawing boards, their purpose to propel the early models of the hydrogen bomb, which were monstrous devices. Before we got the engines built, however, we discovered how to pack an equal amount of explosive power into a far lighter warhead. Great rockets delivering 1,000,000 pounds of thrust were not needed then, and we turned our attention to less powerful engines. The Russians, on the other hand, went on to build their giant boosters and used them to launch their Sputniks.

Now, as we get ready to put manned space platforms into orbit, we are moving again in the direction of bigger power plants. The Army has contracted for power plants that will develop 1,500,000 pounds of thrust. In the field of solid propellants, where great breakthroughs are being made, the makers of solid-fuel rockets are building test stands that can handle giant engines developing 2,000,000 pounds of thrust. With such engines, mounted in stages, we someday will be able to land space ships on the moon and bring them back again.

If lift-off power were all that was needed, the launching of a missile would be a fairly simple thing. But a missile fired like a small boy's skyrocket, without guidance or control, is useless either as a war weapon or a device for propelling research vehicles to the other side of the moon. Into the missile must be built an electronic brain that tells the missile what to do and corrects its error. Again, the principles involved are fairly simple and well understood by the engineers. Just as a missile engine is basically a gigantic blowtorch, a missile guidance system is roughly similar to the cycling mechanism on an automatic washing machine. The cycling mechanism of an automatic washer tells the machine to pour in hot water, slosh the clothes around in it for a specified number of minutes, drain the dirty water out, pour in clean rinsing water, drain it out, and then whirl the clothes about, spinning them dry. As every housewife knows, if some tiny electric relay in her washer fails to function properly, the machine just sits there, murmuring to itself, as if trying to remember what to do next. If a similar tiny gadget in a rocket's control-and-guidance system goes out of whack a thousand miles above the earth, it's too late to call the repairman. A million-dollar missile tears itself to pieces tumbling through the sky, or it must be blown up by a radio signal from the safety officer on the ground.

The brain that guides a ballistic missile functions only for the first few minutes of flight, when the missile is being pushed by its engines. Like a baseball which receives all its guidance at the moment it leaves the pitcher's hand, or a bullet, which is guided only during the time it is passing through the gun barrel, a missile, once its power plant shuts off, is on its own, subject only to the unchanging laws of ballistics. Fortunately, men have been studying the science of ballistics ever since the first cave man threw a rock at a rabbit, and we know a great deal about making free-flying projectiles go where we want them to go. If, for example, the citizens of New York wished to drop an "earschplitten laudenboomer" on San Francisco, the ballistics experts could easily figure out the exact trajectory. This would involve knowing the direction in which the missile must be aimed—taking into consideration, of course, the fact that anything moving in the Northern Hemisphere, from a missile to a man lost in the woods, tends to drift to the right—the exact attitude, or angle in relation to the surface of the earth at which it must fly; and the exact velocity at which it must be traveling when it reaches a certain height above the earth. All of these instructions would be stored in the missile's guidance system, on a piece of magnetic tape, and if the missile followed them faithfully, a rocket launched in Central Park would impact a few minutes later on Nob Hill.

All of which is very simple—to the engineers. To bring about a successful shoot, however, a great many instruments, highly sensitive and at the same time extremely powerful, must function perfectly. These include three gyroscopes, so delicately balanced on needle-pointed bearings that an air bubble in the lubricant around a bearing could jam the stabilizing system; "sensing" devices that can recognize a change in compass heading as small as one thousandth of a degree; and computers which can figure exactly the velocity at which a missile is traveling at any given fraction of a second. These last must be particularly accurate, for in the case of a 5000-mile missile, an error in velocity of four feet per second at power cutoff can cause it to miss its target by a mile.

The gadgets which sense changes in direction give off "error signals"—voltages varying in strength according to the degree of error. These signals, in effect, tell the missile to switch its tail, right or left, up or down, to bring its nose back on the proper course. The Army's Redstone accomplishes this by pushing vanes of graphite this way and that in the escaping stream of fiery gases. In the Army's Jupiter, and the Air Force missiles, Thor and Atlas, the whole engine, hung in gimbals, swings to and fro to change the direction of the thrust, guiding the rocket as a rudder guides a boat.

All these changes in direction, plus the velocities, are recorded by the "brain" of the guidance system, into which the proper trajectory has been preset. This gadget keeps asking itself, "Where am I?" and "How fast am I going?" When it gets the right answer, finding itself at the proper altitude, in the right attitude, traveling at the proper velocity, it gives a signal. Bolts explode and clamps spring free. Engine, tanks and guidance system all fall away, and the payload flies on alone, higher and higher until it reaches its apogee and begins to drop like a falling star toward its target.

"You want me to eat that? Me? Your only son?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Firing a missile at a tiny target on the surface of the earth or putting a satellite in orbit is a more delicate problem for the guidance system than guiding a research vehicle into the vicinity of the moon. In a tactical missile, fired at a target, the "brain" must know the exact moment in which to shut off the engines, and whether or not it must fire a couple of small vernier rockets to boost the velocity a few more feet per second. In guiding a satellite into orbit it must know the exact angle at which the missile must be tilted as the last stage fires. Even a slight error in angle will cause the satellite to race off into outer space in a parabola, looping back to burn up as it re-enters the atmosphere. If the angle is correct, the satellite will circle lazily about the earth at some 15,000 miles per hour, its centrifugal force delicately balanced against the pull of gravity.

In a moon shot, the system has fewer decisions to make. The main task is to boost the satellite to the escape velocity of 25,000 miles per hour and if the device should come within 50,000 miles of the moon the shot would be considered successful. A man on the ground pushes the button to set off the forward-firing "retro-rocket" in the satellite's nose, which tilts it at the proper angle and slows it down so that it may be pulled, by the moon's gravity, into its orbit.

What the missile carries in its nose does not greatly concern the launching crews. Their concern is with the engine, the control system and the airframe, and whether the thousands of parts that make up a missile will hold together under the tremendous speeds, velocities, accelerations, altitudes and temperatures the bird encounters as it races into the sky. The research vehicles—the satellites and the lunar probes—they refer to irreverently as "garbage cans." But they are secretly proud that the long, tense hours they spend getting a missile ready are not only for the development of a weapon that can destroy a city but for the purpose of exploring, with electronic eyes, realms of mystery in outer space about which man so far has been able only to make some vague conjectures.

The job of preparing a missile for launching is about as frustrating as trying to get a race horse ready to run in the Kentucky Derby—and the results are about as unpredictable. The Air Force missiles come to Canaveral by truck from Convair's Atlas plant at San Diego, and by plane from Douglas' Thor factory at Santa Monica. The giant Titans come in by air from Martin's plant at Denver. The Army's Jupiters, brought in from Chrysler's plant at Detroit, are hand-tooled and custom-built, the Air Force claims, somewhat sniffishly, but the Air Force birds are assembly-line missiles, built from production designs with production tools, by men little more highly skilled than their fellows who build automobiles. And, like automobiles just off the assembly line, they sometimes have bugs in them—a part forgotten here, a bolt untightened there. The first job of the launching crew, therefore, is to swarm over them, from engine bell to nose cone, hunting for obvious or microscopic flaws. A tiny piece missing from a gasket, for example, may hold up a launch for days. It must be found, for a small fragment of soft material would freeze as hard as steel in the lox tanks and tear the pump to pieces. Sometimes the entire plumbing system of a missile must be X-rayed to find a little piece of metal believed to be adrift somewhere inside. One Atlas, on the static test stand, went to burn-out without ever developing full thrust, to the great bewilderment of the men who had built the power plant. When the engine had cooled, they found the works gummed up with silica gel. Some mechanic on the West Coast—who now, no doubt, is engaged in farming—had left a bag of this moisture-absorbing chemical in a fuel line.

Leaking valves and pipes are the bane of the engine men, of course, and they use an ancient, but still effective, method of checking. The parts are dunked in soapy water, and inert gases are pumped through the fuel system under great pressure, while the inspectors watch anxiously for bubbles. Once the missile passes this "eyeball" inspection, it must prove itself further. Hundreds of instruments are hung on it, as external power—electrical, hydraulic and pneumatic—is applied to make sure that valves open and close and electrical relays work in proper sequence. Finally, after two or three weeks of testing, the missile is ready to go to the launching pad.

"It may check out perfectly, but we still have to fly it," says Bill Duval, Douglas' field manager at Canaveral. "It's the only way we can find out things about it we weren't smart enough to find while the bird was on the ground."

Slowly, in its giant cradle, the big rocket is trundled from the hangar, three miles along the black-top roads, through the palmetto scrub where armadillos sleep, to the launching pad. Giant cranes lift it gently upright, and the eleven-story gantry, the working platform, enfolds it.

By now the missile has begun to take on a personality. It is either a dog, in the missile men's phrase, crotchety and cantankerous and hard to check out, or a sweetheart, docile and placid. On the pad, the hangar tests are repeated, to make sure the journey to the launch site has thrown nothing out of kilter. Then, with the missile locked to the pad, the engines are fired up, so that the effect of vibration on the control system, the plumbing and the wiring can be observed. In the nose cone, the delicate instruments that will report back to stations on the ground the meteorite showers it encounters, the radiation that it finds in outer space, are adjusted. If the launch is to be a moon-shot, the nose-cone technicians work garbed like surgeons, in sterile gowns and face masks and rubber gloves. Their tools are washed in alcohol, and the nose cone itself is sterilized with ultraviolet, for if it should happen to hit the moon, the scientists are determined it shall deposit no earth-born spores or bacteria there.

When all seems going well, the hour for the launch is set. Word goes out to all the island stations and ships down range, as far south as Ascension Island, 5000 miles away, off the coast of Africa. Here men begin to tune and check cameras that can photograph a baseball at a distance of eight miles, radars, and radio receivers that will follow the missile as it flies, and record the signals it is sending. When a satellite or a moon missile is on the pad, tracking stations around the world, from Peru to Singapore, begin to tune their electronic ears to catch the "beep, beep, beep" from outer space.

As the countdown starts, the tension builds. On the gantries, men in hard hats move cat-footed on the working platforms, making the final tiny adjustments. The missile itself is ready now. The bugs popping up in the last hours are usually in the instruments which will provide the data on what it sees and feels in outer space. These must be working perfectly, or there will be no point in going on, for the whole purpose of a shoot is to receive some 250,000 separate bits of information a flying missile sends back to the ground. In the turtle-backed steel-and-concrete blockhouse, built to withstand the blast of 50,000 pounds of TNT exploding at a range of fifty feet, there is no idle talk. Crew-cut, sport-shirted men sit silent, watching consoles where red and green lights glow and needles tremble on luminous dials. The voice of the "talker" drones, calling from a thick countdown manual the more than 1000 things that must be done, in exact sequence, before the bird is launched. Now and then there is a "hold," and a quick conference takes place between three young men—the test conductor, representing the prime contractor; the test controller, representing the military; and the representative of the scientific group advising the military—one of Von Braun's brilliant Germans in the case of an Army shot, or a scientist from Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation if the missile is an Atlas or a Thor.

As the tension builds in the blockhouse, so does a gathering sense of excitement pervade the surrounding countryside where, in little flat-topped pastel-colored houses, the families of the missile men live. Under threat of fine or dismissal, the men who fire the missiles are forbidden to tell their wives when a shoot is scheduled. But the wives know. For days, they watch their husbands become quieter, more withdrawn and preoccupied. They come and go at odd hours. Sometimes, after a thirty-six-hour absence, they come home in the middle of the afternoon, hollow-eyed and whiskered, to fall into bed. The wives take the phone off the hook and herd the children to the beach, giving the husbands a chance to catch a few hours of unbroken sleep.

Frequently, at night, they cannot sleep at all because of the tensions boiling in them, and they try many tricks which they hope will help them unwind. B. G. McNabb, field boss of Convair, which builds the Atlas, goes out in the soft black night to sit in his back yard and watch the mullet jump in the Banana River. Ted Gordon, Douglas' test controller on the Thor, climbs into his sports car and drives at great speed over the empty midnight roads; Dick Pugeau, of Douglas, gulps ulcer pills and reads; Bill Stitt, Duval's assistant, turns on his hi-fi and listens to the soothing noises a train makes traveling at high speed. Joe Broadbent, who pushes the button to launch the Thor, strums a battered guitar. Lt. Col. Ray Stephens, of the Air Force, lies in a leather lean-back chair, pushes a switch and lets a vibrating device in the chair's bottom gently massage his own.

No matter how great the strain, however, none of them ever mentions missiles to his wife.

"The only hint Brandy ever gave me about his job, was on my birthday," said Mrs. Jacqueline Griffith, pretty, red-haired wife of Capt. M. E. (Brandy) Griffith, Air Force test controller. "After a Thor shoot he phoned and said: 'Honey, I'm sorry I missed your birthday party. But I lit the damnedest candle for you that you ever saw!'"

Mrs. Naomi Savage Stephens never had even this much of a hint from her security-conscious husband, but she never yet has missed seeing a rocket streaking into the sky. Day or night, when she hears her dog, Rebel, an amiable German shepherd, give a strange, keening bark, she dives for the door. Seconds later, from her back yard, she sees the missile lifting from the cape, fifteen miles away. Moments afterward there comes the great roar and rumble of the rising bird. She does not know what sounds Rebel hears before they become audible to human ears, but there is no mistaking Rebel's bark.

"It's different from her play bark and her garbage-man bark and her stranger-at-the-door bark," Mrs. Stephens says. "It's a weird, hair-raising sound."

The people of Cocoa Beach and the little towns surrounding the cape don't bird-watch now as they used to when missile firing was a new thing. They go to the beaches only to watch the big publicized shoots, when a satellite or lunar probe is going up. But they live with their ears attuned to catch the first roar of the blast-off, and when it comes, whole neighborhoods, even the little kids in diapers, hit the doorways, yelling, "Missile! Missile!"

Old-timers in the community are never fooled by other loud rumbling sounds, such as thunder, or passing jets or trucks on the highway. Newcomers, though, are easily deceived. Bill Duval's mother-in-law, an elderly, dignified lady, pushed her chair back with such violence she fell over backward on her head when she mistook the rumble of thunder for the roar of a missile. The wife of an engineer newly come to the cape leaped from bed in her nightgown, fell over a chair, broke her nose, chipped two front teeth—and got to the door just in time to see a fish truck rumbling past.

As their wives and children wait, listening for the telltale roar, the men in the blockhouse and Central Control watch their dials and flashing lights as the talker calls for the last steps in the countdown. At the pad, hot pipes scream as the icy lox flows into (*Continued on Page 112*)

"No more for him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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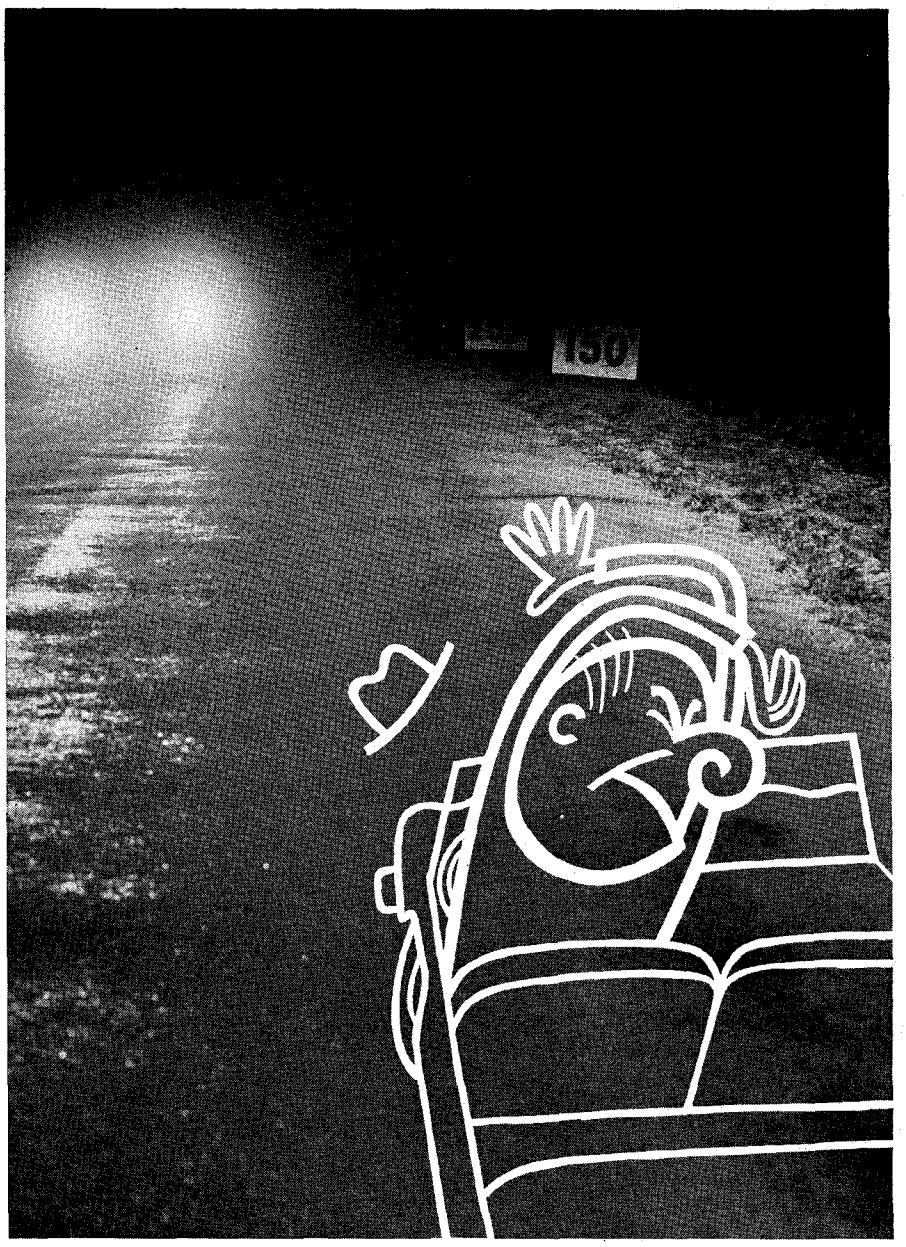
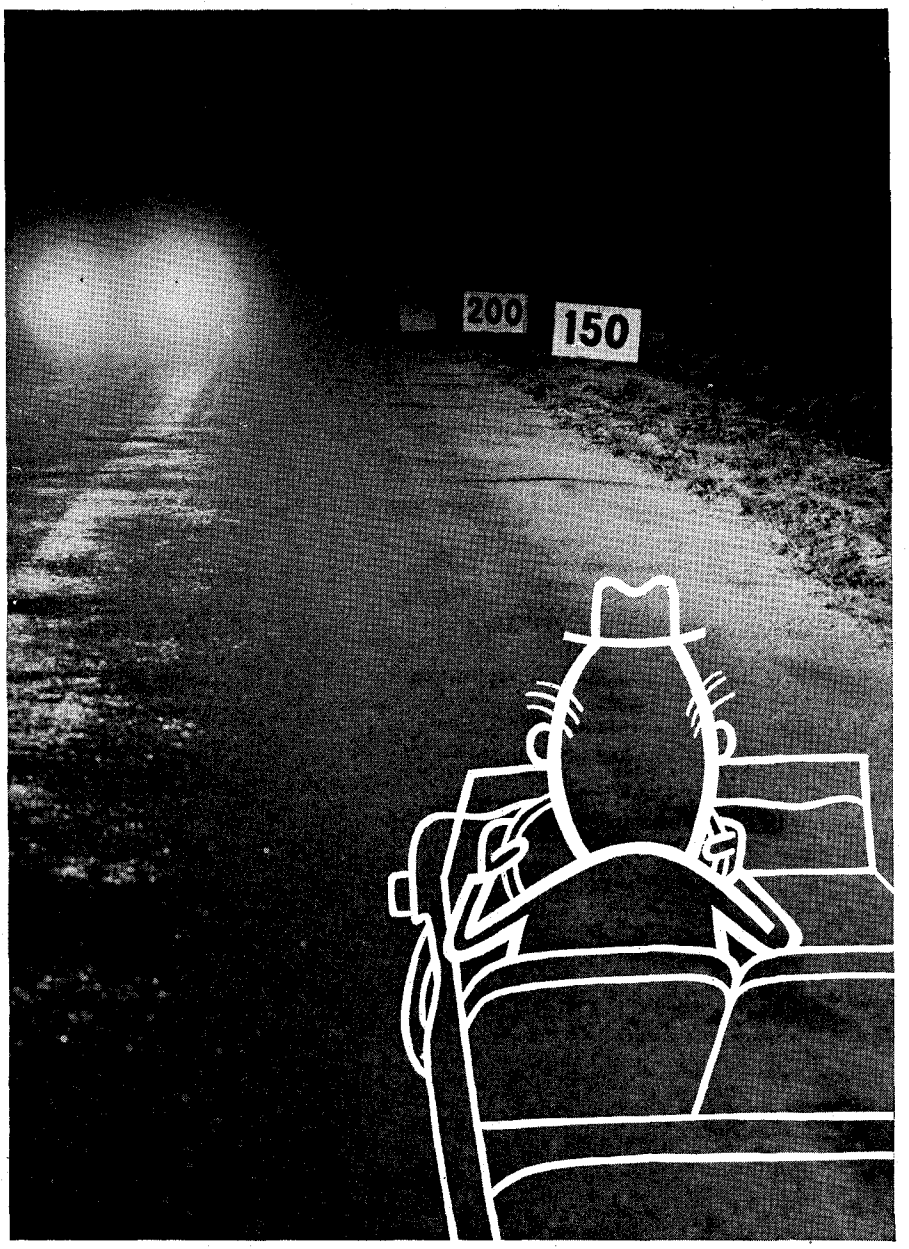
Now...See in spite of the other car's lights!



BRACE YOURSELF! Here comes another driver who hasn't dimmed his lights. He's 175 feet away. Your vision of your side of the road is "washed out" by his glare. Then after you pass, it takes precious seconds for your eyes to readjust to the reduced light, and you still can't see the road ahead clearly. It's like entering a dark theatre on a sunny day!



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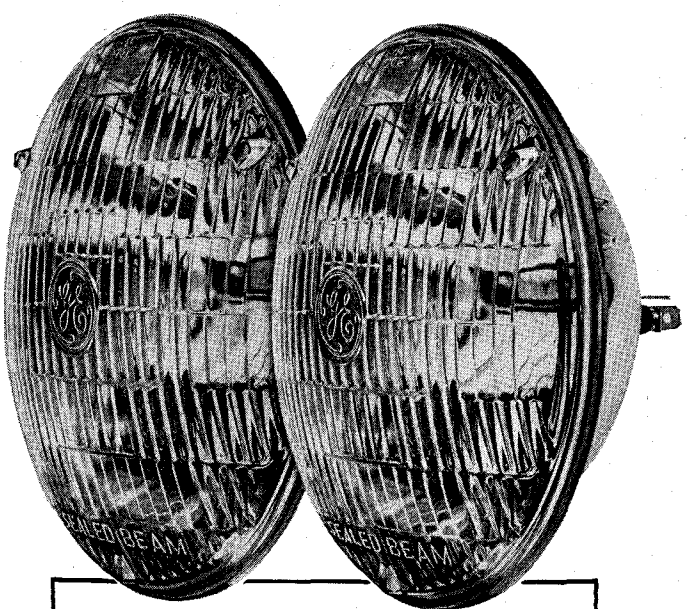
This new General Electric low beam filament is *optically centered* in the reflector — gives a "built-in spotlight" effect—puts more light where you need it to make passing easier and safer. Helps you recover your vision more quickly when the other car has passed.

Have a pair of G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps installed and aimed by your dealer, garage or service station! General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



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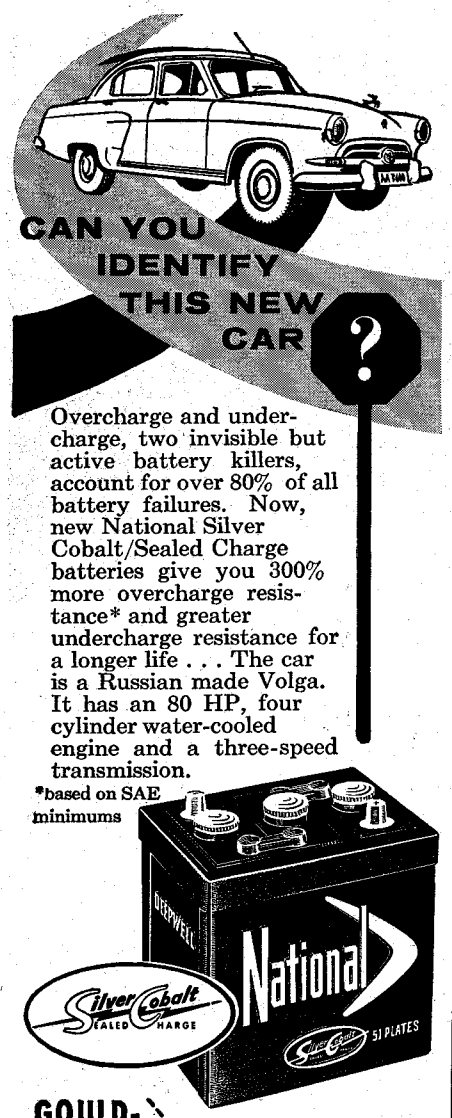
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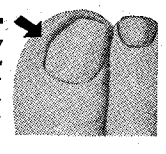

(*Continued from Page 110*) the tanks, and a plume of white vapor drifts from the oxygen vents. Thick frost forms on the missile's flanks, and the men on the work platform rake off handfuls, molding it into snowballs. Finally the gantry rolls back. The missile stands there now, majestic and alone.

The pad crews come away slowly, looking back over their shoulders as they move toward the blockhouse.

"She's come alive now," Dick Pugeau says. "You can hear her breathe. She 'oil-cans'—thump, thump, thump—and you can see her flanks heave."

As the pad crews enter the blockhouse, the thick steel doors slam shut. In Central Control, Ray Stephens, whose job it is to destroy a missile in the air if it begins to wander off course, clips the wire that holds the red safety cover on the "destruct" toggle switch. His eyes are fixed on a screen, the impact predictor, that will tell him where the missile would fall if, at any given second in its flight, he should hit the blow-up switch.

For 5000 miles down range, electronic eyes are watching, electronic ears are tuned. The count in the blockhouse is in seconds now. "T minus Three . . . Two . . . One . . . Zero!" A thumb pushes hard against a small black button. For a moment nothing seems to happen. But within the missile a hundred things are happening, one after the other, actions measured in the thousandth part of a second. Valves click open, and expanding gases kick the little turbopump to top speed as a pyrotechnic squib explodes to set the fires blazing in the combustion chamber. Under tremendous pressure, the fuel flashes as vapor from the injector nozzles blazes and gushes in white flame through the engine's constricted throat. Clouds of steam billow up as the roaring flame strikes the inch-thick steel of the deflector plate, kept from melting by the rush of 17,000 gallons of water.

"Main stage," somebody calls, meaning the engine is now burning at full thrust. Slowly, ponderously, like a fat man rising from a deep chair, the giant begins to lift, wavering a little. Beneath its tail, the engine swings, right or left, balancing the huge shape on its column of fire like a tall pole balanced on a finger tip. In the blockhouse, the men at the consoles stare at the television screens, transfixed.

"Lift off," somebody yells, and they leap from their chairs, shouting.

"Go, you ——!" they yell. "Go, you ——!"

For miles around, in every yard, and on the beaches, their wives and children, heads thrown back, eyes alight, are leaping in the air and screaming, "Go, go, go!"

And it goes, faster and faster, on and on, and out of sight, a red star glowing in the night sky, a thin white trail of vapor against the blue day—unless some two-bit piece of hardware fails.

The night after a successful shoot, there is no town in all the United States so jubilant as is Cocoa Beach. In the motels, and the bars, men get all loxed up and sing till dawn. At the Starlite Motel, Henri Landwrith, the manager, knows that somebody will throw all his deck chairs into the swimming pool, or put an alligator in it, or dress the nude statue in the garden in bra and underpants. He does not care.

The next day, shaggy lawns get mowed, electric toasters get fixed, and wives unkissed for weeks discover they have not been forsaken after all.

After a shot that fails, the little town is like a house where death has struck. The only sound is the murmur of the surf, the lonely cry of sea birds. No bellows of triumph rive the night, no sounds of joyous singing. Then men come home, to toss restlessly in their beds or sit staring blankly at the wall, each going over endlessly in his mind the thousand things that might have happened, each wondering whether something he did, or had not done, had caused the failure.

Despite the fact that their lives are bound to this cycle of alternating jubilation and despair, no missile man would swap his job for any other in the world. The challenge of the future is too great. The birds they fly today are "model T's," they know, compared to the great rockets they someday will be flying, not only to the moon but to the unknown worlds beyond.

"It's like watching Creation to see one go," a missile man's wife said. "It's like watching something new and wonderful being born, something happening that never happened on earth before. And you turn all cold inside, and you start to cry, for happiness and pride, because your husband helped to build this beautiful thing and made it fly."

Ivy League Revolutionary (Continued from Page 31)

Denver University, a school which had been in the football dumps for years and already was importing numerous out-of-state players in an effort to climb up.

Nothing in Blackman's experience had prepared him for the situation at Dartmouth, with its Ivy League bans on athletic scholarships and even on spring practice. Here no overwhelming importance was attached to football in the general college scheme. However, none of this slowed Bob Blackman. He had to adapt his methods to the changed circumstances, but they are still the same hard-driving methods that have succeeded for him elsewhere.

Take the way he got his squad ready last year for Brown—a team whose hopes he dashed again this year. Displeased because Dartmouth had looked unimpressive in edging Penn the previous Saturday, 6–3, Blackman drove his players at practice until their tails were drooping and their tempers rising. By Thursday, there were indications that the lid might blow off. Moments after contact drills started, a halfback and a lineman squared off, fists cocked. No sooner were they separated than two tackles started pummeling each other. Blackman cut the session short to keep things from getting completely out of control, but on Friday—when most teams taper off—he put the squad through another strenuous workout.

A Brown player remembers, "When they came out on the field that Saturday afternoon, all hollow-eyed, they were like forty-four guys just let out of solitary."

Brown had a highly-touted 230-pound tackle, Gil Robertshaw, who became the only Ivy Leaguer to be picked by a pro team—the Chicago Cardinals—in the 1958 player draft. The taut, fired-up Dartmouth kids ran their first four plays at Robertshaw, broke through and rampaged to a 35–0 victory.

Dartmouth went on to the best season a Big Green team had enjoyed in twenty years, with seven victories, one tie, one defeat and a near-miss on the Ivy championship. Blackman's coaching rivals were aware that in seasons to come he might not miss.

They don't accuse the bland-smiling, pleasant-voiced Dartmouth coach of breaking the conference rules, but some of them say that he works harder than anybody to overcome the limitations of the Ivy code. There is nothing in the regulations to prevent a college from trying to interest athletes in enrolling. Blackman goes about this as systematically and extensively as if Dartmouth were a big-time football factory.

Where an Ivy coach like Jordan Olivar, of Yale, departs for the West Coast and an insurance business at the end of the season, Blackman goes to work on football business in his office adjoining Davis field house. In a set of thick loose-leaf folders he maintains an up-to-date catalogue on the 2000 leading high-school football prospects in the United States. He can tell you at a glance who the best schoolboy player is in Sacramento, California; what his grades are; how much financial help he would need; and when he was last contacted by a Dartmouth representative. Throughout the winter, spring and summer Blackman supervises a campaign to steer as many such boys as possible to Hanover. Although Dartmouth can't offer them straight athletic scholarships, it is possible for a boy with high enough grades to qualify for aid that will see him through an Ivy school.

In contrast to the casualness with which many Eastern teams warm up before a game, Blackman's Dartmouth squads trot onto the field in perfect order, and go through calisthenics with the dash of the Harlem Globetrotters and the precision of an Ohio State marching band.

"Big Ten stuff," sneer some of his Ivy colleagues in mixed admiration and annoyance.

Blackman maps out practice sessions down to the fraction of a minute. He is just as exacting with his squad off the field. The one time the Dartmouth boys have seen him blow his top was the night before the Columbia game in New York last fall, when two players strolled into the hotel lobby nonchalantly lapping ice-cream cones.

"Was he mad!" recalls Joe Palermo, the 1957 team captain. "He let 'em have it right there. You know, when you're in training at Dartmouth you're supposed to eat only what they give you."

Palermo, who won Hearst All-American rating as a guard, says of Blackman, "He'd like to get close to the players, but he doesn't know how. But the man works so hard, he gives you confidence that he knows what he's doing."

Willy Schaeffler, who knew Blackman during his coaching years at Denver University in 1953 and 1954, takes a less sympathetic view of Blackman's intensity. Schaeffler, the coach of championship Denver ski teams, also doubled as football trainer during the Blackman regime.

Schaeffler has said that Blackman "is obsessed by the desire to win—at almost any cost." According to Schaeffler, Blackman once sent a boy back into a Wyoming game over Willy's objections after the player had been kicked in the head and was sufficiently groggy to indicate a possible concussion. The boy stumbled before the first play got off, costing Denver a five-yard back-in-motion penalty. Then Blackman promptly took him out.

Another Denver associate declares, "Secretly, the Denver players disliked

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him because he was an iron-handed disciplinarian. But without exception, they all regarded him as a terrific football coach. They hated to admit they didn't like him, because in the next breath they felt obliged to express gratitude for what he had taught them on the gridiron."

To understand fully Bob Blackman's compulsive urge to win at football, it is necessary to go back to a late-fall afternoon in 1937 when he was a nineteen-year-old kid lying helpless with polio at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles. A doctor gingerly removed a cast from one of his lower limbs.

Blackman relates, "The doc said to me, 'Move your right leg.' I told it to move, and nothing happened. I looked down where the cast had been. I saw a calf shrunk to less than half the size of my left one. It looked like a toothpick. Nothing worse than that moment can ever happen in my life. I honestly believe I wouldn't have gotten well if I hadn't thought in my own mind that I would get back in football again."

Football had been the center of Blackman's existence from the time he was five years old. "Other kids wanted to be firemen; I wanted to be a football player."

Bob was born in De Soto, Iowa, on July 7, 1918. His father, a wholesale livestock merchant, moved the family to Long Beach, California, when Bob was an infant. As a boy, on autumn Saturday afternoons he used to ride his bicycle twenty miles from Long Beach to see home games of the University of Southern California Trojans in the Los Angeles Coliseum. He visited the Rose Bowl in Pasadena every New Year's Day.

Young Bob grew up to play in the Rose Bowl himself, but only for the 1936 high-school championship of Southern California. Squat and sturdy at five feet, nine and a half inches and 190 pounds, he was a blocking back for Long Beach Poly against Glendale High, led by a gangling left-handed passer named Frankie Albert. Albert, who later became a college and pro star and now coaches the San Francisco Forty Niners, was stopped that day as Long Beach won, 21–0. Blackman made the Southern California high-school all-star team that year, and entered U.S.C. the next September on a football scholarship.

He was named co-captain of the freshman team, but polio hit him shortly before the first scheduled game. For two weeks in a delirium he hovered on the critical list. For two months after that his parents were told he would never walk again. Altogether he was in the hospital almost four months, and on crutches for another half a year.

When a new crop of freshman football players reported for practice at U.S.C. in the fall of 1938, Bob Blackman was among them. He thought he could play again, despite a perceptible drag to his walk and a right leg that was permanently atrophied.

"I was the only guy who didn't know it was senseless to try," Blackman says now. "The coaches didn't have the heart to discourage me."

In his first scrimmage, when Blackman lined up at blocking back in a strong-side-right formation, it was as if nothing had ever happened to him. As the defensive end came across the line of scrimmage, Blackman sprang off his good left leg and hurled his shoulder into the tackler, sending him crashing to the turf. When they lined up strong-side-left, though, it was pathetic. Blackman reared back to drive off his bad right leg, with its scarred muscles and nerves, and his body lurched unsteadily. He had to give up.

"I was stubborn enough to want to try again the next spring," he relates, "but the coaches finally had to step in and tell me, 'Nope!'"

So Blackman never got to play a minute of competitive football in college. However, in the brief period before he became disabled, the coaches had been impressed by his flawless execution of assignments. Freshman coach Gus Shaver, a former All-American tailback for the Trojans, told Bob, "I'm all right when it comes to teaching these kids how to run and pass. Maybe you can show them how to block."

So Blackman became a coaching assistant. Throughout his undergraduate days—still on athletic scholarship—he worked with the freshmen. This was the period when the modern T-formation—first popularized by the Chicago Bears—was coming into vogue in college football under Clark Shaughnessy at Stanford, where Frankie Albert was the quarterback. Blackman began to formulate some ideas of his own for combining the guile of the T with the power of the single-wing formation.

He got a chance to put his theories into practice shortly after graduating from college. World War II was on, and Blackman, despite his shriveled right leg, was accepted as an instructor in Gene Tunney's Navy physical-training program. As a chief petty officer, he was sent to San Diego Naval Training Station and given a football team to coach in 1942. There he introduced his own version of the T, which he named the V-formation, after Winston Churchill's famous V for Victory sign.

Entertaining an opinion is easy—all you have to do is listen to him. RUTH E. RENKEL

In the standard T, the halfbacks and fullback line up three abreast behind the quarterback. Blackman moved the fullback up alongside the quarterback, between guard and tackle, and used him primarily as a blocking back. From this alignment Blackman was able to inject a greater amount of two-on-one blocking than in the regular T. Many of his original V-formation principles remain basic in Blackman's offense to this day.

The big power in West Coast service football in 1942 was supposed to be the Fourth Air Force, but San Diego whipped the airmen in the opener and ran up a nine-game winning streak before losing its final game. The next year Blackman was commissioned as an ensign and sent to Moffett Field, outside San Francisco. Moffett had no football team, but Blackman coached a basketball team that ranked third among the nation's service squads, and a baseball team that won its district title.

At Moffett Field, Blackman met and courted a comely Wave officer named Kay Wilson. They got married while still in the Navy. In 1945 both were up for promotion to lieutenant, junior grade. Kay, whose date of rank preceded her husband's, went to take the required physical exam first.

Said the examining physician, "We don't promote pregnant naval officers."

Blackman's buddies quipped, "Some guys will do anything to keep their wives from outranking them."

Back in civilian life in 1946, Blackman returned to U.S.C. to study for a master's degree in education. He also took a football-coaching job at Monrovia High School, east of Los Angeles. Monrovia hadn't won a game in two years. By 1948 Blackman had built a powerhouse which swept to nine straight victories and a league championship.

In 1949 Blackman made a jump—of sorts—to Pasadena City College. Here was a team which had a total of only eighteen victories to show for the five preceding seasons. In Blackman's first year Pasadena won eight games. In his third year they were unbeaten in twelve games, winning the Junior Rose Bowl Game and the national junior-college championship.

By now Bob's reputation as a miracle worker had spread as far east as Denver University. After losing all seven of its Skyline Conference games in 1952, Denver hired Blackman. Some of his best Pasadena City College players transferred to Denver with him. Sure enough, by 1954 Blackman had his new school on top, bringing Denver its first conference championship in twenty-seven seasons.

At Dartmouth the Blackman pattern has already come close to prevailing a fourth time, with Bob rebuilding a chronic loser into a near title winner in just three years.

Blackman's record had made him a logical man to tackle the football situation at Dartmouth, which hadn't really been "the Big Green" since the 1934–40 coaching era of Earl (Red) Blaik, now at West Point. While Blackman was winning a championship at Denver in 1954, Dartmouth was enduring its fifth successive losing season under DeOrmond (Tuss) McLaughry, one of the deans of the coaching profession. Alumni were no longer hustling up players. Student interest in football had become tepid.

When McLaughry bowed out under pressure after that dispiriting 1954 campaign, Blackman's name was only one of many on a long list of possible successors drawn up by athletic director Robert (Red) Rolfe, the former New York Yankee third baseman and Detroit Tiger manager. The final choice rested with Rolfe and the nine members of the college athletic council, which is composed of three students, three faculty representatives and three alumni.

One outsider whose advice was solicited was Paul Brown, celebrated coach of pro football's Cleveland Browns. Paul's son, Mike, was slated to be the No. 1 Dartmouth quarterback in 1955, and the father had a personal as well as a professional interest in seeing the school get the most capable coach available.

A number of the candidates, including Bob Blackman, were asked to submit sample movies of their games. The films were shipped to Brown for study. Back from Cleveland came this report: "The smartest, sharpest, best-drilled team I saw were in these pictures (labeled Denver)."

This obviously didn't hurt the chances of Blackman. He came to Dartmouth for interviews—the first time he had ever set foot in New England. Bob made a good personal impression and was hired.

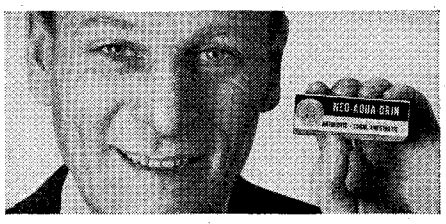
Blackman brought in his set of young assistants from Denver—Wilbur Volz to tutor the backs, Jackie Musick to handle the line, and Earl Hamilton to coach the freshman squad. He even took along his secretary to handle the paper work, which, under Blackman, is voluminous.

For example, he carries the off-season study of game movies to a point matched by few other coaches. Each game is plotted on special charts to show the movements of all twenty-two men on every play. Such a task for one game involves six weeks of work by an assistant coach.

This fetish for paper work is poohpoohed by an older coach such as Buff Donelli, of Columbia, who says he went

WET FEET

SORE THROAT



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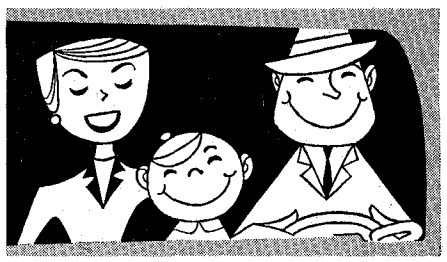

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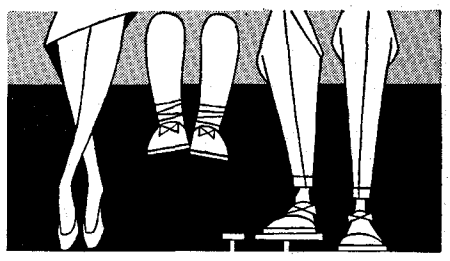

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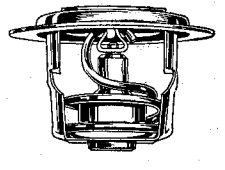

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through the same phase once himself. "All it does," Donelli declares, "is substantiate what your coaches think anyhow."

However, it is hard to knock Blackman's results. Eastern observers have been amazed by the multiplicity of offenses and defenses he has installed at Dartmouth despite the handicap of no spring practice.

"Maybe they don't have spring practice," said Fritz Barzilauskas—who may or may not have been kidding—after scouting a Dartmouth game for Yale, "but they must play an awful lot of touch football up there. Or else he's got 'em out secretly at three o'clock in the morning."

Barzilauskas had seen Blackman's team use everything from four-man to eight-man lines on defense. On offense, Dartmouth had varied its V-formation with flankers, slot backs, men in motion and spreads.

For his first Ivy League season in 1955 Blackman had only twenty days of practice to indoctrinate his squad. Still his boys made trouble for opponents from the start. After coming close in each of their first four games, they won three of the next four. In the wind-up against Princeton's league champions, Dartmouth carried a 3–0 lead into the fourth quarter before succumbing, 6–3.

In 1956 Blackman had Dartmouth in the winning column with a five-three-one record, climaxed by a 19–0 victory over Princeton. Last season his team came up to the Princeton finale unbeaten—the Big Green had been tied once by Yale. A win or even a tie would give Dartmouth the Ivy championship.

At kickoff time snow was beginning to fall. There was no snow in most of the metropolitan New York-New Jersey area that day, but Princeton's Palmer Stadium was engulfed in a blizzard of soggy flakes that hampered vision and made the ball treacherous to handle.

Princeton got three early touchdowns, one of them when a Dartmouth defensive halfback lost his footing as he faded to cover a Princeton pass receiver. Dartmouth got back in the ball game with a couple of lightning passes to make the score 20–14 at halftime; but a sixty-yard punt return by Princeton's Dan Sachs in the fourth quarter broke the game open. The final score was 34–14.

Afterward Blackman went into a far corner of the dressing room, buried his head in his hands and sat there for forty-five minutes, silent and unmoving. He couldn't even talk to the high-school football prospects who had been brought in from all over the East to meet him.

Blackman says now, "I kept seeing Fogarty, our center, tears running down his cheeks, heartbroken because this was his last college game. You feel so frustrated at a time like that, wondering if you've let the kids down. Once I sat that way after a game until nine o'clock."

During the winter he was still brooding over the fact that Dartmouth had outgained Princeton from scrimmage, 266 yards to 238, yet lost by a whopping score. His pride in himself as a defensive technician was piqued by the thirty-four points Princeton had run up.

Dartmouth under Blackman actually employs only a few basic defenses, but with numerous variations. A four-man line is changed to a six, and vice versa, by moving ends and line-backers in and out. Much of this shifting around is done before the snap of the ball. Eddie Erdelatz, of Navy, was applauded by the press for such "jitterbugging" tactics against Army last fall. Blackman has been doing this sort of thing for years.

Another Blackman specialty is the on-side kickoff. Through experimentation he determined that a football at ground level which is kicked just above its center will take three low bounces and then a sharp high one, so that an alert kicking team can move into position to recover it. Dartmouth recovered eight out of eleven onside kickoffs in 1956. Last season, with opponents alerted, Blackman used it more sparingly, but still to good effect. A California high-school team which adopted the Blackman system scored three touchdowns in one game before the other team ever touched the ball. Another convert is Earle Edwards, coach of North Carolina State.

Tactical gimmicks aren't enough to make a winning college team these days. The coach must also keep the playing talent coming in. Blackman has assiduously cultivated the help and support of football-minded Dartmouth alumni. He is always available to address gatherings of alumni, and he has a magnetic effect on them. Round-cheeked and wide-eyed, he turns on a captivating grin and exudes sincerity.

In his pursuit of prospective football players, Blackman was so zealous at Denver that some university authorities were relieved when Dartmouth hired him away. His aggressive recruiting operations had stirred up rumors of unauthorized financial aid—over and above the regulation athletic scholarship—and of pressure being put on the admissions office and even the chancellor to admit boys to the school.

In the Ivy League, of course, they don't talk in terms of recruiting and athletic scholarships. Theoretically, at least, there is no differentiation between athletes and nonathletes. Any deserving student who can meet the high admission standards is eligible for financial assistance on the basis of need.

However, some alumni concentrate their efforts on deserving students who are also good football players. It is not uncommon for Dartmouth coaches to pay personal calls on such boys. Last winter Blackman was so busy directing the talent search that he confessed, "I don't have time even to think football or sit down and diagram a play."

Blackman hasn't solved all his problems at Dartmouth. He says frankly that the boys he had at Denver were tougher and meaner—qualities that don't hurt in a contact game. He believes that the spring-practice ban hurts the caliber of Ivy League play.

"Ivy League football players have just as good physical equipment as any," he says. "You couldn't find a team bigger than Yale last year. But because there's no spring training they don't have the same chance to develop. After four years one of our boys just hasn't played as much football as the kid in the Big Ten."

At Dartmouth this year he has his first full-fledged Blackman squad. All the players were brought in during his regime. Half of last year's twenty-eight lettermen are back. In Bill Gundy, a junior, Dartmouth may have the best quarterback in the league. Captain Al Krutsch at guard has an even greater potential than last year's star lineman, Joe Palermo. Jake Crouthamel, one of the halfbacks, is a hard-nosed product of the Pennsylvania football mills.

Dartmouth was no great shakes at the beginning of this season, beating Lafayette by only 20–0 and Penn by only 13–12. The Green looked better against Brown, rolling up 319 yards by rushing in a 20–0 triumph. At the least, Bob Blackman seemed headed for another year of winning more often than he lost.

Will winning in the Ivy League be enough for Blackman? Or will he prefer to move on to greater sports-page prominence with one of the real big-time football schools, or perhaps with the pros? He was slated to be backfield coach for the Los Angeles Rams in 1953 until the Denver University job came along, and before signing with Dartmouth in 1955 he came close to getting the Rams' head-coaching post.

Many football men have believed that when the time was propitious, Blackman would go back to his alma mater, Southern California, which has been in a decline recently. However, located as it is in the heart of Los Angeles, U.S.C. may no longer seem so attractive to Blackman, now that he has got used to the ample living space at Dartmouth, with its own golf course, its handy ski slopes and its nearby lakes.

More to Blackman's present taste than Southern California would be Stanford, with a campus thirty miles south of San Francisco. When Stanford's Chuck Taylor moved up from football coach to athletic director after last season, Blackman was sounded out about the coaching job. He was told, however, that a definite offer would have to wait until January.

Alerted in the meantime, Dartmouth offered Blackman a new contract that Bob felt was too good to pass up. It included a chance to acquire some choice real estate adjoining the college golf course. Last spring he started building a home there. Significantly, this is the first home the Blackmans have ever built.

So it may be that this supersalesman of football has been permanently sold on the traditions and academic respectability of the Ivy League. However, those who have known him longest are still unwilling to bet on it. THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE NINE LAST DAYS OF THE BISMARCK
A Great True Sea Story
By C. S. FORESTER

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 14
The Poet's Vision
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Auburn's Football Glory
Is it Worth the Price?

DIVORCE III
THE DEPTHS OF SCANDAL
By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

IN COLOR:
DEATH ON THE 8:28
Commuter Train Wreck

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BEARDS STAGE A COMEBACK
Why Whiskers are Sprouting Again

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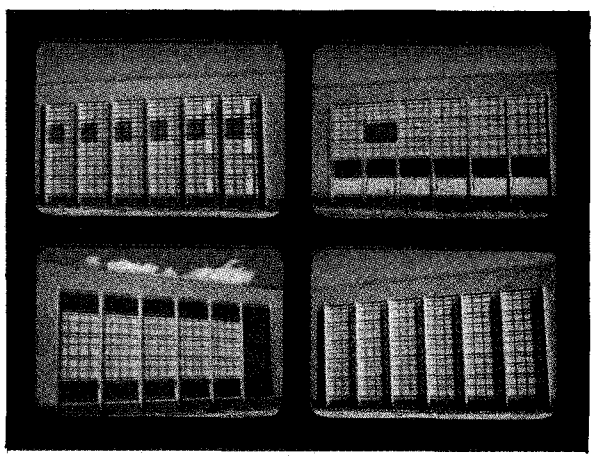

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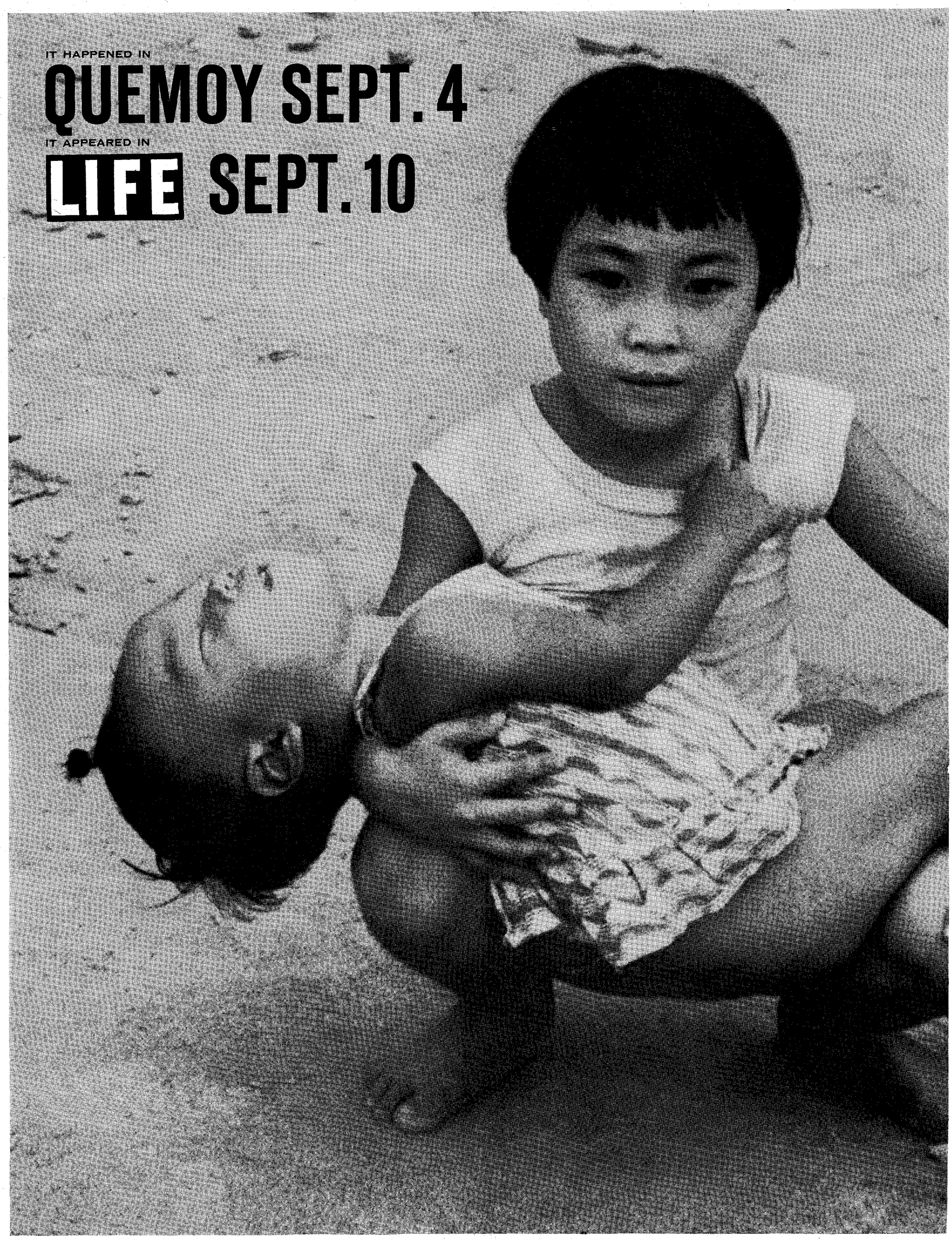

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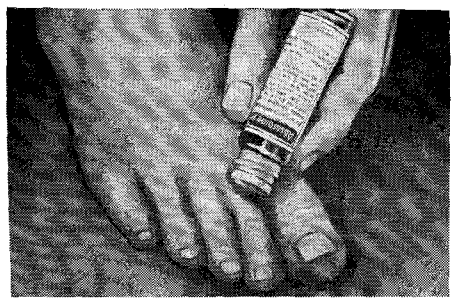

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The Man Who Plays F.D.R.

(Continued from Page 41)

for the play, Ralph Rexford Bellamy, fifty-four, finds himself at the pinnacle of a long and remarkably varied career. It all began forty years ago when he was president of the dramatic club of New Trier High School, Winnetka, Illinois, an institution whose alumni include actors Charlton Heston and Rock Hudson. In a telegram following Sunrise at Campobello's opening, playwright Howard Lindsay called him "the first citizen of the theater"—in part, a reference to Bellamy's long service to Actors' Equity Association, of which he is president.

To some, Bellamy's success was not expected. In the first place, there is nothing about Bellamy to suggest Roosevelt except his height. He is six feet, one and one-half inches tall; F.D.R. was just a shade above that before his polio attack. Of course, close physical resemblance isn't necessary to such casting. Bellamy always had been a good actor, sometimes distinguished—but the Roosevelt part was something else again. When he was announced in the role, some of his friends were uneasy. His enemies, of whom there are a number in Actors' Equity, were sure that he couldn't handle the part.

He surprised the doubters, and part of his success may be credited to his extraordinary efforts in preparing for the part. For one thing, he read all he could find on Roosevelt—but only up to the time represented by the play's ending. He says he didn't want to becloud his thinking with what happened after 1924.

Bellamy had known Roosevelt slightly. During the war, he had dined at the White House on several occasions. He now called on his memory. Then he had long consultations with Mrs. Roosevelt and other members of the family. Ed Murrow lent him tape recordings of Roosevelt speeches, and he played these and other records over and over, noting pronunciation, inflection, points of emphasis, Mr. Roosevelt's idiosyncrasy of stressing consonants, his habit of breaking the rhythm of his delivery. Finally, he went to Alice Hermes, a well-known New York phonetics teacher, to learn how to do these things himself.

He did not try to imitate the late President; as he says, that would have been only a night-club stunt and impossible anyway because of Bellamy's deep and booming voice. Rather, he suggests F.D.R. To the audience, Ralph Bellamy becomes Franklin D. Roosevelt from curtain rise until the play is over.

Long before the play opened, Bellamy was attending classes in physical therapy at the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled, in New York. He learned to crawl, as Roosevelt did, supporting himself by his hands and arms. He watched paraplegics and polio patients until he could hold his legs as limp and dangling as theirs.

From F.D.R.'s doctor, Vice Admiral Ross McIntire, he learned how Roosevelt got out of a wheel chair and walked with crutches, his legs held stiff in the braces.

To prepare himself for all this he went into physical training. In his old-fashioned apartment at the corner of West 57th Street and 7th Avenue in New York, he still does daily pushups and calisthenics to keep himself fit for the physical ordeal of the play. And finally, to perfect the illusion, there is the matter of his shoe soles.

At one point in the play, Bellamy, alone on the stage, tries to walk. He fails (he now wears knee pads to prevent abrasions) and rolls over, with his back to the audience. The soles of his shoes are briefly visible. They are visible for a much longer time when he crawls off the stage backwards in a scene demonstrating Roosevelt's determination to do things for himself. Because the shoe soles are visible, they must appear unused; obviously, they never could have been walked on. Bellamy's dresser, Johnny Long, fixes them with wax and lacquer every night to keep them shiny and unscuffed.

Bellamy has worked in every theatrical spoken medium except burlesque: tent shows, stock, repertories, radio, movies, legitimate stage and TV. He has served as stage carpenter, prop man, scene designer, stage manager, company manager, director, producer. He has played heavies, heroes, characters, old men, juveniles.

Bellamy's start on Broadway was not auspicious. The first play he was in ran only two performances, the second lasted only two weeks. But shortly thereafter, in 1930, Bellamy went to Hollywood under contract to Joseph M. Schenck. Between then and 1943, when he left the Coast to begin all over again in New York, he appeared in eighty-six moving pictures. Since then he has made two more.

Bellamy left Hollywood at the height of a lucrative career in films. He left against the advice of such good friends as Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien and James Cagney. They pointed out that pictures were a sure thing, Broadway a dangerous gamble.

Bellamy shared their views, but he left anyway. For some time he had been hopelessly typed as a "lost-cause actor," the character who is a nice guy, but a bit of a boob, and who never gets the girl. It was the sort of part he played in The Awful Truth, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, perhaps his best-known picture. Because he turned in such a good performance it typed him. His position was made painfully clear one day in the office of the late Mark Hellinger at Warner Brothers. A script was on Hellinger's desk. Bellamy glanced at it and read: "Wealthy oilman from Southwest—able, but simple and naïve. Typical Ralph Bellamy part."

"I realized then," he says, "that for me Hollywood had become just a living, and acting just a chore. It was a good living and a pleasant chore, but it had no meaning at all any more. I had to get out."

In New York he costarred in 1943 with Shirley Booth as the disillusioned professor in Tomorrow the World, his first play after leaving pictures. After producing and directing something called Pretty Little Parlor, he starred as the attractive young Presidential candidate in State of the Union, a Pulitzer Prize winner by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, and followed this with a spectacular success in Sidney Kingsley's Detective Story.

In all three plays his acting was praised by the critics. He won awards for his performances. But producers casting the movie versions passed over him. Fredric March was given his role in Tomorrow the World, Spencer Tracy the one in State of the Union, Kirk Douglas got the part Bellamy had created in Detective Story. To Hollywood he still was a "lost-cause actor," handy to have around, but nobody on whom to build a picture. Bellamy was still no box-office draw.

There is no doubt that Hollywood's judgment vexed him a little. But the plays gave him confidence in his ability to play a variety of parts. He had done what he had set out to do when he left Hollywood and a soft living. He was on his way.

Television brought him mass popularity. He free-lanced around—Kraft Theater, Playhouse 90, Studio One—and became famous as Mike Barnett, a private detective. For five years he was seen weekly in the series, Man Against Crime.

Because of his TV success and his triumph in Sunrise at Campobello, Bellamy is today a national box-office draw. His tall, broad-shouldered figure and his rather boyish face are familiar to millions. It is almost certain that Bellamy will play Franklin Roosevelt in the movies, provided he is not too old by that time. If Sunrise at Campobello runs as long as experts predict, he will be fifty-seven before the picture can be made and, as he says, "not very suitable for the closeups." Roosevelt was thirty-nine when he was stricken.

But this detail hardly concerns him. His satisfaction over his present situation is enormous. For him Sunrise at Campobello is a kind of end and beginning. The experience of forty years is discernible in his portrayal. A man who never took an acting lesson in his life, who never had a voice or speech lesson until preparing for the Roosevelt role, he has learned by trial and error.

Nobody in the Bellamy family ever had been on the stage. There was no tradition. Ralph, eldest of three children, was born on Chicago's south side, near the university, on June 17, 1904. He was the son of Charles Rexford Bellamy, an advertising man who was a distant cousin of Edward Bellamy, author of the famous Utopian fantasy, Looking Backward, and of Eben E. Rexford, who wrote the old sob-song, Silver Threads Among the Gold.

Ralph's decision to become an actor came suddenly one evening when he was walking home with Harlan Ware, the writer, who was his schoolmate at New Trier. "We had been to a lecture by Mrs. Forbes Robertson Hale, the British actress," says Ware. "She was inspiring. It was a winter's night and I remember we walked home in the snow and Ralph said, 'I'm going to be a star on Broadway.' It was as simple as that."

He acted wherever and whenever he could, although he knew nothing about the job. His make-up was clumsy, often ludicrous. But he was never embarrassed at all. Self-possession is the trait of a naïve man, perhaps, and most of his friends agree that Bellamy is as naïve and determined today as when he started out to become a Broadway star.

"Once his mind is made up," says his wife, the (*Continued on Page 121*)

Thin Edge of Autumn

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

One golden leaf on a twig is clinging.
Unspoiled, unspotted, it steals the sun
All for itself where no bird is singing
On the smooth brown bough with no leaf but one.

Indifferent, cool to loneliness, flicking
Its brittle light at the gathering frown
That threatens winter, its point is pricking
Sharp-edged at my thoughts as the year rolls down.

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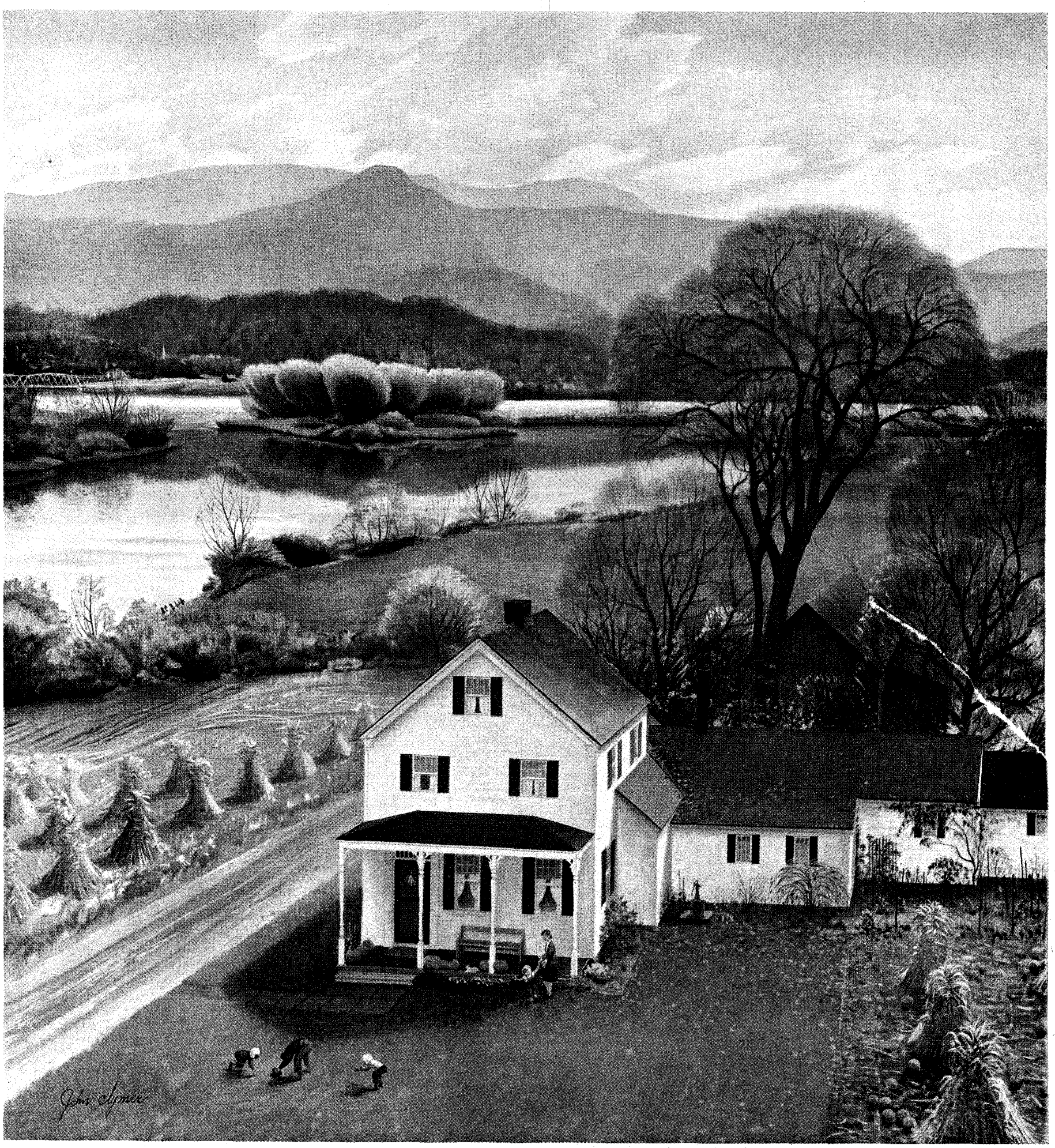

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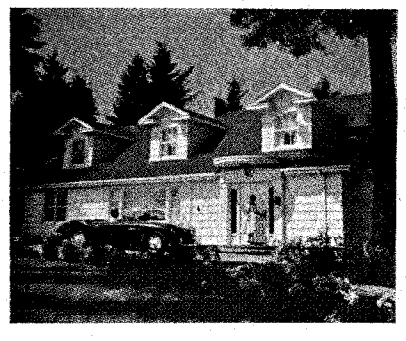

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(*Continued from Page 118*) former Alice Murphy, "that's it. He'll do it even if it kills him, and sometimes it almost has. Take his cooking, for instance. He likes to cook, and thinks he's a good one." Others have entertained different opinions. Alice marks the time he set the kitchen on fire and almost burned up the place. "But he continues to cook," she adds, "and I admit he's getting better."

There is his painting. Several years ago Bellamy was asked to submit a painting for a charity exhibition, the picture to be published later in a magazine. He had never painted in his life; still, he agreed to do so. He went to his friend Fred Zimmerman, bass player in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, who is a fine painter, and took one lesson. Then he went home, shut off the phone, locked himself in the storeroom of his apartment, which has north light, and worked. He spattered paint all over himself, so he stripped down and wrapped himself in a sheet.

And thus he sat for ten days, with time out only for eating and sleeping—daubing away. He painted no fewer than thirteen pictures. The best of these, a Southwestern scene of mesas, buttes and desert, painted from memory—he loved the desert when he lived in Southern California—went to the exhibition. It fetched a fine price. He still paints.

Bellamy's single-mindedness is well known, and it has exasperated many people. He has backed out of prospective productions for reasons that, to some, seemed picayune. In one case it had something to do with the director; in another he objected to the person with whom he was supposed to costar; in still another he walked away when changes he wanted in the script were not made.

On one occasion, at least, his abrupt reversal could have hurt him professionally. A major network had been two years in preparation of a TV program tailored for Bellamy. Ralph was in on the preparation. He was to star in the series and participate in the profits. Negotiations with sponsors had begun. But shortly after the tryouts for Sunrise at Campobello, he rejected the deal. The heat this engendered has not entirely subsided even now.

Yet none of these decisions was due to temperament, as the word ordinarily is used. In the cases of the plays, Bellamy believed that what he objected to would make for bad production; as for the TV series, its concept had been changed, in his opinion, for the worse. Inasmuch as he would have had to play the strenuous Roosevelt role and do the television show at the same time—and because Sunrise at Campobello was something he had been waiting for all his life—he says he had no choice.

Bellamy's lack of temperament is as well known as his single-mindedness. Missed cues leave him, outwardly, at least, unruffled. In the penultimate scene in Sunrise at Campobello, James Roosevelt, played by James Bonnett, prepares his father for the ten steps to the rostrum by helping him put on his braces. The setting is an anteroom in Madison Square Garden. The moment is vital in the play's action.

One night Bonnett was absent from the scene, having forgotten his cue. Henry Jones, who plays Louis McHenry Howe, covered by doing Bonnett's job, with Bellamy ad-libbing about his missing "son." Afterward, Bonnett came to Bellamy's dressing room with apologies and self-recriminations, wondering what was in store for him. "He told me two things," says Bonnett. "The first was, 'Never mind, it happens to the best of us.' Then he said, 'It's worse for you than for anybody else.' "

Recalling the incident, Bellamy says, "Well, you ought to learn something in forty years." He certainly had plenty of chances. There were scores of times when things went wrong, such as the occasion when he played the lover in Elinor Glyn's ancient drama of purple passion, Three Weeks. The town was Evansville, Indiana. Bellamy, all gussied up in Windsor tie, yachting jacket, white flannels and patent-leather shoes, was climbing the rose trellis for his amorous rendezvous with the Queen of Sardalia. But the stagehands had neglected to secure the trellis. When Ralph was halfway up, it toppled over backward with him clinging to it. He emerged from the wreckage covered with paper roses, still reciting his absurdly melodramatic lines.

"The guy is so normal," says one of his old friends, "he's almost colorless." Even his turbulent private affairs have been little noticed. He has had four wives. Three marriages ended in divorce, but in no case did his troubles make sensational news. Bellamy and his present wife, Alice, have been married almost nine years. He has two children: a married daughter, Lynn—child of his first marriage—and an adopted son, Willard.

With Bellamy's lack of temperament goes an idealism that is probably part of his naïveté. He thinks people—almost all people—are all right. This attitude helps to explain his extraordinary success as president of Actors' Equity Association. He trusts people; most people trust him.

Bellamy is a very active president, the only one in Equity's forty-six-year history elected to serve three terms. He consented to run for his third term only after a petition drafted him. During his tenure—the terms are for three years—he has brought about the merger of Actors' Equity with Chorus Equity, which is composed of singers and dancers; extended the union to Canada; acquired fringe benefits such as hospitalization and insurance for players; negotiated new standards for agreements with agents and producers; improved rehearsal pay and conditions; put Actors' Equity into new and better quarters; doubled the union's financial assets.

Bellamy engineered the sale of the old Equity Building on West 47th Street for $115,000 cash, then bought a newer building just off Times Square for $340,000. Meanwhile, he had invested the union's $600,000 cash reserve in stocks. With profit from the sale of the stock and money from the sale of the old building, the new quarters were paid for outright. Actors' Equity today has $1,500,000 in assets—more than twice what it had when Bellamy first became president.

In order to portray the crippled Franklin D. Roosevelt, in Sunrise at Campobello, Ralph Bellamy (center) attended classes with real paraplegics.

In this sequence, Bellamy shows F.D.R.'s agonizing attempt to walk. At the climax of the scene, the script requires the actor, 54, to fall flat on his face.

Although he never has made the fantastic sums attributed to other movie and TV players, Bellamy is a good businessman. Generous in private dealings, he can be curiously stubborn in business negotiations. Howard Lindsay, who with Russel Crouse produced Detective Story, says that Ralph fought them for weeks over a matter of nine dollars a performance. Bellamy's contract gave him a percentage of the play's gross. The sum was to be reduced a little when Lindsay and Crouse proposed to remove a few seats from which the performance could not be seen. Bellamy contended that his agreement antedated this arrangement, and demanded that he be paid his percentage of the price of the removed seats.

The argument was lively. It was settled when, in order to get time to make his Friday-night appearances in the Man Against Crime TV series, Bellamy asked Lindsay and Crouse to hold the curtain on those evenings until almost nine o'clock. They agreed—on condition that he waive his claim to his percentage of the disputed seats. Bellamy had to give in.

But such high jinks are rare, since Bellamy is ordinarily gentle and reasonable. He has never had a fist fight; the one time he slugged an actor he didn't mean to. He and Cagney were in a picture that called for fisticuffs, but Ralph didn't know how to throw a punch. "I assured him," says Cagney, "that all he had to do was to aim directly at my chin. I would do the rest." Cagney meant to draw back at the proper moment. "What I did not reckon with was the length of his arm."

It was a mistake. Bellamy has always been an active man. Once a better-than-average tennis player, he was able to give such competitors as Don Budge, Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines interesting exercise. He is a deep-sea fisherman and an enthusiastic hunter. As a result, he is hard-muscled even now, at fifty-four. He was even stronger when he played in the picture with Cagney. He put his 180 pounds behind a straight right. He hit Cagney square on the chin, broke two molars and almost knocked him cold.

"He would not be consoled," Jimmy says. "He had marked a good friend for life. When the director ordered a retake, he refused to do it, and the scene went as played. He wouldn't take another chance on hurting me."

The fight in Sunrise at Campobello, that of a man struggling for victory over handicaps to body and soul, is more to Ralph's taste. One of his greatest satisfactions came when the play tried out in Philadelphia. A man crippled by polio attended the performance in his wheel chair. After it was over he remained in the back of the theater until everyone else had left. The ushers asked if he wanted anything. "No," he said, "except I'd like to stay a little while longer. I'd like to try to take ten steps too."

The ushers waited. "They came back to my dressing room with tears in their eyes," says Bellamy. "The cripple actually had taken his ten steps. They said he afterward wheeled himself out of the theater with a grin on his face."

THE END

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The Ugly American (Continued from Page 51)

He was the only man in the room without a necktie. Wearing khaki shirt and pants and old marine field boots, Homer Atkins still had the smell of the jungle about him; the other men, Vietnamese, French or American, all smelled of aftershave lotion. Homer sighed and lifted his head.

"All right, gentlemen, I'm going to say it once more," he said. "The United States asked me to come here to give you advice on building dams and military roads. You know what I am; I'm a heavy-construction man; earth moving, concrete, road building—that sort of thing. Now I've been in Vietnam for ten months, and I've walked all over this country from Phan Rang to Van Gia, and back into the hills to Kontum. I've talked to a thousand people. I've surveyed damsites and airstrips and routes for military hardtop roads."

A tall, slender Vietnamese interrupted. He spoke English with a French accent, and Atkins supposed that he had been educated at the Sorbonne. Even with the accent, his English was better than Atkins'.

"Mr. Atkins, we are grateful to you for coming here to help us," the Vietnamese said gently. "Your government has been generous. You have been generous. Now we would like your recommendations as to where the roads and dams should be built."

"I went over all that in the report," Atkins said. "Didn't you read it?"

"Yes, Mr. Atkins, we all read it," a middle-aged Frenchman said. "But it didn't tell us where the roads and dams should go."

"Because you don't need dams and roads," Atkins said. "Maybe later, but right now you need to concentrate on things that your own people can manufacture and use. I can tell you that your people need other things besides military roads. You ever hear of a food shortage being solved by someone building a military highway designed to carry tanks?"

The Vietnamese whispered rapidly to the Frenchman. Then, "Mr. Atkins, I think the decision about whether we need dams and highways is a political decision which we must make for ourselves. Do I gather that you do not intend to recommend the building of any dams or highways in Vietnam?"

"Look, mister, I don't know how often you get out of Saigon and into the countryside, but you better go take a look at things," Atkins answered evenly.

Mr. Josiah Gordon, the representative from the American Embassy, was beginning to redden, but Atkins didn't care.

"You want big factories," he went on. "You want big T.V.A.'s scattered all over the countryside. That takes skilled workmen, and mines, and lots of money and a lot of people who are production-minded. That's why I recommended in my report that you start small. Hell, we could build dams and roads for you, but you don't have the skill or capacity or need for them now."

"Mr. Atkins, I think that's a political decision which goes beyond your province," Josiah Gordon cut in quickly. It was plain he wanted to get the meeting over with. "We'll let your report stand and discuss it on a higher level."

"O.K., O.K. But have any of you birds been out in the boondocks?" Atkins asked stubbornly. "Don't tell me about national aspirations. Just answer me: Have you been out in the boondocks?"

A tall American stood up in the back. "Mr. Atkins, my name is Gilbert MacWhite, and I'm not a participant, just a visitor from my post in a neighboring country, Sarkhan. But I should like to know what you recommended in your report."

Gordon cut in, "Ambassador MacWhite, I don't think we should take the time of these other gentlemen to go over this again." He was caught between the antagonism of the French and Vietnamese and his respect for MacWhite.

"It won't take long," Atkins said. "I told them the first step was to start things that the Vietnamese can do themselves. Then they can go on to the big things as they pick up skills."

"What should they start with?" MacWhite asked.

"First, like a brick factory. Cheap to start, easy to run, and it would give them building materials. Second, stone quarries back in the hills."

"Mr. Atkins," the Frenchman said, "a French firm has a concession to handle the production of building materials in this country. If everyone started forming brick and quarry companies, it would ruin our relationship."

"That's your problem, not mine," said Atkins. . . . "Third, someone ought to set up a model canning plant. The country people catch fish and raise vegetables, but they spoil before they can be brought to town. Small, cheap canning plants in about twenty towns would help out. Fourth, the coastal land from Qui Nhon to Phan Rang is too acid to grow anything. But right back of it, just over the hills, is a long strip of rich land. Why not run little finger roads back through the jungle, so the coastal people can get to the good land? Couple of bulldozers could rip out the roads and that would be it."

"Now listen, Mr. Atkins, we didn't bring you out here as an agricultural expert," Josiah Gordon said, his bureaucratic sense of responsibility offended. "We already have lots of agricultural experts here."

"Well, tell 'em to get off their tails and out into the boondocks then," Atkins said. He was looking at MacWhite. This was the first man who had listened to him in a long time.

"Ambassador MacWhite, I must insist that we terminate this meeting," Mr. Gordon said. "I am aware of Mr. Atkins' personal reputation in the States, but this is most improper—an engineer giving advice on farming."

"And on military requirements!" the Frenchman added.

"Look, ambassador, I could tell you a lot more, but first I have something to say to him," and Atkins pointed a finger at the Frenchman. "You've got lots of military experts around here. You've got American planes and tanks and guns. But let me tell you something that you don't know. Ho Chi Minh had his Communists build a narrow secret road right from the Chinese border, through the jungle the entire length of Vietnam, almost to Saigon. You didn't know that. But that's how he got supplies through to Dienbienphu. And the next time he moves he'll be using that road to run supplies down to take Saigon."

The Frenchmen were on their feet, and the Vietnamese were fluttering in the room like frightened birds. Two French colonels were shouting loudly. It was impossible to build a secret road through the jungle. Impossible!

Atkins stood up, and there was a sudden silence. He said just one word—"Nuts!" Then he left.

When he was halfway down the hall, he heard footsteps behind him. A hand fell on his shoulder. It was MacWhite.

"Mr. Atkins, I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes," MacWhite said. "I thought that stuff you outlined was sound. Let me buy you a drink."

Ten minutes later they were sitting in a café, drinking beer. "Was that true about Minh's road down from China to Saigon?" MacWhite asked.

"Damned right it's true. I saw it. It's not a wide road, and it's cut so that the overhang of the trees conceals it from the air. But it's big enough so that Communists can trot supplies down it. The native that showed it to me said that during the fight for Dienbienphu, part of that road was solid with two lines of Communists, one line delivering supplies, the other trotting back for more."

"Why didn't anyone tell the French?"

"Viets hate 'em, mister. Even the anti-Communists hate the French."

"Mr. Atkins, if I could get you reassigned to Sarkhan, would you come?" MacWhite asked. "I know you've got plenty to keep you busy back in the States. But I think you could help me, and I'd give you a free hand. You could live in the boondocks if you wanted."

"What kind of problems are you having?" Atkins asked suspiciously.

"Sarkhan is different from Vietnam," MacWhite said. "For example, it's very hilly and they have a hard time getting water from the rivers up to the hillside paddies. They use the old dip lifts which raise only a few hundred gallons a day. Maybe you could work on that."

"Maybe, maybe," Atkins said, and his face puckered in thought. He brought out a pencil and began to sketch in a pocket notebook. A pump began to appear. It was a surprisingly beautiful sketch. MacWhite said nothing, knowing when to wait. He ordered more beer.

"Well, that might be interesting," Atkins said after a long silence. "But if I got a good design I would want it to be used. I've had enough of these French. Every time they bring anything into a country there has to be a trade agreement and a patent and a royalty. The result is that no one can afford their things."

"You'd be the boss," MacWhite said.

"Now, not so fast," Atkins said, "I'm not sure I can lick the problem. These things take time." But he was looking back at his sketch, crossing out lines and adding new ones.

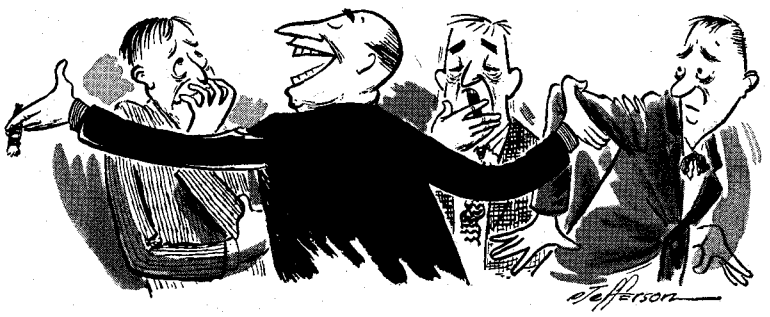
Two weeks later Atkins and his wife arrived in Sarkhan by plane. Emma, a stout woman with freckles across her nose, was in her way quite as homely as her husband. She was hopelessly in love with Atkins, but had never been able to tell him why.

They took a small cottage in a suburb of Haidho. They were the only westerners in the community. Their house had pressed-earth floors, one spigot of cold water, a charcoal fire, two comfortable hammocks and a horde of small, harmless insects.

Emma Atkins enjoyed herself in Sarkhan. She learned enough of the language so that she could discuss with neighbors the best places to buy chicken, ducks and fresh vegetables, and she learned how to prepare fluffy rice seasoned with saffron.

Homer Atkins kept busy with his plans for a man-powered pump. In the hilly sections water was usually raised from one terraced paddy to another in a pail attached to a long pole. One man would lower the pail and swing it up to the next terrace, where another man would empty it. It was a laborious process, but the Sarkhanese had used it for generations and saw no reason to change. Atkins decided that there was no sense in trying to talk them out of an inefficient method unless he could offer something better.

A simple pump needed three things. First, it needed cheap and readily available piping. Atkins decided that the pipes could be made out of bamboo, which was abundant. Second, he wanted a cheap but efficient pump mechanism. This took some finding, but in the end Atkins succeeded. Outside many Sarkhanese villages were piled the remains of jeeps discarded by the military. Atkins took pistons from a jeep engine and replaced the steel rings (*Continued on Page 124*)



The Perfect Squelch

Lawyer Tom loved the sound of his own voice. It was a rich, sonorous baritone, pleasing to the ear—but only for so long. Unfortunately, Tom had a knack of turning conversations into monologues. After a luncheon one day, he held three guests captive at some length. Minutes passed, then quarter-hours. Tom's torrent of words flowed on. The guests glanced at one another, at their watches, at Tom. He showed no sign of ceasing.

Finally, one of them, after a preliminary "ahem," asked politely:

"Do you think you could tell me—very briefly—what time it is?"

David W. Wright

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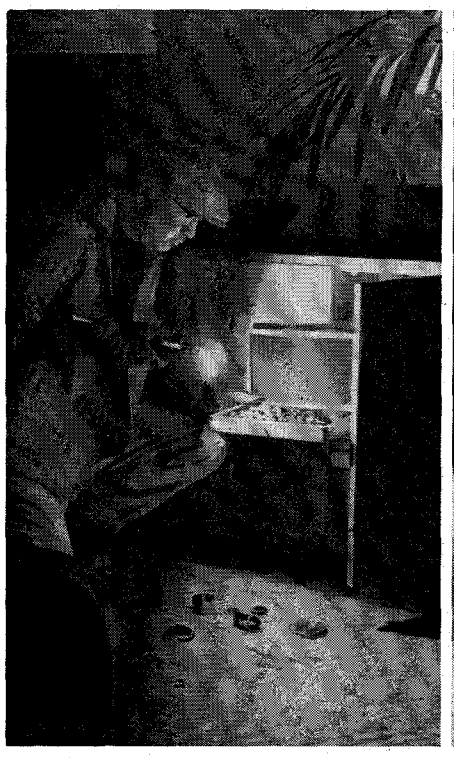

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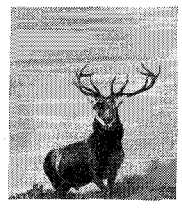

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(Continued from Page 122) with bands of felt to make a piston for his pump. He then cut the four-cylinder engine block in two. One cylinder in each section he used as a suction chamber; the other became a discharge chamber. With a simple mechanical linkage, the piston could be agitated up and down, and it would suck water as high as thirty feet.

The final problem, which Atkins could not readily solve, was the question of what power could be applied to the linkage. In the end Emma gave him the answer.

"Why don't you just send off to the States for a lot of hand pumps like they use on those little cars men run up and down the railroads?" she asked one day.

"Now, look, it's got to be something they use out here," Atkins said. "It's no good if I go spending a hundred thousand dollars bringing in something."

"Why, Homer," Emma said, "with all that money you've got in the bank in Pittsburgh, why don't you give some of it to these nice Sarkhanese?"

Atkins looked up sharply, but saw at once that she was teasing him. He grunted. "You know why. If the pump is going to work at all, it has to be their pump, not mine."

Emma smiled fondly at Homer Atkins and glanced out the window. As usual, a group of Sarkhanese on bicycles were moving toward the market places at Haidho. She spun around, excitement in her eyes.

"Why don't you use bicycles? There are millions of them in this country and they must wear out. Maybe you could use the drive mechanism of an old bicycle to move the pump."

Atkins slapped his hand against his knee.

"I think you've got it," he said. "We could take the wheels off an old bike, link the chain to a large reduction gear, and drive the piston with an eccentric."

He began to pace around the room. Emma, a smile on her face, returned to her charcoal fire and its pot of chicken. In a few moments she heard the rustle of paper; Atkins was bent over his drawing board. Two hours later he went to a foot locker, took out a half-dozen bottles of beer and brought them to his work table. By dinner time he had drunk all the beer and was whistling softly. When Emma announced that dinner was ready, he swung around excitedly.

"Look, baby, I think I've got it," he said and began to explain rapidly, interrupting himself to make quick calculations on a piece of paper. When she finally got him to sit down, he ate so fast that the chicken gravy ran down his chin. Emma Atkins watched her husband fondly. She was proud of him and happy when he was happy.

"All that beer, Homer Atkins!" she said. "You'll get drunk. And then you'll forget that it was my idea about the bicycle."

"Your idea!" he yelled in mock astonishment. "I was thinking about that all along. You just reminded me of it."

Two days later Atkins had a working model. What he had to do now was to get a couple of pumps in operation to see how they worked. At this point Emma Atkins demonstrated her diplomatic skills.

"Now look, Homer," she said. "You've got a good machine there, but you won't get the Sarkhanese to start using it right away. Remember the awful time you had getting trade-unions in America to accept earth-moving equipment? These people here are no different. If you jam the machine down their throats, they'll never use it."

"All right, Mrs. Foster Dulles, you tell me what to do," Atkins said. "How should I approach the Sarkhanese?"

Emma explained her plan to Homer. It was a beautiful plan, and he wished that some of the stuffed shirts in the embassy could hear his wife talking.

The next day, to put into effect Emma Atkins' strategy, he drove in his jeep to the tiny village of Chang 'dong. This was a community of about one hundred people living in eighteen houses, set on a steep hill sixty miles outside of Haidho. The soil there was rich, but the back-breaking, time-consuming process of lifting water up seven or eight levels had kept Chang 'dong a poor village.

Atkins talked to the headman, a venerable fellow of seventy-five, without an interpreter. It was not easy, but the headman was pleased that Atkins was making the effort to speak his language. With infinite courtesy the old man sensed what words Atkins was searching for and politely supplied them.

"He seems to have something on his conscience."

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Atkins explained that he was an American and an inventor. He had an idea for a pump to lift water. He wanted to develop this pump and sell it at a profit. Could the headman find a Sarkhanese worker with mechanical skill? Atkins said he would pay well for this man's work, and if he was able to help with the pump, he would become half owner of the patent.

The old man nodded gravely. They then began a delicate negotiation over the matter of how much the native mechanic should be paid. To Atkins, it was just like negotiating with a union organizer in the States. In the end he got the services of a mechanic for a price which he knew was just slightly higher than the going rate. Both the headman and Atkins were satisfied. They shook hands, and the headman left to bring in the mechanic. Atkins reached in his shirt pocket, took out a cigar and lit it with pleasure. This, he thought, would be fun.

The headman returned with a small, heavily muscled man whom he introduced as Jeepo. It was not a native name; he was called Jeepo because of his reputation as a famous mechanic in the repair of jeeps. Atkins studied Jeepo, and he liked what he saw.

Jeepo's fingernails were dirty, and his hands, like Atkins', were covered with little scars. Atkins felt that in the mechanic's world of bolts and nuts, pistons and leathers and good black grease, he and Jeepo would understand each other. And Jeepo was ugly. He was ugly in a rowdy, bruised, carefree way that pleased Atkins. The two men smiled.

"The headman says you are a good mechanic," Atkins said, "an expert on repairing jeeps. But I must have a man who is expert at other things too. Have you ever worked on anything besides jeeps?"

Jeepo smiled and said, "I've worked on winches, pumps, Citröens, American and French tanks, windmills, bicycles, the toilets of wealthy white people, and a few airplanes."

"Did you understand everything that you were working on?" Atkins asked.

"Who understands everything that he works on?" Jeepo said. "I feel that I can work with anything that is mechanical. Try me."

"We'll start this afternoon," Atkins said. "In my jeep outside is a heap of equipment. We'll unload it and start at once."

By the middle of the afternoon they had assembled most of Atkins' equipment on the edge of a paddy on the second level of the village of Chang 'dong. Twenty-five feet of bamboo pipe had been fastened together. The bottom of the pipe was submerged in the river that flowed by the village; the top was fitted by a rubber gasket to the crude pump which Atkins had designed. Above the pump was the frame of a used bicycle with its wheels removed. Jeepo had assembled the parts. Atkins had made one attempt to help, but Jeepo had asked to go ahead on his own, evidently to demonstrate his virtuosity.

Atkins squatted in the mud, waiting for Jeepo to finish. The headman and two of the village elders were squatting beside him. Although they appeared to be calm, Atkins knew that they were excited. They understood perfectly what the machine was intended for; they were not sure it would work.

"Sir, the machine is ready," Jeepo finally said. "I'd be pleased to test it."

Atkins nodded. Jeepo climbed aboard the bicycle and began to pedal slowly. The chain drive of the bicycle whined, and the crude pipes made sucking noises. For several seconds there was no other sound. Then suddenly from the outflow end of the pump, a jet of dirty brown water gushed forth. The headman and the other elders exclaimed about the size of the stream of water that was being lifted to the second rice terrace.

"This is a good machine," the headman said to Atkins. "In a few minutes you have lifted more water than we could lift by our old methods in five hours of work."

Atkins did not reply. He was waiting to see how Jeepo reacted. He sensed that Jeepo was not entirely convinced.

Jeepo continued to pedal. He noted some minor adjustments that had to be made to the machinery and called them out to Atkins. When the paddy was full of water he swung out of the bicycle seat.

"It is a clever machine, Mr. Atkins," Jeepo said quietly. "But it will not be a sensible machine for this country."

"Why not?" Atkins asked.

"A man would have to have a second bicycle," Jeepo said. "In this country, Mr. Atkins, very few people can afford two bicycles. Unless you can find another way to drive the pump, or unless your government is prepared to give us thousands of bicycles, your clever device is a waste of time."

Atkins felt a flush of anger. It was a hard thing to be criticized so bluntly. For a hot, short moment, he calculated how many bicycles his three million dollars would buy; then he put the thought aside.

"What happens to old bicycles in this country?" he asked. "Aren't there enough of them to power the pumps?"

"There are no discarded bicycles in Sarkhan," Jeepo said. "We ride bicycles until they are (*Continued on Page 127*)

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(*Continued from Page 125*) worn out. When a man throws his bicycle away, it's too old to be used for one of these pumps."

For a moment the ugly American faced the ugly Sarkhanese. At last Atkins grinned at Jeepo; then said, "All right, Jeepo, you say you're an expert mechanic. What would you do?"

Jeepo squatted in the shallow rice field, his khaki shorts resting in three inches of mud, and stared fixedly at the improbable machine. For ten minutes he said nothing. Then he turned the pedal and held his finger over the rear-drive sprocket of the wheel as if to test its strength.

The headman spoke in a sharp voice to the village elders. He was embarrassed by Jeepo's arrogance, and he was saying that the entire village of Chang 'dong would lose face by this ridiculous performance. Jeepo's ears became slightly red, but he did not turn his head or acknowledge that he heard the headman.

Atkins felt like laughing. The headman and the elders reminded him of the diplomats to whom he had talked in Saigon. He was sure that Jeepo had an answer for the headman's comments, and he was also sure that it was not a political answer, but technical. Atkins squatted beside Jeepo, and the two men sat quietly on their heels, studying the machine. Atkins was the first to speak.

"Maybe we could make the frame of the bicycle out of wood and then we'd only have to buy the sprocket mechanism."

"But that's the part of the bicycle which is most expensive," Jeepo said.

Atkins walked to the mechanism, turned the pedals rapidly, held his finger on the sprocket gear and looked at Jeepo. Jeepo shook his head. He understood the mechanical question that Atkins had asked, and was giving his answer. Without exchanging a word they demonstrated several ways of making the pump work and discarded them all. Each shake of the head upset the elders profoundly.

It was dusk before they solved the problem, and it was Jeepo who came up with the solution. He suddenly remounted the bicycle, and began to pedal furiously. Water gushed out of the outflow of the pump. Jeepo then started to shout at Atkins in a loud and disrespectful voice in which there was the sound of discovery.

What Jeepo was proposing was the height of simplicity. He suggested that a treadmill be built which could be turned by the rear wheel of an ordinary bicycle fitted into a light bamboo frame. This meant that a family with only one bicycle could put it in the bamboo rack, mount it and pedal. The rear wheel would drive the treadmill, which in turn would drive the pump. When anyone needed to use the bike, he could simply remove it from the rack and ride away.

"This man has made a great discovery," Atkins said solemnly to the headman and the elders. "Without Jeepo's help my idea would have been useless. I propose that we draw up a document giving Jeepo one half of the profits which might come from this invention."

The headman addressed the elders in formal tones. Atkins grasped that they had never heard of a binding legal document between a white man and a Sarkhanese. It became clear to him, also, that the headman meant to drive a hard bargain.

"Do you propose that you and Jeepo will build such pumps?" the headman asked.

"Yes. I would like to enter into business with Jeepo. We will open a shop to build this kind of pump and sell it to whoever will buy. If the customer does not have the money, we will let him pay over a three-year period. Jeepo will be foreman of the shop. But he must work as hard as I do."

One of the elders pointed out that it was unlikely that a white man would work as hard as Jeepo. He had never seen a white man work with his hands, and what guarantee could they have that Atkins would do so? Another elder agreed, saying that this looked like a white man's trick to get cheap labor from a Sarkhanese artisan.

During all of this discussion, Jeepo tinkered with the pump and bicycle mechanism, saying nothing. When the elders had finished talking, he came through the mud of the rice paddy to where the group was talking.

"I have listened to what you foolish old men have been saying," Jeepo said, his voice harsh with anger. "This American is different from other white men. He knows how to work with his hands. He built this machine with his own fingers and his own brain. You people do not understand such things. But men who work with their hands understand one another. Whatever you say, I will enter into business with this man if he will have me."

There was a quick flush on the headman's face. "I think that Jeepo is correct," he said. "This man can be trusted. I will now write up the document which will assure that he and Jeepo share the profits and the work equally."

"And the document should say that neither I nor the American shall patent the idea of the pump," Jeepo said. "We will give the idea to anyone else who can make pumps. But on the ones we make, we deserve the profit. That is the way of workingmen."

Jeepo looked at Atkins. Atkins was pleased, and he nodded.

"Also, when we have sold some pumps, we will print little books that will show others how to do it," Atkins said. "We will send books around all of Sarkhan, and the village of Chang 'dong will become famous for its mechanical skills."

Two days later, Jeepo and Atkins rented an old rice warehouse on the edge of Chang 'dong. They hired twelve workers. Then they drove into Haidho, bought supplies and secondhand tools and carted them back to the warehouse. In a week the plant was in full operation. Over the entrance to the warehouse a small sign in Sarkhanese script said: "The Jeepo-Atkins Company, Limited."

The warehouse was a scene of frantic effort. Jeepo and Atkins worked eighteen to twenty hours a day. They trained the Sarkhanese; they installed a small forge which glowed red-hot most of the day; they tested materials; they hammered; they swore, and several times a day they lost their tempers and shouted at each other. Their arguments, for some reason, gave the Sarkhanese workmen a great deal of pleasure, and weeks passed before Atkins realized why—the Sarkhanese had never seen one of their people arguing honestly, and with a chance of success, against a white man.

Emma Atkins did not stay long in the suburb outside of Haidho. Within a week she had moved their belongings to a small house in Chang 'dong. She made huge casseroles of rice and chicken, and every day at noon she and several of the village women brought two of the casseroles to the warehouse; and all of the men ate from them.

Once the counselor of the embassy called at the warehouse. Taking Atkins aside, he pointed out that a white man working with his hands, especially in the countryside, lowered the reputation of all white men. He appealed to Atkins' pride to give up this project.

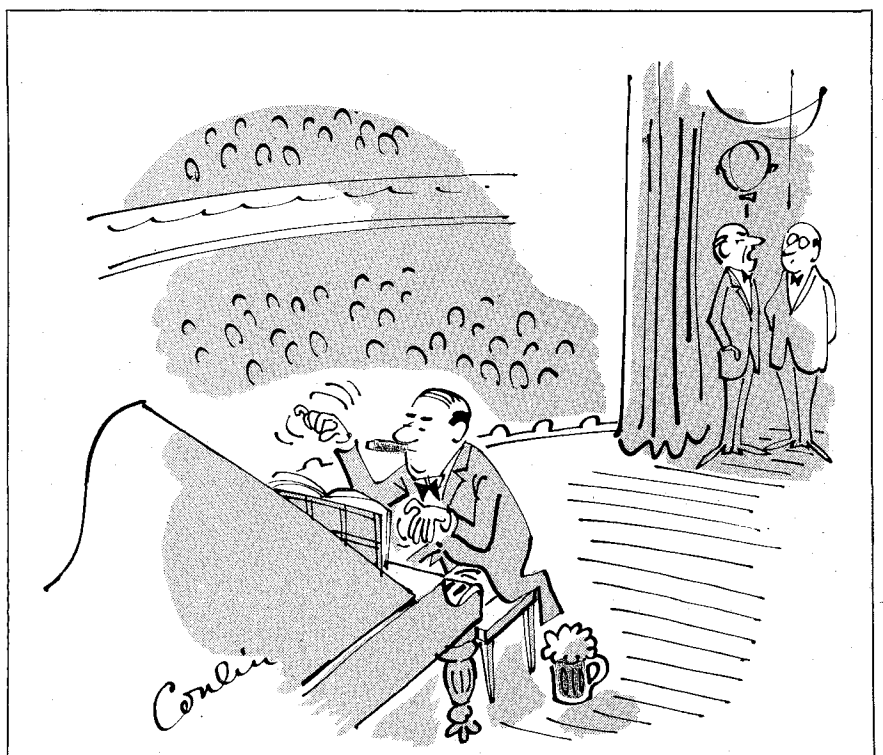
Atkins said, "Ambassador MacWhite is backing me. Take your beef to him."

The counselor drove away in anger.

At the end of six weeks Atkins and Jeepo's crew had manufactured two dozen pumps. When the twenty-fourth pump was finished, Atkins called all of the men together. He and Jeepo faced the group and outlined what had to be done next. Jeepo did most of the talking.

"This is the difficult part," Jeepo said. "You have worked hard to build these pumps; now you must sell them. Our friend Atkins here says that in America one of the best things that can happen to engineers like yourself is to be allowed to sell what they make. So each of you will take two of these pumps as samples, and go out and take orders for more. For each pump that you sell you will get a ten per cent commission."

One of the men interrupted; no one understood what a commission was. There was a confused five minutes while Atkins and Jeepo explained, and when they were finished the men were smiling. They had never heard of such a proposal before, but it struck them as ingenious.



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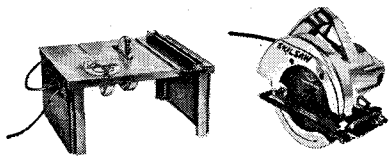

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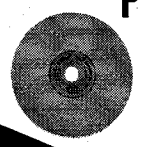

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When the discussion was over, twelve contracts were laid on a table, and each of the Sarkhanese signed a contract between himself and The Jeepo-Atkins Company, Limited.

The next morning twelve oxcarts were lined up outside the warehouse. Two pumps were carefully laid out on beds of straw in each cart. By noon the twelve salesmen had left for all parts of the province.

Now the waiting began. Jeepo, the headman, the elders and everyone else in the village realized that everything rested on the persuasiveness of the engineer-salesmen and the performance of the bicycle-powered pump. If no orders were placed, Atkins would have to leave, and the factory would disappear. The tension grew steadily; when four days had passed and not one of the salesmen had returned, a blanket of gloom settled over the village.

Then, on the morning of the fifth day, one of the salesmen came back. He drove at a speed which, for an oxcart, is rare. The ox stumbled and splashed mud in the air, and the salesman beat the animal with gusto. Everyone in the village came to the warehouse to get the news. When the muddy cart drew to a halt, there was a low murmur. They could all see that the cart was empty. The driver got down from the cart, aware of his importance, and stood before his two employers.

"I have the pleasure to inform you, sirs, that I have done wrong," he began, a grin on his face. "You told me that I should bring back the two samples, but I was unable to do it. I have taken orders for eight pumps. But two of my customers insisted that I deliver the pumps at once. Because their paddies were drying up and the crops were in danger, I sold them the pumps. I hope I have not made a mistake."

There was a deep sigh from the crowd. Jeepo and Atkins stared at each other for a moment and then let out shouts of joy. Jeepo hugged Atkins. Atkins hugged Jeepo, and then Jeepo hugged Mrs. Atkins. Then everyone in the village hugged everyone else. For several hours an improvised party involved the entire village.

The next morning the villagers were up early, but not as early as Atkins and Jeepo. As the people went down to the warehouse, they heard the clank of hammers and wrenches—and the sound of loud voices. They peered into the dim interior of the warehouse and smiled at one another. Atkins and Jeepo were in the midst of a terrible argument over a modification of the pump.

Ambassador MacWhite expected the letter long before it arrived. Someone in Washington had leaked a secret report of his on Vietnam—a report harshly critical of disastrous French policy and American blundering. He had been attacked on the Senate floor, and the next day representatives from the American and foreign news services had descended upon the United States Embassy in Haidho. It had been a grim afternoon. There was nothing for MacWhite to do but defend his views on Vietnam, and this he did to the best of his ability.

Washington was thunderously silent for three weeks. MacWhite knew he would hear something eventually—but when he did, he was surprised. He got a long, handwritten note from the Secretary of State.

Dear Gilbert: As you remember, Gilbert, I was one of those who persuaded you to join the Foreign Service. I have watched your career with great pride. You have always put the security and future of your country ahead of personal benefit. I was pleased when you were given the post at Sarkhan. I have envisaged it as the first of a number of illustrious ambassadorships that you would hold.

I would be less than honest, however, if I did not tell you I have felt grave doubts in the last months. Let me review the record:

1. In your first report you indicated that you had made a bad mistake. You reported that the embassy staff had been infiltrated by Communist agents and suggested that we take steps around the world to prevent this. I defended you on the grounds that your report was a courageous act. A lesser man would have said nothing.

2. You then took a leave of absence. I received complaints from two ambassadors in different Asian countries because you had stepped on their toes. As you know, Gilbert, I have been trying to dissolve the excessive protocol in the Foreign Service, but your adventures around Dienbienphu were somewhat more extravagant than one would think necessary on a trip to gain orientation and background.

3. You requested that George Swift, the deputy chief of your mission, be relieved because of carelessness. Then it appeared this carelessness was a refusal to allow one of our Air Force colonels to read the palm of the king of Sarkhan.

Let me make myself clear, Gilbert. I am not asking for your resignation nor am I suggesting that you leave Sarkhan. But I must have some assurance that your future behavior will conform to what we expect of Foreign Service officers. Please believe me when I tell you that I am using this informal means of communicating with you in an effort to save the Department embarrassment and to aid your career. SECRETARY

MacWhite knew that the Secretary was a man of great courage, deeply religious and profoundly dedicated. He thought a long time before he wrote a reply and decided not to answer the points raised by the Secretary. Each one, he thought, was part of a larger picture. He would make one last effort to tell the Secretary his thoughts on American policy and let the matter rest there. If the Secretary did not agree, MacWhite would resign.

Dear Mr. Secretary: I am most grateful for the frankness of your note to me. I should like to respond in the same vein.

As you might have guessed, nothing in my previous experience has prepared me for the silent desperation with which the battle between the Communist world and our world is being fought here. I was not prepared for the fact that in this area politics is, quite literally, a matter of life and death. I had never been really aware that Lenin's remark, "The road to Paris leads through Peking," also meant that the same road runs through Saigon, Tokyo, Bangkok, Djakarta and even Haidho. But it does.

I do not think that the Russians will ever resort to thermonuclear warfare. They won't have to. They are winning much too easily to run the risk of annihilation by retaliation. As you have said often in your public speeches, we will never be the first to launch the bomb. What this means is that the Russians will win the world by their successes in a multitude of tiny battles. Many of these will be fought around conference tables, in the rice fields of Asia, at village meetings, in schools; but mainly they will take place in the minds of men. Only occasionally will the battles be violent; but the sum of these tiny battles will decide whether our way of life is to perish or to persist.

I apologize for this extravagant language, but there is no other way to say what I feel I must: The United States must either prepare itself to win these many tiny conflicts or go down in defeat.

What are we to do? I am not sure I know the whole picture, but personal experiences have shown me part of the way out of our dreadful dilemma. In my tenure here at Haidho, perhaps three hundred Americans have passed through the embassy in one capacity or another. Only four of them were at all valuable in our struggle against Communism. One of them was an engineer, one an Air Force colonel, one an Army major from Texas, and one a private citizen who manufactures powdered milk. From these few effective men I learned some principles. I suspect that they are applicable in all countries around the world in which the battle is taking place.

The little things we do must be moral acts, done in the interest of the peoples whose friendship we need—not just in the interest of propaganda. The men I mentioned above, men who have sacrificed and labored here, are not sentimental. But they agree with me that our foreign policy will succeed to the extent that it is humane and reasonable. To the extent that it is imperialistic and grandiose, it will fail.

In any case, I am now prepared to ask in all humility that you allow me to do several things in Sarkhan. If you do not see your way clear to permit these actions, I shall regretfully resign from the Foreign Service. If you are able to grant the requests, I think there is a better than even chance that I can save Sarkhan from Communism. If I succeed, perhaps my experience will serve as a model.

1. I request that every American sent to Sarkhan, military or civilian, be required to be able to read and speak Sarkhanese. If the motivation is high enough, any person can learn enough of the language in twelve weeks to get along.

2. I request that no American employee be allowed to bring his dependents to Sarkhan unless he is willing to serve here for at least two years. If he does bring his family, it should be with the understanding that they will not be given luxurious quarters, but will live in housing which is normal to the area; their housing should certainly not be more luxurious than they are able to afford in America. They should also subsist on foods available in local stores; they are wholesome and ample.

3. I request that the American commissary and PX be withdrawn from Sarkhan, and that no American supplies be sold except for toilet articles, baby food, canned milk, coffee and tobacco.

4. I request that Americans be forbidden to bring private automobiles to this country. All of our official transportation should be done in official automobiles. Private transportation should be taxi, pedicab or bicycle.

5. I request that all Americans serving in Sarkhan, regardless of their classification, be required to read books by Mao Tse-tung, Lenin, Chou En-lai, Marx, Engels and certain others. This reading should be done before arrival.

6. I request that in our recruiting program we make all of these conditions clear to any prospective Government employee, so that he comes here with no illusions. It has been my experience that superior people are attracted only by challenge. By setting our standards low and making our life soft, we have assured ourselves of getting mediocre people.

I know, sir, that these are unusual demands. In a time of massive armament and in a battle between huge empires, they may seem almost comical. But, I repeat, grand patterns are no more than the sum of their tiniest parts, and it is on this basic level that we are losing the struggle.

If we cannot get Americans overseas who are trained, self-sacrificing and dedicated, then we will continue losing in Asia. The Russians will win without firing a shot, and the only choice open to us will be to become the aggressor with thermonuclear weapons.

I look forward to your response.

MACWHITE

For three weeks MacWhite heard nothing from Washington, but he was neither worried nor idle. He spent several days at a primitive camp observing Major Wolchek instructing Sarkhanese recruits in guerrilla tactics. He visited the village of Chang 'dong to inspect its thriving pump factory.

On the way back to Haidho, Ambassador MacWhite saw, in a hilly pasture, fifty reddish-brown cattle imported from America. For the first time in the history of the country, children were drinking fresh milk; and in half a dozen towns the beginning of a leather industry was springing up.

When a reply to MacWhite's letter finally arrived from Washington, it was a cablegram—brief and to the point.

REPLY NEGATIVE TO ALL SUGGESTIONS YOUR RECENT NOTE. SUCH ACTIONS EVEN THOUGH MERITORIOUS ARE HIGHLY IMPRACTICAL. WE WOULD BE UNABLE TO GET AMERICANS TO SERVE OVERSEAS UNDER THESE CONDITIONS. PLEASE RETURN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES FIRST AVAILABLE TRANSPORTATION. ANTICIPATE SUBSTANTIAL REPLACEMENT YOUR PRESENT STAFF. PLEASE EXPLORE WITH SARKHANESE GOVERNMENT THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD RECEIVING MR. JOSEPH BING AS NEW AMBASSADOR. WE CONSIDER HIS EXPERIENCE IN FAR EAST PRESS WORK EXCELLENT QUALIFICATION HIGH POSITION. YOU KNOW HIS RECORD. SECRETARY.

For a puzzled moment, Gilbert MacWhite could recall no one named Joseph Bing. Then he had it—the fat jovial character in the loud vest whom he'd met in Washington. Good old Joe Bing, the chuckling recruiter of stenographers for overseas duty. What had he told the girls?

"You'll have to work among foreigners, but you don't have to love 'em. . . . You don't have to eat native food . . . or learn their language. . . ."

The Russian ambassador, MacWhite thought, *will chew him to bits.* But there was nothing he could do, nothing more he could say. Three weeks later, Gilbert MacWhite left Sarkhan. THE END

When I Am Old

By Irene Magee

Let me not, when I am old
With all my hours thinning
Into monotones, rebuild
The crumpled days that
stunning
Time struck down, or spin my
mind
On memories, like clinging
Ivy, caught by habit round
A ruined wall; let longing
For remembered things not
chain
That slower heart to silly
Letters or rose dust within
A leathered book of Shelley.

Let me touch, when I am old,
The lazy coils of morning
That unwind across a field
With the awareness churning
In me now; and let the wind
Remain a startled singing
Through dead air that still will
find
Me, discontented, hanging
New dreams over spring; and
when
Beauty stirs too slowly
May I know the change has
been
In me, and not the lily.

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"SUN SHOWER" BY JIM POND

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The Daughter of Sheila MacKaye

(Continued from Page 27)

"And supposing I didn't marry you?"

For an instant he was taken aback, then he grinned. "I'd still be her guardian. I've got me a ward, any way you want to look at it, and I intend to do the things Brent would want done, even if I have to do them alone."

This was insane, she was thinking. Of course, she was going to marry Tom. She had loved him for years, and she would love him for the rest of her life, but today there was just the possibility that she hated him. He and Amos had been in league with her own father in this utterly shameful business, had kept it from her, and now that the Powells had condescended to inform her, there was a certain proprietorship about them that angered her. They knew the child, and she didn't. Amos had said "we." "We sent for her ——" They'd even picked out a place for her to live, arranged for her to be cared for, while she herself, who should be most concerned, hadn't even known that the daughter of Sheila MacKaye existed. That stung.

She stood up, gathering her gloves and bag. "I don't know what you two expect of me," she said quietly. "I have told you that I'm shocked about my father, but I think I'm big enough not to hold it against the child. I'm glad he left her money—he certainly should have—and I'm glad she's in capable hands. But right now I'm bruised, and I don't know exactly what I do feel. So don't ask me. And don't call me, Tom. When I get over this, I'll call you."

"Just one thing." He got up and came around the desk to put his hands on her shoulders. "Liz, the kid apparently doesn't know anything about all this. She calls him Uncle Brent. Dad thinks she ought to be told—but she's so young, Liz. If you should see her, let's let her be young for a little while longer."

She moved out from under his hands, and much as he loved her, there was nothing for him to do, he supposed, but let her go.

On this lovely autumn day when the Connecticut hills were flaming like nothing she'd ever seen in her life, Kit MacKaye sat on a split-rail fence and surveyed her domain. It wasn't actually hers, and she didn't want it to be, but just for now it was nice to have the use of it. Lovely house, nice yard with big trees, grand backdrop of bright hill behind it, and if a person really wanted roots, this would be a good place to put them down. She laughed a little over the idea of herself having roots. Now that the school days were over, all of life spread out before her, a most marvelous adventure to think about. This was a wonderful country, with wonderful people in it. She had no time for sadness or loneliness or self-pity. She had things to study that weren't in schoolbooks—the new faces and mannerisms of the people on the television, the song stylings on the records of her hi-fi, and she had her elegant new piano and her funny little tykes, and nobody could be lonely with even one Yorkshire about.

She kissed the ribboned topknot of the tiny dog she held in her arms and slid off the fence just as a long car pulled up at the roadside and a young woman called out, "Wait a minute, please! I've got to see that dog! I've wanted one like that for years! Where'd you get him?"

Kit walked up to the car and handed him over to the beautiful girl behind the wheel. "I brought him and his family over from England a couple of weeks ago. Took a bit of doing, but we made it. This is Archie," she said by way of introduction. "Ducks is in the house, minding the pups. You have a feeling for Yorkshires?"

"Must be I do." Elizabeth looked up, straight into clear gray eyes that were intent upon her.

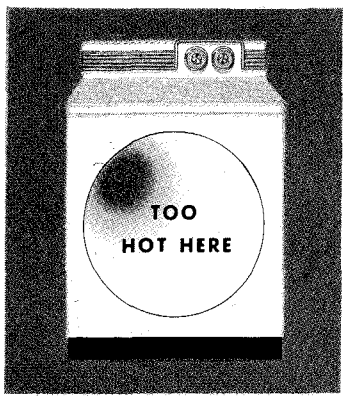
There was nothing here to remind her, nothing at all. She was just a lovely child. Sensitive mouth with a little curl at the corners, straight little nose, and those amazingly clear eyes that smiled so winsomely. She looked like an enchanted boy as she stood there with her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her blue jeans. She was—yes, that was the word—"enchanted." Tom should have given her some sort of warning; she hadn't been prepared for the force of a personality.

To hide her confusion, Elizabeth held the tiny terrier up before her face and laughed at him, and he wiggled with joy. "I have a feeling for all dogs, big and little, but the little ones are so much more convenient to cuddle. Would you be selling any of your puppies?"

"As a matter of fact, I would. I have two, and one is spoken for." The accent

Complaints about slow mail deliveries always fall off around the first of the month.

HUGH BURR



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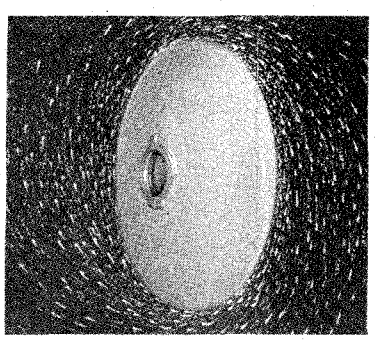

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was there now, clipped and somehow rather elegant on the lips of this child. "I'm Kit MacKaye. If you'd care to come along, I'll show you the pups. Of course I realize I can't keep them all, so I have hardened my heart."

Without waiting for an answer, she started on ahead, leading the way across the dried grass, and Elizabeth followed. For just an instant she knew a fleeting envy. She considered that it would be nice to be sixteen and to live here, to have a brief interval out of time before the actual business of living began.

There was a fire burning on the deep hearth, crossed curtains at the windows and chintz covers on the furniture—gay wild chintz that lit the raftered room in an awesome and beautiful way. Liz had always ridiculed chintz; after one deep breath in this room, she never would again. The mad color went through her and around her, wrapped her in brightness. There were books, many lamps, a gleaming grand piano and pale rugs.

She had to say something. "The house is charming. It's like a home ought to be. I—I feel good in it."

"My guardian did it all—bought it and fixed it up like this, had it all ready for me when I got here. You do like it, don't you?"

Liz sat down suddenly, giving Archie up to a hysterical greeting with his wife. Kit put the basket in her lap and stood there grinning as the two pups, no bigger than kittens, cocked their whiskered faces at their new friend. "They are black like this, with the brown on them when they are babies; then they change, and by the time they are several years old, there is the silver or steel-blue silkiness that reaches the floor, and the topknot in the ribbon, so. Fifteen minutes a day, perhaps—that is dedicated to the dog. Do you think you could devote that much time to one small animal?"

In some perplexity, Elizabeth said, "A moment ago you were straight out of Mayfair, and now you seem to be French. Which is it?"

"Oh, I'm English, right enough. For half a mo' you reminded me of a lovely actress who visited a school I once attended near Chavigny, so I felt French. Now I'm English again, but very soon I think I will be entirely American. That is what I want. Can you help me?"

There was an instant when Elizabeth might have freed herself from the web that was being skillfully woven around her. This was what her father had intended would happen, she knew now; this was what Tom had hoped would happen. She knew a flaring anger against both of them, planning and plotting her life like this, and she wanted none of their schemes. Back in her own well-regulated existence, she could forget that she had ever met a strange, enchanted child who had had no right to be born.

"*Please be good to her, because she's a part of me, as you are* ——"

There was a gentle scratching at the side of her chair, and looking down, Liz saw the tiny mother, Ducks, with a puppy in her mouth. The brown eyes rolled appealingly.

Kit laughed. "Ducks wants you to have her baby. You'd better take him or you'll hurt her feelings. Please. We'd both like you to have him."

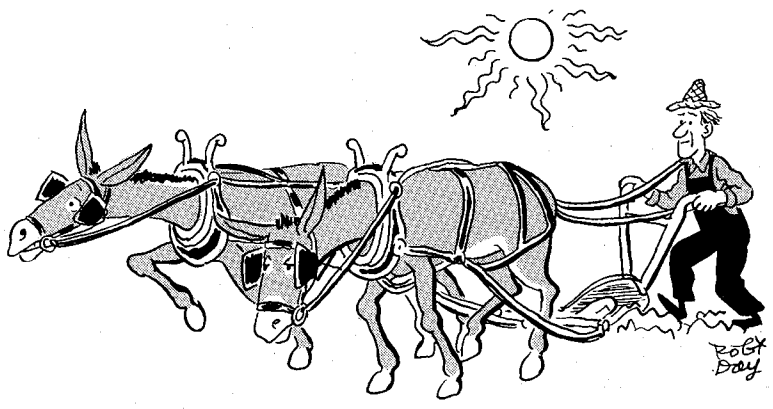
"You mean—you want to *give* him to me? Why, my dear, you can't just take anyone in off the road and give her a valuable puppy! I know what these little Yorkies cost; I've priced them at the shows."

"You're not just anyone, Elizabeth. And you won't have any trouble with Tom, because Ducks gave him the other little chap, and he's mad about it. You ought to see how he holds it and cuddles it."

"Tom?" Well, there it was. It had been the silliest attempt at deception, and she had muffed it. Liz thought she had never felt shabbier in her life than she did now with the honest eyes of Sheila MacKaye's daughter upon her. Even in the midst of her shame she found herself thinking: *The child's timing is perfect. It couldn't have been done at a better moment or more kindly than she's done it.*

Liz drew a deep breath and held out both her hands, and her smile was sudden radiance in the room.

At three o'clock on Thursday, Tom Powell strode into his father's office, slapped some papers down on the desk and shoved his hat back with his thumb.



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Tom, who owned the laziest mule in the county, one day borrowed his neighbor Fred's hard-working mule to do some plowing which required a two-mule hitch. It was an unseasonably hot day. Between the heat and having to do too much pulling, the borrowed animal fell dead. Fred later sued Tom for his mule's value, $500.

"Having borrowed my good mule, he was duty-bound to take care of her," Fred contended. "Instead, he let her work herself to death in the heat while his lazy beast loafed along."

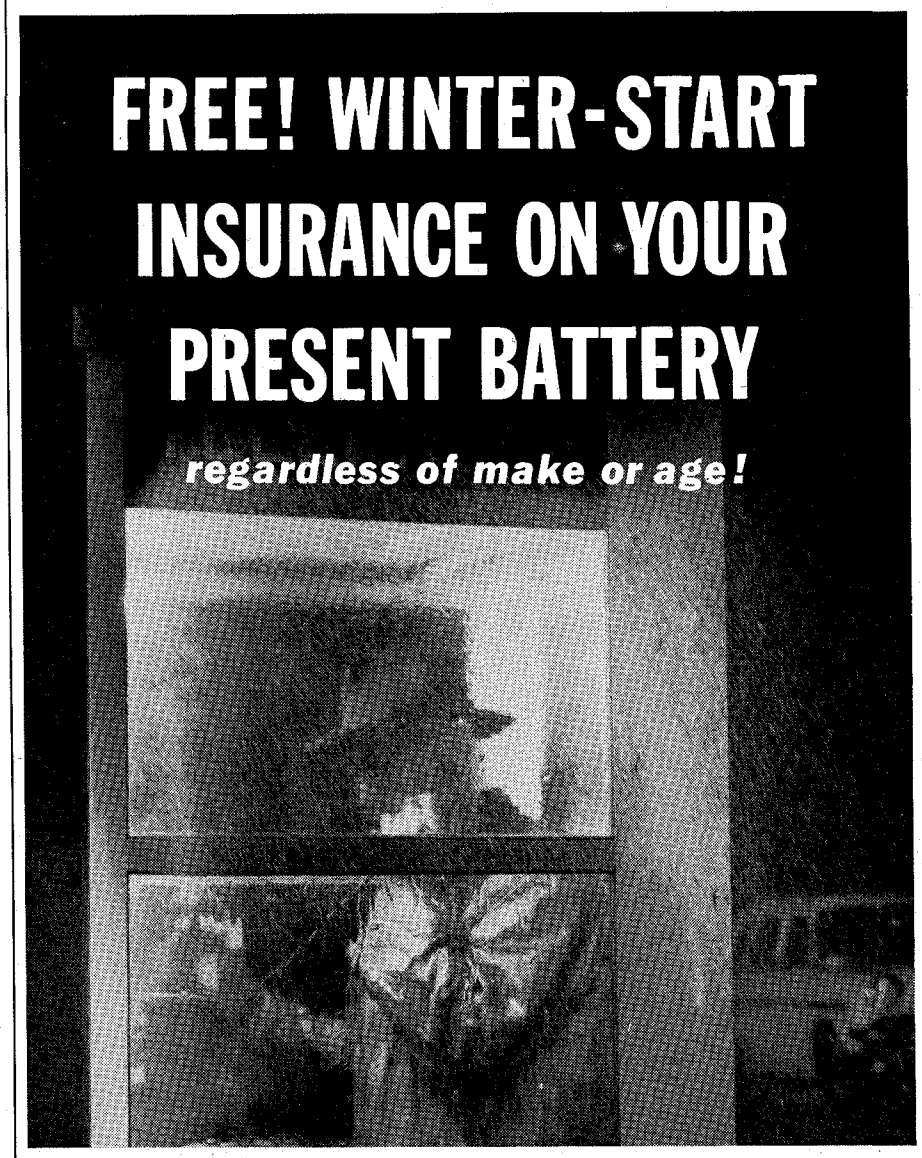
"Everybody knows that no two mules work alike and that one always will pull harder than the other," Tom replied nonchalantly. "I didn't drive his mule harder than my own. It was her own nature that made her work so. Therefore I am not responsible for her death."

If you were the judge, would you make Tom pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tom had to pay. The court after much deliberation held that it is negligent to permit a horse or mule to work itself to death while its teammate loafs.

Based upon a 1939 North Carolina decision.



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"I'm off to the wars, by invitation. D'you know why I haven't been able to locate my affianced even with a Geiger counter? The answer is calculated to knock the props from under you, Buster. She's been staying with Kit—with Kit, in Weston, mind you—and to show you how far treachery will go in the female, the darned kid didn't even tell me about Liz being there when I called last night. Today Liz calls me herself, with a thing to discuss. How do you like them apples?"

"Fine. It's what you wanted, isn't it? Obviously Liz has accepted the fact of Kit, if she's staying with her, so the two of you ought to pull in your horns and get the stars back in your eyes. Frankly, I'm glad it's worked out this way. Brent would be awfully happy about it."

"Really? Maybe Brent would be, but I'm not. I didn't figure on Liz making mother-hen noises, stepping in and disrupting all my plans for the kid."

"Like what?"

"Like going to college, of course," Tom said edgily. "What I did, what Liz did, what everybody does these days if it's at all possible. But Liz, bless her interfering heart, high-tails it out there, listens to the protests I listened to in my first few sessions with Kit, and now the two of them have got some gosh-fool scheme of entering her in a dramatic school!"

"So? She is, after all, the daughter of Sheila MacKaye."

Good grief, his son thought, did a man exist whose eyes didn't light up like a neon sign at the mention of that name? Gone these ten years, dust or ashes now, and yet something was left in the ether to bring out the magic when the name was spoken and memories were prodded. Was it possible that his father, too, had known her? He had been a major in the Army, billeted outside London during the worst of it; Tom knew, from his own hitch ten years later, that majors got about. There was something about Kit that bothered Amos Powell, and now, because of that look in the eyes, Tom was beginning to remember it.

They'd gone together to meet the plane at Idlewild, and they'd both been apprehensive and had barked at each other as the passengers piled out of the plane and trotted down the ramp. At last Kit had appeared in the door of the plane, had stood there for a moment breathing in the air of her new country with the sunlight full on her face and on her tawny head; then she'd turned and given her hand to the stewardess and they could see her smile from where they stood. His father had been rooted to the spot. He had said, "A thing like that can't be possible, can it?"

And it wasn't that she looked like Brent, because she didn't.

Tom had shoved it to the back of his mind, but he brought it out now. All the way up the Henry Hudson Parkway and onto the Merritt, he thought about it.

When he saw the house in the crisp autumn dusk, his heart responded warmly, as it had the first time he had seen it and knew that he had to have it, if not for himself, then for someone he knew and loved. Unfortunately, it couldn't be Liz; he told himself that he'd give his eyeteeth if Liz Halliday were the kind of a girl who could give up the rat race, move into this place that was home to him, be his wife and raise his kids. But whether she approved of the house or not, tonight it was doubly precious to him because she was in it.

Neatly skimming past her car in the driveway, he parked his own car at the back of the house, went in through the kitchen door and handed his bundles to Sofia with whispered warnings. She was a big, comfortable Estonian who beamed at him when he winked at her.

He put his hat and coat in the hall closet and eased into the living room. The elegant Liz lay on her back on the rug before the fire with Ducks sitting on her stomach regarding her soulfully. Liz was dressed in a white silk shirt and tight black pants, and her blond hair was a little mussed, and she had never looked half so beautiful as she did at this moment. Kit was at the piano doing something nice to a Cole Porter tune. She saw him in the doorway, and catching the secretiveness about him, went on playing.

Liz spoke, mainly to Ducks, "This I could listen to for the rest of my life. I'm full of peace and funny things. And I love this room. Crazy, crazy color and no sense at all, but, oh, so good for the jaded spirit. Like ole massa Tom." Ducks grinned in a way she had. "Oh, you think so too? Well, let me tell you something, lamb. Tom is quite a boy, bless his little pointed head. I shall marry him because he can do a house like this, and because he isn't ashamed to love little tiny no-good dogs like you."

"Boo! You will if he'll have you, that is." She jumped, called him a sneak; then held out her arms to him, laughing, and he leaned over her and kissed the tip of her nose. Ducks leaped off her midriff and ran screaming to tell Archie, and the pups skittered out of their basket and descended upon him, yipping.

Kit watched the whole silly business and knew that her whole life had been building up to this point. The years of lessons in the good, impersonal, antiseptic schools, the manners drilled into her by the nannies and the mademoiselles, all had had their purpose in preparing her for this new and wonderful freedom. And somewhere along the line—and this was the strangest part of all—she had picked up the capacity to love, for suddenly she knew that she loved these people with her whole heart, would love them forever. They were her family, this girl and this man, and if there was one flaw in her happiness now, it was that she had nothing to offer them, not even herself, for her mind and her will lived a life of their own, and were not for giving.

She knew how true this was a little later when Tom began about his plans for her future, and it grieved her that she could listen to him with a kind of detachment. "I won't have her going to some cockeyed existentialist hangout where they'll teach her to stand in a corner and be a bush or a lamppost," he'd said to Liz rather pontifically, considering that his arm was around her and his lap was full of puppy. "She doesn't need that kind of nonsense. O.K., so it isn't a school like that. The wild-eyed Lispenskaya, no less. But she's got to be properly educated, Liz! Sure I realize the—the heritage she's got, but she'll still be able to go into the theater when she finishes college. She's just a child, honey."

"Not such a child that she doesn't know what she wants," Elizabeth answered silkily. "You've heard what she does to that piano. Have you heard her sing? Have you seen her give those terrific impersonations? No, I thought not." She edged away from his arm a little and smiled at Kit. "Show him, darling."

So Kit sat down at the piano.

More than a half hour later, Tom looked curiously at the girl who had been Kit MacKaye. He had seen her stop being Kit MacKaye, somehow and miraculously flatten her features, take on jaded mannerisms and turn into Noel Coward with a spate of pattering witticisms. He couldn't believe his eyes. In quick succession, with hardly a break between, she had been Dietrich and Gracie Fields and Princess Margaret at Epsom Downs. She had mimicked Churchill and Eleanor Roosevelt, carrying on a spirited conversation between the two and shifting her facial expressions and her speech in character. It was as difficult a thing as he had ever seen, and the kid had accomplished it with polished ease. It was fantastic. She needed to be taught? Tom sensed now what the world had seen in Sheila MacKaye.

Kit put a record on the hi-fi and was dancing now with a battered hat on the side of her head, an easy soft-shoe to fit the lazy music. He saw the pride and tenderness shining in Elizabeth's eyes, and his own eyes stung unaccountably. What a huge responsibility it was to be so gifted, he thought, and what greater responsibility to guide the gifted one! He suddenly wanted his father, the good, clear, unsentimental thinking of his father. Amos would know what to do about the star-kissed daughter of Sheila MacKaye.

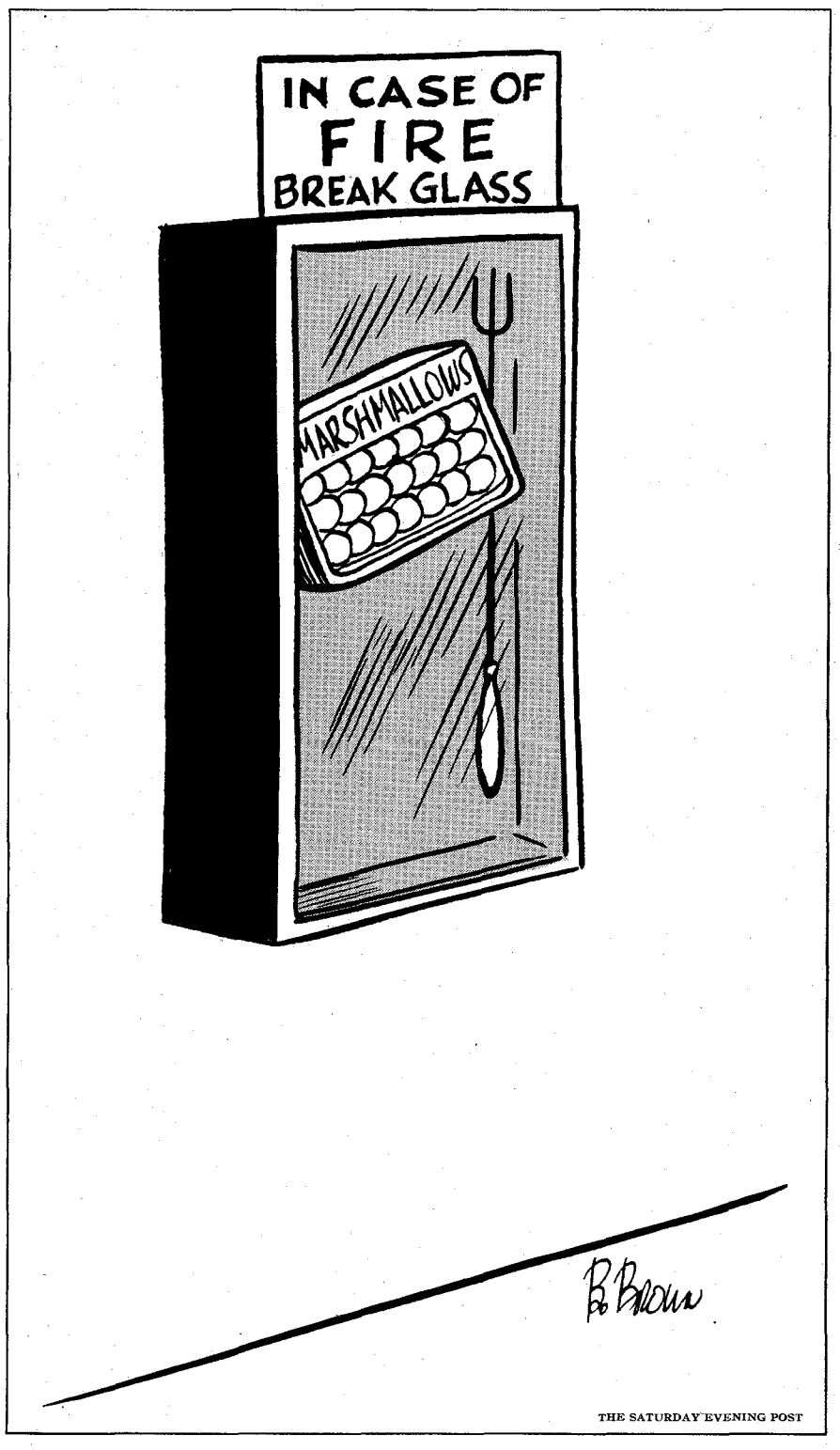
"All of this comes as naturally to me as breathing," Kit said, laughing in a way that was hardly a laugh at all, "but I don't even know how to breathe, don't you see? I've never been taught anything I really want to know, and I can't stand it any more. The not knowing—you see what I mean? Tom, when you and Liz get married, take the house—she loves it as much as you do—and care for my tykes, and let me go live in the city and learn how to be what I want to be."

That rocked them both; they looked at each other and couldn't find an answer. Tom said, "I don't know, I swear. I'm going to have to call dad and get him up here. He's a smart man and a wise one, Kit, and he wants the best for you, just as we all do. He'd be the next thing to your—to Uncle Brent. Will you abide by his decision?"

Kit thought carefully for a moment. "If it's the right one, I will," she said.

Amos came up after dinner in response to Tom's call, and as the young girl came forward to offer him her hand, the strangeness he had experienced that day at the airport began again for him. He nodded his head at Tom, and said, "Liz, my dear. . . . Hello, Kit; you're looking well."

It had been a close one that night. All over London the bombs were dropping and screaming like banshees before they struck, but in the shelter there had been no sound but the whimpering of a child held close in somebody's arms. And then a woman (*Continued on Page 134*)



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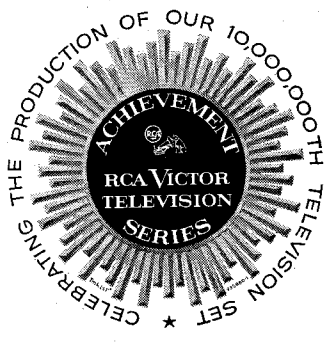

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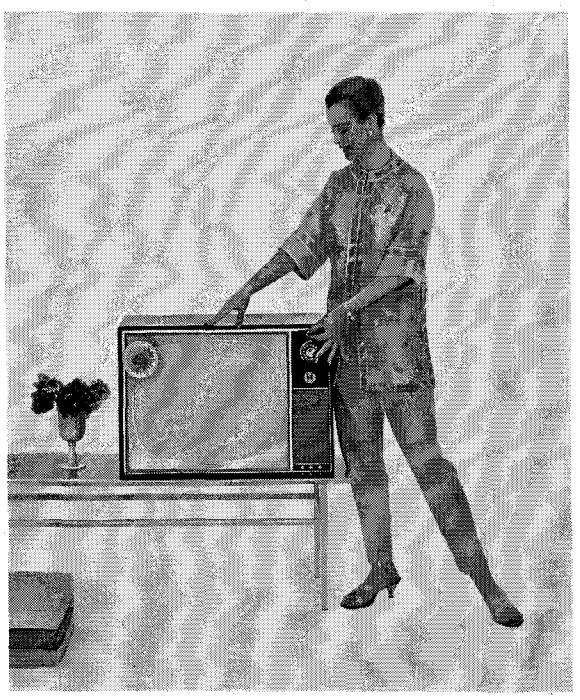

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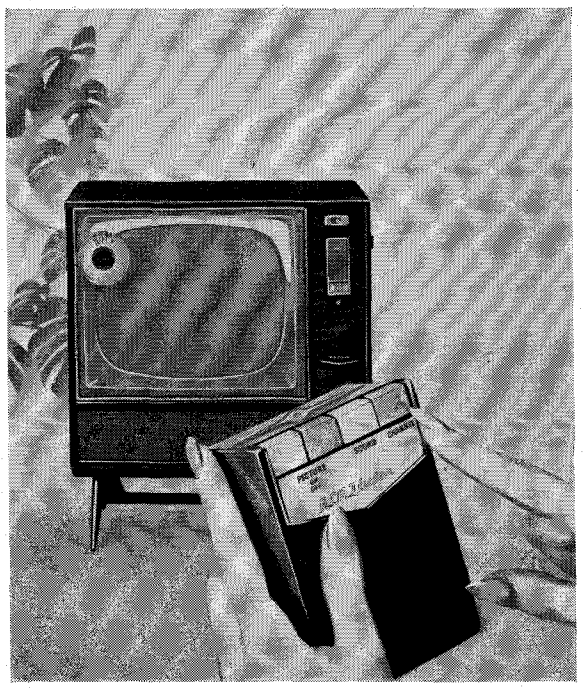

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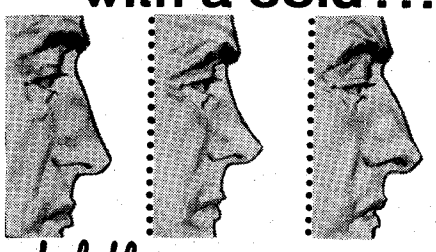

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(*Continued from Page 132*) had come whirling into the midst of those quiet, huddled people, lighting the place with her strange vitality.

She had put her hands on her hips and surveyed the hopeless faces. "Well, blimey, if it ain't a bloomin' wake I've gawt meself into! Me, with a bit of a show to do up above! Or maybe I should do it 'ere, eh, just to keep me 'and in? Gawt me music blokes with me, so give us a pitch, matey." And she'd stood there and clowned with her great artistry, her gallantry, and they'd laughed at her—they'd laughed because they couldn't help themselves, those dumb, frozen people. And then suddenly she'd gone quiet and she began to sing There'll Always be an England, and, one by one, they joined her. Even he had, believing under the spell she cast that England was truly his mother as she was theirs, and this was a thing of honor.

She had heard his voice ringing out over the other voices, and as their eyes met, he had caught the glint of tears in hers. Crossing to him then, she had laid her hand upon his arm, because he was an American officer, and she had said huskily, "Thank you, soldier." In that one split, God-forgotten moment there had been recognition between them. He had thought, *Out of all the world, this woman could be my friend, and I shall never see her again.*

Even Brent hadn't known that one, star-flung moment with Sheila MacKaye.

Well, all that was a long time ago—or was it? Now, looking at her daughter and Brent's, he couldn't be sure. Brent's daughter? As surely as if the heavens had split and a voice had come blasting out at him, he knew that there was a thing he had to do, and now was the time for it. There was no longer a place in their lives for subterfuge.

Taking the drink Tom gave him, he asked lightly, "By the way, Kit, what's your proper name?"

"My first name? It's Christina. At least that's what my parents called me when I was born, and then never did again, so far as I know."

There was a caught breath in the room that might have been Liz. Amos said, "Your mother named you Christina."

"Why, yes, I suppose it was my mother. Did you know her?"

"No. Not really. I saw her once and never forgot her; a person wouldn't be likely to forget her. But your father, my dear, was my best friend."

"Now that's a strange one. I never knew anyone who could talk to me about my father." Her eyes were upon him, candid and clear, yet he could have sworn that a little delight leaped in them.

He took a drink of his bourbon. "We all knew your father, honey. He was, of course, Brent Halliday. That's what complicates things a little. For Liz, and for you."

"Particularly Liz. It would be rather uncomfortable for Liz to have a sister she couldn't explain, wouldn't it?" There was an edge of laughter in her voice, and she looked directly at Amos until she saw the tenseness leave him. Then she turned to the two on the couch with something like compassion. "Liz? Tom? Is this what you've been thinking? Your father, Liz?"

"Please, darling, it doesn't matter—not any more."

"But of course it matters! I've wanted you to talk to me; you never mentioned my mother, and I often wondered why. Now I can understand it. I'm terribly sorry, Liz."

They watched her face in fascination. "Go on," Tom said.

"My father was Alastair MacKaye, of the Seaforth Highlanders. He was killed in France in the early part of the war—1943, I think, but you can look up his record if you care to. Better yet, write his mother in Glasgow; I have the address, someplace like Raeburn Road in Uddingston. Terribly unpleasant old party. She told my mother that her son was better off in his grave than with her, and my mother agreed with her very politely, and then chased her out with a hairbrush." Kit grinned with the sheer delight of remembering. "My mother was a one. I'll wager when that plane was going down she put on that cockney accent she did so well and said, 'Lawks, 'oo wants to live forever?' That would be like her."

Kit drew a deep breath. "She never told about her marriage or me in her book, and she never told that her maiden name was Cameron. Probably she thought her private life didn't matter. But it does, doesn't it? Liz, she didn't even meet your father till I was more than five years old. She was in love with him, yes—young as I was, I knew that. After she died, I had no one, and Uncle Brent took care of me, saw that I had my schooling, like a real father would have done. He said that she'd left me to him, and he was going to see that I was a credit to Sheila MacKaye. I loved Uncle Brent very much, Liz."

"But he left a letter and I destroyed it! Kit, you astound me! I naturally thought, from what he said ——"

"I don't know what was in his letter to you, but I'm sure that nowhere could he have said that I was his daughter."

Amos said, leaning back in his chair, "Brent never used those words to any of us." Tom lit a cigarette, narrowing his eyes against the smoke, and looked across at his father.

Elizabeth's voice was softly wondering, "But why? Tom, all of us couldn't have been so wrong!"

"You heard Kit. Her father was a braw laddie named Alastair MacKaye. That's good enough for me." The smoke, apparently, had got in his eyes. "Which brings me to another thing, now that we've got that settled. I've come to a decision about my ward. I think she ought to study with this Lispenskaya dame. Matter of breathing, she said. I think she's entitled to learn how to breathe."

After Amos had gone, and Liz had left him to wipe away the sudden tears that she couldn't explain, Tom found Kit in the kitchen, spooning gruel into two tiny dishes. Taking two more from the cupboard, he scooped some up for Archie and Ducks, who doted on the baby food, and the black puppies and the silver-blue parents all lined up in a ridiculous row.

Kit mentioned that she was glad he and Liz had such a feeling for the tykes, since they'd be a bit of care while she was gone, and maybe it wasn't right to foist them on a new bride and groom, and maybe the pups would forget her if she just came home weekends. What did he think? Would they mind terribly if she just stayed here with them and took the train in to school?

Why, she was nothing but a kid after all, he thought, in spite of the superb job she had done tonight. Looking at her, his heart full, there was no more nonsense in him. He put his hands on her shoulders and drew her to him.

"Kit, listen to me. Liz and I love you and we want you. We're your family. And it doesn't matter whose daughter you are, whether you're Sheila MacKaye's or Agnes Skimmerhorn's. You'll get along on your own and we won't have to worry about you. In ten years you'll be right up there on top of the heap, because you've got a great talent. But more important, you're a great person. And why do I say that?" He tunked her gently under the chin with his fist. "Because your mother's name wasn't Cameron, and well you know it. I can't imagine what Lispenskaya can teach you."

Her face colored for the first time since he'd known her. "Does Liz think ——"

"Whatever Liz thinks, you can be sure she loves you considerably more tonight than she did last night. Now. How about that game of gin you promised us before I go?"

"Righto. Tom, you've no idea what fun, what great fun it is to have a family, after all these years!" As he stepped back to let her pass, she raised a hand and quickly brushed it across her eyes. Then the daughter of Sheila MacKaye threw back her head, tossed a smile upon her face and made an entrance. THE END

"There isn't an awful lot you can do with a head like yours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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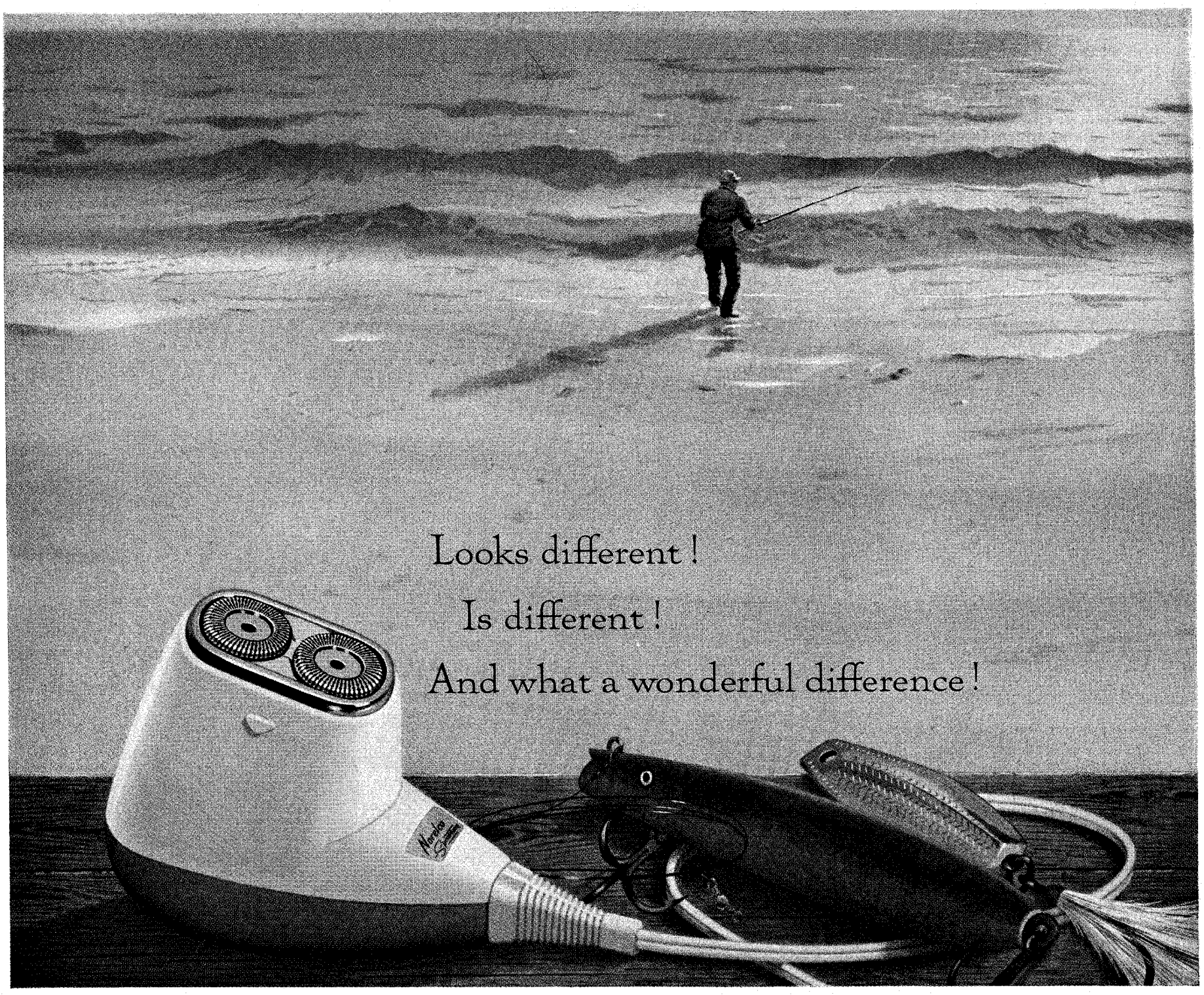

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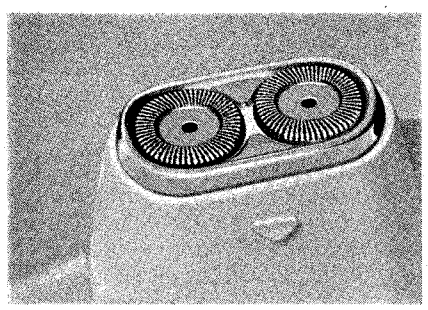

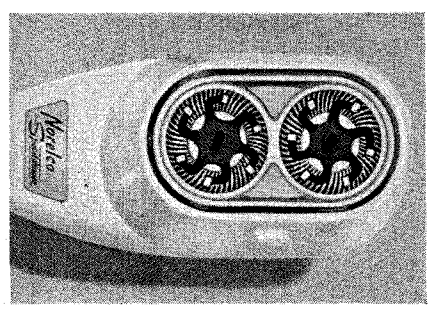

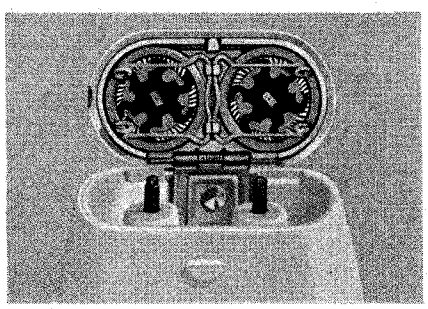

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My Friends Elude Me (Continued from Page 49)

neglect of all Correspondence, Personal, Current, not to mention books, newspapers, and magazines; and I must say that, except for some old letters from Lord Byron, Horace Walpole and Mme. de Staël, which were not written to me in the first place, I found it to be the most fascinating collection of letters I have ever come across. The fact that I already had read them all hardly counted.

But then, when all was done, I began asking myself why I should clutter up my house with more filing cabinets. Would my correspondents really want me to be saving their private letters? What if I inadvertently got hold of some poisoned spinach tomorrow and died of botulism within the hour—what indiscreet executor of my estate might not decide to make these letters public? Even if he didn't make them public, I wouldn't want him reading some of the things a few of my correspondents have thought fit to write me about.

It was clear that some of the letters would have to be destroyed, but how to draw a line? Letters from the great and the famous, even if dull—should they be preserved for their autograph value? I much preferred to preserve a wonderful series of letters from a young Indian boy of the Y—— tribe, a former student of mine, stationed during his Army service in various preposterously remote quarters of the globe, recounting in detail his hilariously triumphant seduction of his captain's wife. And so it went.

Finally, unable to reach a decision about which to preserve, which to destroy, and suddenly overtaken by an access of firmness and resolution, I picked up the correspondence of a lifetime and carried it, grocery cartons and all, out to the incinerator and watched it burn—the Indian boy's letters, the priceless autographs and all the rest.

All, that is, save for one little pile of a dozen or so letters which I felt I should not consign to the flames until certain mysteries about them were solved. These are letters, in a word, from persons whose identity I somehow cannot seem to establish; whose names, for some upsetting reason, I simply cannot recall.

Many of them are quite intimate letters, too, and—what is worse—not a few of them bear fairly recent dates. What is to be thought of this, for instance?

Dearest Henry: We ought to be arriving via the Limited on Thursday, the day after Christmas. It's too bad we can't all have Christmas together, as you suggested, but Mother insisted on our staying with her, now that Father's gone—not that we would have thought of doing otherwise, of course. But we'll make up for it when we see you. If you can't meet us at the station, we can taxi out easily enough. Have a steaming bowl of Martinis ready. Fondly, Helen.

Obviously an old friend—she calls me "Dearest." I must have invited her to have Christmas with me, which you do only with dear old friends. She says "we" will be arriving on the train, so no doubt she is traveling with her husband—perhaps with her children as well. She knows that I make good martinis, or at least that I make martinis. But who the devil is she? I can think of no Helens I have known well enough to want to spend Christmas with. I don't recognize her handwriting, and the Kansas City postmark means nothing to me.

I've looked through my address book from *A* to *Z*, and the only Kansas City address I can find is that of an insurance company with whom I used to have a policy. I would never dream of inviting an insurance agent into my house, even on Christmas. Did I answer her, and what did I say? Did I meet her (and her husband and children) at the station; did she (or they) ever drink a martini with me, and why did she never write again?

Or take this one.

Dear Harry: I cannot leave town without thanking you once again for the wonderful party you gave for me last night. I'm sorry the Randolphs couldn't have been there, but I was delighted to meet all the others, especially the young anthropologist couple. I'll take very good care of George's manuscript—it was good of him to let me take it with me—and if it is as apt as I expect it will be, there ought to be no difficulty about getting it into the collection. Will you send me his address, like a good fellow, care of my New York office? I neglected to write it down at the time. Again, thanks for a wonderful weekend. Yours, August Peabody.

If August Peabody should happen to read this, I trust he will write me immediately and tell me (a) whether he had a nice trip back to New York on November 30, 1948, (b) whether he experienced any difficulty getting George's manuscript "into the collection," (c) whether he subsequently happened to remember the names of the "young anthropologist couple," and (d) above all, who August Peabody is, that he should be spending a lost weekend with me.

Or let us turn to a pair of letters I found fastened together with a paper clip. The first one, dated merely "1951," is from a man distinguished in the musical life of three or four continents.

I am sending you [he wrote] one of the most remarkable women of our time, Louisa de X. [Naturally I cannot use her real name.] Odette and I are devoted to her and we know you will find her extremely sympathetic, for she has suffered greatly. [Does that follow? Or have I, too, suffered greatly and forgotten all about it?] She will arrive in A—— [this city in which I live: I haven't forgotten its name, but in a memoir of this kind one never gives the true names of places] on the tenth. She wants, among other things, to talk to some American Indians, with which I know you can help her. She is scientifically interested in their sexual customs, about which she is writing a book.

There was more in this tenor, but what held my attention was that opening phrase, "I am sending you one of the most remarkable women of our time." What could he have meant by that "I am sending you"? Did he mean that he was sending her to me in fee simple, so to speak, as one would say, "I am sending you a five-pound box of chocolate bonbons. They are expendable. Eat them yourself or feed them to your dog; it's all one to me"? Or was his sending her to me more in the nature of a temporary loan, something like, "I am sending you a trunkful of hitherto-unknown Dead Sea Scrolls to examine. Please be careful with them and don't forget to insure them for $100,000 when you send them back"?

In any event, trembling with curiosity, I pressed on to the other letter of the pair. It appeared, to my surprise, to be a carbon copy of my reply to my friend, written some time after "the most remarkable woman of our time" had been returned to him. Thus was answered at least one of my questions about the circumstances of her being sent to me.

Thank you for sending me Mme. de X. [I must have written, for—though I haven't the slightest recollection of any part of this transaction—I do not ordinarily make carbon copies of letters I don't send.] She is indeed a remarkable woman, but why could you not have told me in advance that she is stone-deaf? The first evening she was here, I took her to dinner at her own hotel, which has the best restaurant in town, and she devoted the entire mealtime to questioning me closely about the sexual customs of the Y—— Indians. Unfortunately, I knew many of the answers and had to shout them to her at the top of my lungs. The restaurant was crowded with people who have now, I'm afraid, put me in the category of someone they used to know. Even the waiters no longer speak to me.

Nevertheless, I found her remarkable. She spent a week here, and I saw her almost constantly during that time. She had the opportunity to meet many Indians, as well as to attend several concerts, including one by our mutual friend, P——, who was playing here that week and whom she had previously met through you and Odette. We had supper with him afterwards.

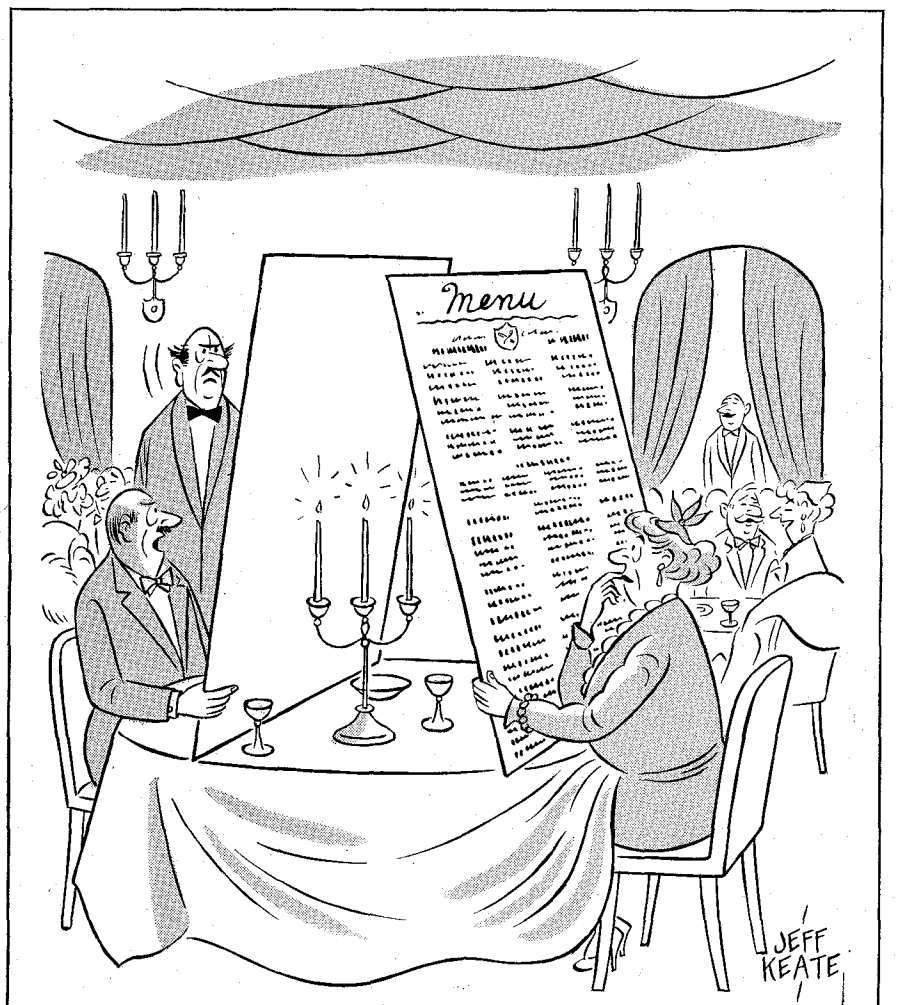
There were two or three more pages of this, all of it extremely interesting to me, though I had written it myself. It was like reading somebody else's mail, which I am told is also the chief attraction of reading the letters of Lord Byron, Horace Walpole, and Mme. de Staël. But at the same time I cannot resist asking myself how I could, without remembering it, have spent a week "almost constantly" in the company of the most remarkable woman of our time, and whom, though she was stone-deaf, I nevertheless took to "several concerts." Incidentally, neither of the letters tells me what she was remarkable for. I still have her name in my address book. It was the first thing I looked for. Her last name begins with *R*, though for some reason—which I am sure was perfectly valid at the time—I have it listed among the *C*'s.

This kind of thing begins to get really frightening when you come across a note like the following. The envelope has only my name on it—no address, so it did not come through the mail. Undoubtedly it was delivered by hand, but how did I actually get it? Was it slipped under my kitchen door in the middle of the night? Or did my dog suddenly appear with it in his mouth one Sunday afternoon as I sat musing before the fireplace, smoking my pipe? In any event, it reads:

Darling: please do forgive those terrible things I said to you and all the others at your house last night—it must have been those martinis [those martinis again!]—you *will* serve them in such huge glasses—I know that Martha left only on account of me and I don't blame you for being short with me—But Darling I've been through so much lately as you know and everything just seemed to *conspire* to get me off on the wrong foot again—even those horrible animals of yours—when I so much wanted to make a good impression and show I was all right—and make you like me just a little bit again—you did *once* you know—and I *didn't* want you to take me home so early though I could see it coming just as clear as day and *couldn't* keep myself from being beastly as long as Martha was there, even though I knew how it would end up. Give me another chance my Darling and I will make it all up to you so that everything will be just as it was before I went away. Darling I dream about you every minute of every hour, Your Millicent.

As I read this over the other night, I was deeply touched, even as I must have been deeply touched when I read it originally—how many years ago? She doesn't say. It has been at least six years since I have kept any animals around the place. None of them was especially "horrible," that I remember.

But, aside from being deeply touched, I was also thrown into a delirium of confusion; for how can I have forgotten anyone with whom I was clearly on such an intimate footing as I must have been with this Millicent? Forgotten her I have, however. I can remember no Millicent in my life—at least, as much in my life as this Millicent must have been. I can remember my first wife's name—it wasn't Millicent—I can (*Continued on Page 138*)



"No cheeseburgers?"

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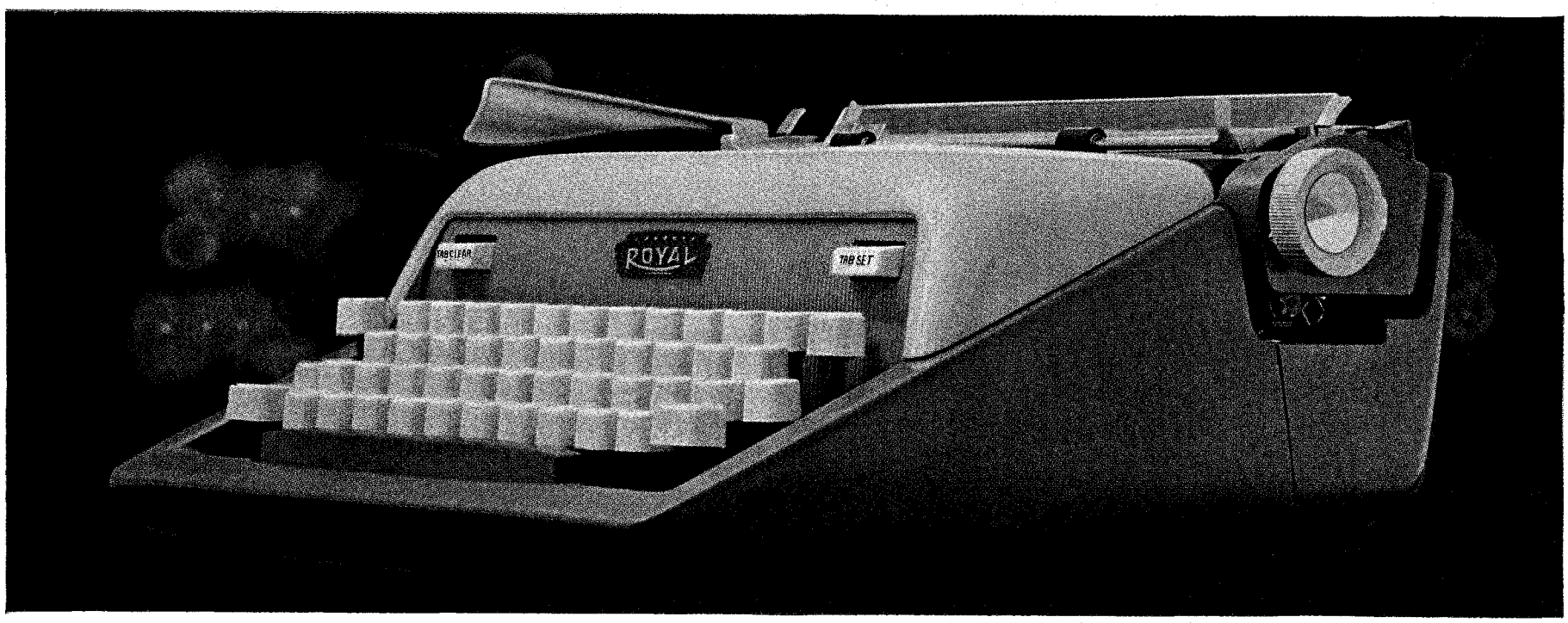

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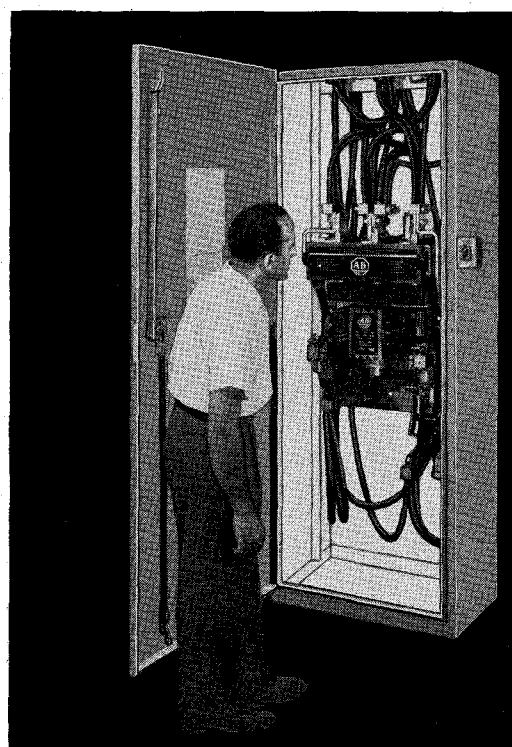

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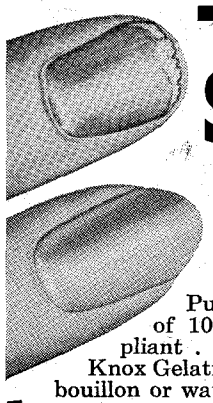

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(*Continued from Page 136*)

remember the names of most of the girls I took to dances at my university, and I can even remember the name of the little girl who sat in front of me in the first grade at the Walnut Street Elementary School—it was Dorothy McGivern. But, for the life of me, I cannot remember Millicent, who made a big scene at a party at my house and didn't want me to take her home so early.

There's something very peculiar about my drawing a blank on such a serious episode as this must have been. I've been worrying about it ever since I reread her letter. And this has got me to worrying about other things too. For example, if I can forget my whole relationship with Millicent—for there must have been some kind of relationship, undoubtedly covering a period of weeks, if not months or years—then is it not possible that there are some other big chunks of my past life that I now know nothing about? Am I daily passing people in the streets with cold stares of nonrecognition who at one time were my most intimate familiars, whom I mixed martinis for, found notes from under my kitchen door, and took home early because my animals conspired against them?

And how, I wonder, did I answer Millicent's note—if I answered it at all? From the vantage point of age, I think that now I should not have answered it at all, if only because of its punctuation; but I'm curious, nevertheless. Did I give her "another chance"? And another chance at what? Did I surreptitiously water her martinis at our subsequent get-togethers, until she finally decided it was no go with me and took herself out of my life forever, along with all memory of whatever we once may have been to each other?

Even more disturbing is the thought that I may actually be seeing her from time to time without knowing it; for there is a Millicent in my town whom I see occasionally—the only Millicent, to the best of my knowledge, that I have ever known. This other Millicent is respectably married to a gentleman of my acquaintance, an officer of the bank where I keep my money, and we meet three or four times a year at other people's houses for dinner. It seems to me that I have known them for a long time. At least, if anyone were to ask me, for example, "How long have you known Millicent?" I should reply without hesitation, "Oh, I've known Millicent for years and years." Her husband has never asked me this question—or I don't recall that he has—but, if he ever does, I shall now have to be very careful how I answer, though I don't know what good care will do me at this point. At any rate, his wife's secret, if it is her secret and not the secret of some other Millicent, is perfectly safe with me, for I have entirely forgotten what it is.

It was some time before I could bring myself to begin going through the carbon copies of my own letters to other people. Ordinarily, I make carbon copies only of my business correspondence, for which, until I bought my filing cabinet, I had no more a systematic reference system than I had for the rest of my papers—to wit, grocery cartons. I found a plentiful supply of business records in these cartons, and much of this, too, revealed sizable blocks of my past life of which I have no active recollection.

One letter particularly, four single-spaced typewritten pages dated February 7, 1947—fortunately I date my own letters—gave me pause. It was to a Mr. Null in California, apparently in answer to a proposal of his—why did I not keep his original letter, I wonder?—that I write the script for a projected documentary film about the Y—— Indians. Since I have

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never yet written anything of consequence that I later forgot—so far as I remember—and since I have no recollection that I am the author of a script for a documentary film about the Y—— Indians, I can only conclude that somewhere along the line the project petered out.

The final paragraph of my letter to Mr. Null, however, gave me a jolt. It read:

I cannot give your greetings to Millicent, as requested, for I am no longer in her good graces. You know her trouble, of course—I needn't go into it here. Suffice it to say that she is no longer speaking to me. Heaven knows what she will tell you and Mrs. Null when she gets back to Los Angeles in the fall.

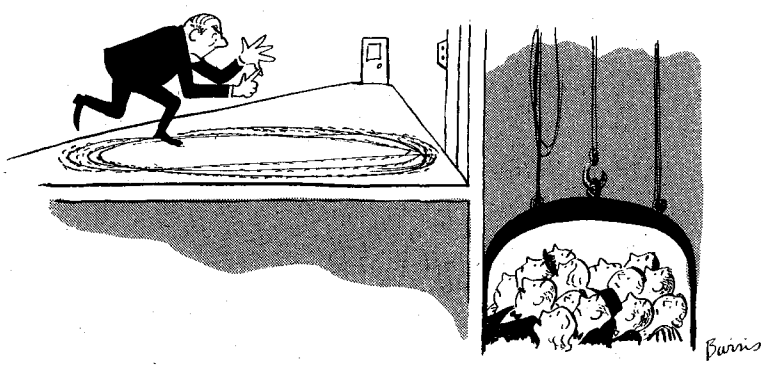
I can make a confused guess, however, as to what she told him and Mrs. Null—that August Peabody was watering her martinis, maybe; or that Horace Walpole was not getting her manuscript into the collection after all. Certainly not that I am the most remarkable man of my time, for I can hear her saying, "You know his trouble,—we needn't go into it here."

In any event, whatever she said, it effectually stopped all further correspondence between Mr. Null and me. I am, nevertheless, setting up a manila folder in my filing cabinet, labeled Null. And another one, of course, labeled Millicent, both under Business, Unfinished.

Divorce (Continued from Page 36)

to sign a contract agreeing to a reconciliation for an indefinite time. The document begins with generalities on the philosophy of marriage. The parties agree to "bury the past," to share interests and hobbies, to allow each other the right of privacy, to give up friends left over from bachelor days and develop mutual friends, "to treat the other with consideration, love and understanding at all times." They agree on the importance of a shared religion, on the usefulness of marriage counseling, and that the care of the home is the wife's responsibility, the support of the family the husband's, the children's welfare the responsibility of both.

Then the agreement gets down to cases. "—— agrees to refrain from gambling or from attending places where gambling is being conducted, and particularly from such places in —— (City)." . . . "—— admits having been very intolerant of spouse's relatives and friends. Therefore, such party agrees to accept such persons into the family home in a gracious manner." . . . "—— agrees to take out —— for dinner, entertainment, for a drive or outing, or for such other social activities within the financial means of the family, at least ——." In cases of adultery, "—— agrees not to visit, consort with, contact or correspond with ——." Each party agrees not to speak loudly or profanely; not to give the other the "silent treatment"; not to bear grudges; to maintain regular hours; not to nag, not to quarrel in the children's presence. They agree on a family budget. They agree not to deny each other sexual intercourse, the husband agrees "to acquire proficiency in making intercourse pleasureable" for his wife, and the wife agrees "to respond to the husband's efforts in lovemaking and not to act like a patient undergoing a



The Perfect Squelch

Tenants of the old office building had complained for months that the creaky, overworked elevator appeared about to break down. The building owner, whose office was on the ground floor, blandly ignored them. Came the unhappy day when the jam-packed elevator sank slowly to a point midway between the first floor and basement and refused to budge either way.

The owner, envisioning possible law suits, rushed over and called frantically, "How many of you are there down there?"

"Fourteen," came the partly muffled reply. "Get us out, quick!"

Instead, the owner ran around in circles doing very little to help. Pausing, he asked again how many people were trapped in the elevator. "Fourteen," came the response. A few minutes later, after more aimless delay, he again repeated the question. This time a woman replied, loud and clear, "Still fourteen. What do you think we are—rabbits?"

Edward W. Owen

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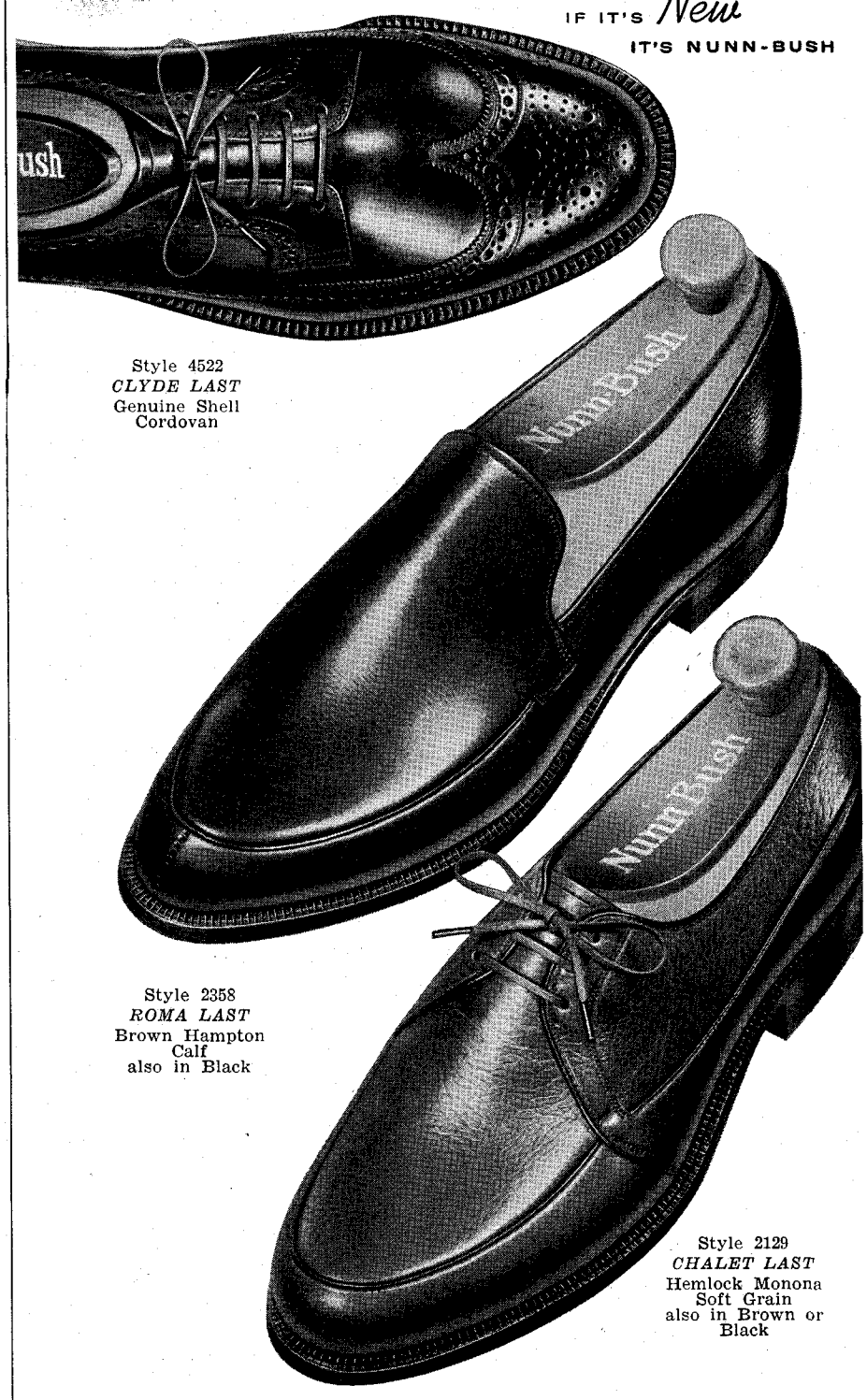

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physical examination." The court also uses special agreements on stepchildren, on third persons living in the home, and on alcohol.

Elkin, the counselor, has said, "The agreement makes them feel better to know that other people have the same problems." When both have read it and have been interviewed individually, Elkin brings them in together. If they want to reconcile forthwith, Elkin goes through the agreement with them paragraph by paragraph, striking out those that do not apply, adding others. The parties sign the agreement. After thirty days either party may terminate it. But for thirty days it has the force of a court order—if either violates it, he can be sent to jail for contempt of court. During his tenure, Judge Burke jailed about a dozen people. In one case Burke jailed both an adulterous husband and his paramour for five days. They had signed an agreement not to see each other, but his wife caught them spending a night together. "After that, people took these agreements seriously," he has said.

If at this first conference with Elkin either party flatly refuses reconciliation or further counseling, the matter is ended. Judge Burke has said, "You can't force people to live together." If the parties do not wish to sign, yet seem to be groping toward reconciliation, Elkin may invite them back for further conferences. If they need long-term counseling, he refers them to one of the numerous social agencies in Los Angeles, where they pay from nothing up to $7.50 an hour for counseling. The agencies send some on to psychiatrists.

Conciliation court handles only a few of the divorce, separate-maintenance, and annulment suits filed in Los Angeles County—only 1380 out of 31,871 in 1957. This year, its business booming, it is handling 250 cases a month. People are sent to it by ministers, family agencies and judges in other courts. Some are sent by lawyers whom they have consulted about divorce. Some simply walk in off the street. The court's typical couple is in the middle-income range, with several children, both husband and wife working. Some couples have been married two weeks, some fifty years. More husbands than wives file petitions for reconciliation by about three to two. Sometimes couples return when things get shaky, months after reconciling. Counselors are paid from $516 to $790 a month. They can see only four couples a day—one and one half hours per couple. They see most couples only once.

Supervising Counselor Elkin is a dark, chunky man of forty-three, the father of two children, a youngish, crew-cut man who gives an impression of strength and wisdom. Born in New York, he attended City College, got a master's degree in social work at the University of California at Berkeley, and worked as a Federal parole officer and a caseworker for a private agency before coming to the court in 1955.

"When you file for divorce," Elkin said a while back, sitting in his cubicle overlooking the Plaza de Justicia, "it's like getting in a car without brakes, putting it at the top of a hill and pushing it downhill. You can't stop even if you want to. This court helps 'em put the brakes on. We know, of course, there are families that would be better off divorced. But why not make sure first that divorce is necessary? Lots of times divorce is no answer—it's just running away from a problem. It's hard to face problems—darn hard. But divorce isn't easy either."

What are the couples' problems? "In general," Elkin says, "there are two kinds. First, the outside problems—unemployment, ill health, mother-in-law living with the family. Those are the easy ones. Second, inside problems—immaturity, feelings of inadequacy and insecurity in the role of husband or wife, problems they had before they met each other. In a lot of cases, the people are not fighting each other—they're fighting their own neuroses. We try to get the most disturbed ones into psychiatric treatment."

A frequent cause of trouble is confusion as to the role of husband and wife. Religious difference is not a big problem; if a couple can handle other problems, it can handle this one. Sexual maladjustment, alcoholism and gambling are not the causes of trouble, Elkin feels, but are rather symptoms of deeper trouble. "Sometimes, of course, a sex problem is simply the result of ignorance and you tell them to see their family doctor. But if it's due to emotional problems, it usually involves long-term counseling. How can they have a good sexual relationship if they're hostile to each other and trying to hurt each other?

"Then alcoholism—I had a case this morning, and they signed an agreement. He won't quit drinking, but she'll accept this as part of her life. In the first interview I asked if she was prepared to live with his drinking. She said yes. From there on, my problem was to work out an agreement to take off pressures. He used to get drunk and spend all their money; now she will get a fixed amount every week. Things like that. It's a pretty sick agreement, but you're dealing with a sick marriage. My goal was to do something to reduce pressure and let them live together, since that's what they want to do."

In the case of a couple in their thirties, married ten years, with three children, the problem was the husband's need to dominate his wife because of his own insecurity—"she couldn't go out, couldn't talk on the phone, couldn't drive the car; she felt like a prisoner in her own house. The healthiest marriage is one where each can express himself as an individual human being. You don't stop living and growing just because you get married," Elkin said. Many of the court's clients are young newlyweds. "They have a tendency to sink the ship when one sail is down. They thought marriage was going to be like in the movies. They didn't realize that people are not born perfect husbands and wives.

"Then," Elkin went on, "there was the man who went out and made a great success of his business and a real mess of his marriage. He was never home. His wife longed for him. Always, before, she'd at least had the kids, but now they were growing up, and soon she'd be left with a Grand Canyon for an emotional life. She was forty-five and decided she'd better do something before it was too late."

One afternoon a couple came in off the street and said they were desperate—they had to see a marriage counselor immediately. She was a slender, good-looking woman of about thirty-five, tense and guilt-ridden. She told Elkin she had developed a compulsion to go out with another man even though she was still in love with her husband. She thought about the other man all the time, dreamed about him, talked in her sleep about him. He took her to dine and to dance. She had not slept with him. But she was inexplicably fascinated by him. Elkin asked why. She said her husband made her feel he didn't love her any more. He never took her anywhere. "I've felt like I was dead," she said.

Elkin talked to her husband. "He looked as if the house had fallen in on him. He didn't know what to do. His first reaction was to get indignant and say the hell with her and file a divorce. He felt this was what was expected of him. But he couldn't

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feel that way. He loved his wife." He said the other man was a ladies' man. He himself, he said, had led a "fast life" before being married, but after being married he had "settled down" and spent his time puttering in the garden and going fishing with the kids. "I told him that studies have shown—it's a phrase I use a lot—that a wife can commit adultery at the same time she's still in love with her husband. The important thing is to find out why it happens. In this case, I think the other guy reminded her of the way her husband used to be before they were married. She didn't really want the other guy. She wanted her husband the way he used to be." Elkin sent them to Family Service. Six months later the wife called Elkin. Everything was fine.

"She said," Elkin recalls, "that she was almost glad the whole thing had happened—she felt closer to her husband than she ever had before."

Judge Roger Alton Pfaff of conciliation court is a big, congenial, ruddy-complexioned man of fifty-one who looks like a college halfback. Born in Iowa, he studied law at the University of California at Berkeley, practiced in Los Angeles, went to the state legislature, and was appointed to the Los Angeles Municipal Court in 1947 by Gov. Earl Warren and in 1955 to superior court. Presiding Judge Burke assigned him to conciliation court early this year.

The judge runs the court, establishes its policies, and does missionary work for it among lawyers and civic groups. He does no counseling. He feels that couples, confronted with the authority of a black-robed judge, may agree to reconcile merely because he urges it, but that as soon as they leave they will quarrel again, for nothing has been changed. Change, he feels—the change needed to save a marriage—can be brought about only by skilled counseling.

Shortly after appointing Judge Pfaff, Judge Burke assigned all default divorces—uncontested cases—involving children under fourteen years to Pfaff in the hope he could salvage some of them. So Pfaff spends most of his time on the bench in a courtroom in a bungalow near that of conciliation court. "I'm a judicial Geiger counter," he has said. If in listening to a wife or husband go through the default routine he thinks he detects any reluctance to divorce, he transfers the case to conciliation court. By the time divorces reach this final stage, few can be averted. And Judge Pfaff's salvage operation did not begin auspiciously—one of his first day's cases involved a husband who had been imprisoned for from five years to life, and another who had skipped to Khartoum. But on the second day he found a wife whose only complaint was that her husband was "in love with his business," and out of 2500 defaults he heard in his first six months, Judge Pfaff sent only sixty-five cases to conciliation court, and 25 per cent of them were reconciled.

Some couples whose default cases he heard went to conciliation court gratefully—they had drifted all the way to this day of decree without really wanting a divorce. Some went grudgingly; some flatly refused. With much difficulty, Pfaff persuaded a haughty young good-looking Mexican wife to go, and she and her husband arrived at Elkin's office on Valentine Day, avoiding each other's eyes as they waited. Elkin asked how she felt about being there. "It's a waste of time," she said. He urged her to talk about her troubles. She said, "I no love him any more, that's all."

He drew her out. Reluctantly she described how she would come home from work at midnight, glad to see him, and how he, watching television, would tell her to be quiet, he didn't want to be disturbed. He never took her out. Finally she had left him—"What do I need him for? I'm alone all the time anyway." Elkin talked to the husband, a fresh-faced, distraught lad. He blamed himself, said he realized he hadn't paid enough attention to her, but now it was too late. Elkin urged the husband to repeat to her what he had told Elkin privately. He did. The wife listened, astonished, for he never had admitted his faults to her before. Elkin told her, "I think he's sincere. He wants to save the marriage. Why don't you try it?" She shook her head, but she hesitated. Elkin said, "Will you think it over and come back here in a month to talk some more?" She said she would. Her husband pulled a comic valentine out of his pocket, a picture of a woebegone hound saying, "I miss you." She smiled in spite of herself, and they walked out of the court together, not mad at anybody any more. Subsequently they reconciled.

The court claims that over the years it reconciles 43 per cent of the couples whose cases it hears. (In 1957, 46 per cent.) It sends form letters to couples one year after they were reconciled to ask whether they are still reconciled; it claims that 75 per cent are. This figure is open to some question. It merely means that of the persons replying to the inquiry, 75 per cent say they are still reconciled. Many do not reply; some of these undoubtedly have separated. (The court reports that this year it has telephoned persons who did not reply to its written inquiry and that the 75 per cent figure holds up.) Moreover, the court counts as reconciled all couples who are still technically living together, such as this couple: "We are still together only because I haven't had finances to move."

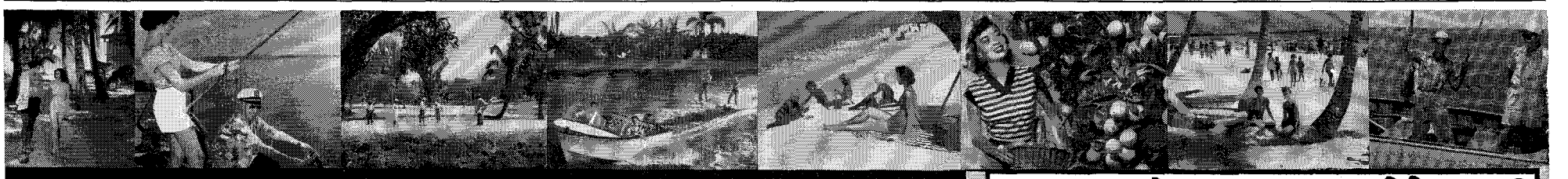
Last year the court heard 948 cases and effected reconciliations in 437, affecting 966 children. It does not follow that had there been no such court all those cases would have ended in divorce—most authorities agree that about 30 per cent of all divorce suits filed are dismissed.

Some lawyers regard conciliation court as a nuisance or a threat—if the court effects reconciliation, they may lose a fee,

Sound Approach

By Dick Emmons

At night, whenever I hear
a noise,
Do I completely lose my
poise?
Do I start up with wordless
scream?
Nope. Yawning, I resume
my dream.
How do I know it's either a
tree
Or else a shutter banging
free?
How do I know that thieves
don't creep
A floor below my unspoiled
sleep?
How am I sure it's a faucet
gurgling?
We haven't anything worth
burgling!



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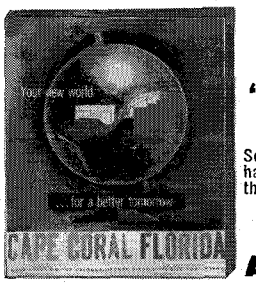

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and even if it doesn't it delays collection. The court has limitations. It handles relatively few cases. Obviously a few visits to a counselor cannot solve deep-rooted problems. The counselors tend to accept people as they are and to help them live with their problems, not necessarily to solve them. Many people will have nothing to do with the court. But short-term counseling can accomplish much, often by making people realize they need further help.

The court is most effective at reconciling couples who already want help and who have drifted toward divorce without quite knowing why.

Take the case of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Colfax, as we shall call them. Joe Colfax is thirty-four years old, boyish-looking, tall, deep-voiced, nervous, with a compulsion to talk. When offended, he pouts, acts injured. He was an only child. His father died when Joe was an infant; his mother married a sailor who had gone down on the Houston in World War II. Joe's wife, Alice, seems much older than he, though she isn't. She is a sweet, gentle woman, tall, ash-blond. Most of the time she seems shy, dull, wan, washed-out; yet when she tells a story her eyes sparkle. Her parents were divorced. She herself had been married before and had one child. Alice and Joe had grown up together in Long Beach, but had scarcely noticed each other till they were about thirty. They married in Yuma in 1954. They rented a house next door to Alice's father in Long Beach—"and that was our first mistake," Joe has said. Her father doted on her baby. Joe resented it. He rebuked Alice for not disciplining the child. He was always saying his mother did things better. Alice wanted to buy a house; Joe refused. Alice urged that, having been in the Navy, he could get a G.I. loan. He wouldn't discuss it. Finally she learned why—he had an undesirable discharge from the Navy. He told her that after nearly five years of wartime service he had been sent back to California for discharge and, celebrating with some other sailors, had drunk too much beer, driven somebody's car off for a joyride, and been sentenced to four months in jail and an undesirable discharge. As a result of this sentence he was not eligible for veterans' benefits, he said. He felt like an outcast.

Alice continued to work after they were married. Joe objected. Finally at his insistence she quit her job. Then he lost his job. They had no money. Her mother often remarked pointedly how successful Alice's first husband had been. Their nerves were ragged. Joe began spending more and more time with his own mother. One day he asked Alice for the engagement ring his mother had given him to give to her. Alice has said, "I figured we were breaking up, so I started packing." Both went home to their mothers.

"But we found each other irresistible," Alice has said, and after two months they decided to try it again. He got a job in Los Angeles. It meant commuting forty-two miles a day. "You get highly nervous and irritable doing that," he has said. And his wife, "And we couldn't get any sleep—the neighbors were yelling or beating on the doors. And the bed was just terrible. Joe's very tall, and we had a little short wall bed to sleep in. Finally we bought a king-size bed." It took up nearly all their living room. They bought a new ranch house in a vast real-estate development near Long Beach, mortgaging it too heavily, and immediately got into financial difficulties. They quarreled. Secretly she took his key to their new house off his key ring. He telephoned to ask, "What does this mean?" "You figure it out," she said and hung up and locked the door. He slept in the garage that night. Next morning he found his clothes in a box on the back porch. He went home to his mother, and Alice's mother moved in with her and the child.

About to lose the house, she went to work. Joe worked awhile in the oilfields but, worrying about his wife, was so absent-minded he nearly got killed, and the foreman fired him. He read somewhere about the reconciliation agreements drawn up in conciliation court. He drew one up on his own and called Alice. She was unhappy too. They signed the agreement and resumed living together.

But the agreement was too restrictive—it even forbade Joe to speak to his mother. He resented it. And the pressures started building up again. He was working and going to night school; on Sunday he was exhausted and irritable. Then Alice got pneumonia. He had to force her to go to the doctor. "I was," he said, tight-lipped, "quite angry at Alice for not going to the doctor sooner." And Alice said, "Then we had an attack of fleas—from the cat. They were on the rugs, the couch, the bed—I was just miserable. They were biting my daughter and me, but they didn't bother my husband. I went home to my mother so I could get a little rest."

And he: "I was trying to spray the fleas and trying to study and work and take care of those fleas. She didn't think I was spraying hard enough." And she, "I thought he didn't want me to come home. It was just awful," and, laughing, "It seems funny now, but it didn't then."

The infestation abated and she came home, still sick. The doctor's bill was mounting. She quit going to him. She and her mother and daughter went to the mountains for a week. "I didn't like that at all," Joe has said. "It's hard to come home to an empty house every night."

One night he and a friend named Bob got into an all-night poker game. Alice came home. "I told her about Bob and the poker game," he recalls. "I tried to be very honest and truthful, which my mother taught me to do."

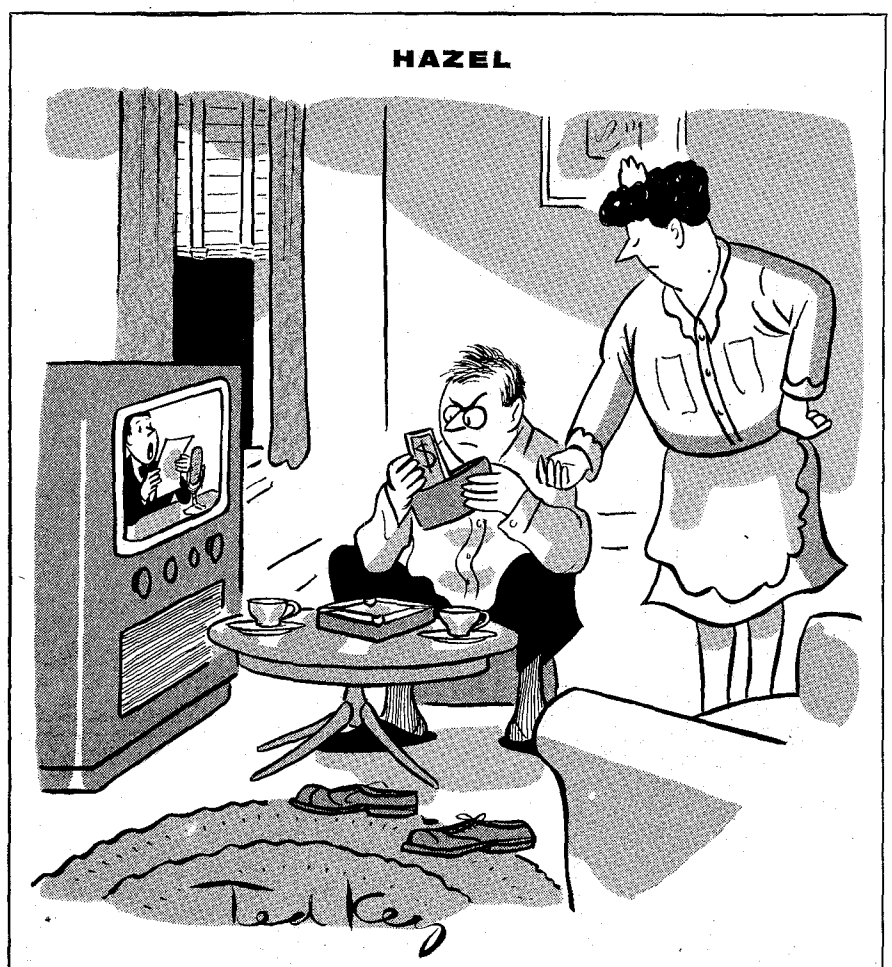
Alice says, "In a couple of days Bob called up, acting mysterious. I wondered what it was all about. One night on TV something came up about drinking, and I asked Joe how many drinks he and Bob had had. I was just teasing. But he got so mad at me, he said, 'What difference does it make? I refuse to discuss it,' and he pranced out to the kitchen. I began to wonder if there was more to it than just a poker game with the boys. He said, 'You act like I went to Los Angeles and went out with a woman.' And I said, 'Did you commit adultery?' He ran into the bedroom. Well, the fat was in the fire. We fought for days."

Joe recalls, "The following Sunday she came in with the Bible and asked me to swear on it that I had not committed adultery. I told her I was moving out. She begged and pleaded with me. I told her, 'Please don't talk to me.' I moved out."

That was in September, 1957. He went straight to a lawyer. "He said, 'You're doing the smart thing. Go out there and get your clothes and move out. Consider yourself lucky.' He said nothing about reconciliation. He told me she would probably beg and plead with me, but I should ignore it." On October first he filed for divorce, charging cruelty.

"That horrible blue paper," his wife recalls. "I was served with it here at the house. I threw it down and screamed, 'I don't want a divorce.'" She was miserable. She asked a friend of Joe's if there really had been another woman. He said no. She decided to get an attorney and fight the divorce. The attorney told her about conciliation court. She went there and filed a petition.

She also tried to telephone Joe. He wouldn't talk to her. She wanted to do something "that would show him I loved him." His biggest worry, she thought, was his undesirable discharge, so she set about trying to get it reviewed. "I had a deep feeling," she has said, "that he was ashamed of it and it made him lack confidence in himself and that was part of our trouble."



". . . conceded the election early this morning to . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Their preliminary divorce hearing was held in December. Alice recalls, "I sat down in the court. I had told myself all day that I'd go over and sit down beside him. I don't care if he is nasty, I'm going to try anyway. They can't shoot you for trying." He would not look at her. He says, "I was still quite hurt. To accuse a person of adultery, I feel that's a pretty serious charge. I was deeply hurt." And she: "It was like talking to a stranger. I told him, 'I still love you, I don't care what you say.'" After the hearing her attorney handed Joe a notice to appear in conciliation court. He said he wouldn't go. His attorney said he had to.

They arrived there separately. He scarcely spoke. She had a Christmas present for him—a recording of Sentimental Date by Perry Como, his favorite singer.

"He didn't want to take it," she recalls. "He said I shouldn't be spending money on it. I told him, 'If it makes me happy, you shouldn't mind.'"

Joe told Elkin he was there "under protest" and would not reconcile. Elkin asked if there was any hope at all. No, he said. Would he be willing to go into counseling? No. Would he be willing to talk to Alice at all? Well, possibly. Alice recalls, "Joe looked at me a long time and said, 'As you know, I'm a Christian and I can't slam the door in your face.'" Elkin asked if they wouldn't sign a reconciliation agreement. Joe refused. Elkin urged them to see each other, to have talks, to "keep communication open," and to come back if they wished. They went home separately.

A few days later they had to appear in divorce court again. Joe said he would take her home. They drove up on Signal Hill and parked and talked for four hours. Alice had spent days writing out notes about things she wanted to discuss with him if she ever had a chance, and now she used them. "I brought up all the things I thought had gone wrong, the things I'd done that I could see now had made trouble. I talked about his mother and how I understood now she was really a fine person, and I shouldn't have borne her a grudge. And about the baby and everything. And about the 'adultery.' I'd been quite a character for a while. You get things so mixed up sometimes. We talked a long time, and pretty soon he was apologizing about some things too."

Christmas Eve he called her and said he had "a little present" for her. "He wanted me to meet him on a street corner so he could give it to me. He said, 'I'm still broke, haven't got a job. All it is is some fudge I made, but I wanted to give you something.' I hung up and bawled like a baby." She met him, and he gave her the fudge, and she urged him to come home with her. He walked her home and looked at the Christmas tree through the window, but wouldn't go in. "So I said, 'It's Christmas Eve,' and I reached over and I said, 'I don't care whether you like it or not, I'm going to kiss you on the cheek.' And I think he kinda liked it. As I went up to the door, he said, 'You take care of yourself.'"

A week later they went together to see Elkin and signed a reconciliation agreement and went home together. The reconciliation agreement hangs on their bedroom wall, hidden behind their marriage certificate. Occasionally they refer to it "when one of us gets out of line." They are convinced they would have blundered on to divorce had it not been for conciliation court. Alice says, "I had every confidence and faith in the world we could work it out, if we just had the chance." And Joe, "The conciliation court gave us the chance."

Editors' Note—This is the second of four articles by John Bartlow Martin. The third will appear next week.

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TIRED of the messy chore of cleaning out your food-splattered, grease-coated oven? Now you can get one that cleans so much easier . . . an oven with a gleaming interior . . . plated with Nickel under chrome.

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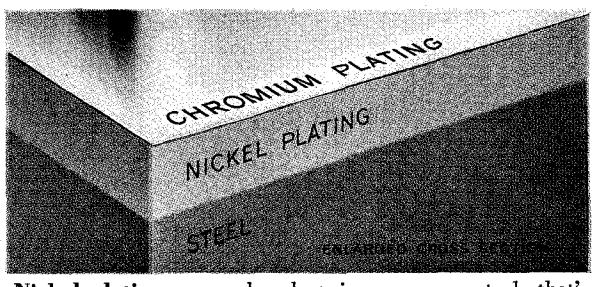

Nickel plating . . . under chromium . . . over steel: that's how a quality finish for ovens is built up. Chromium gives you gleaming beauty. Nickel makes the beauty last. Steel is for strength and durability. ©1958, T.I.N.Co., Inc.

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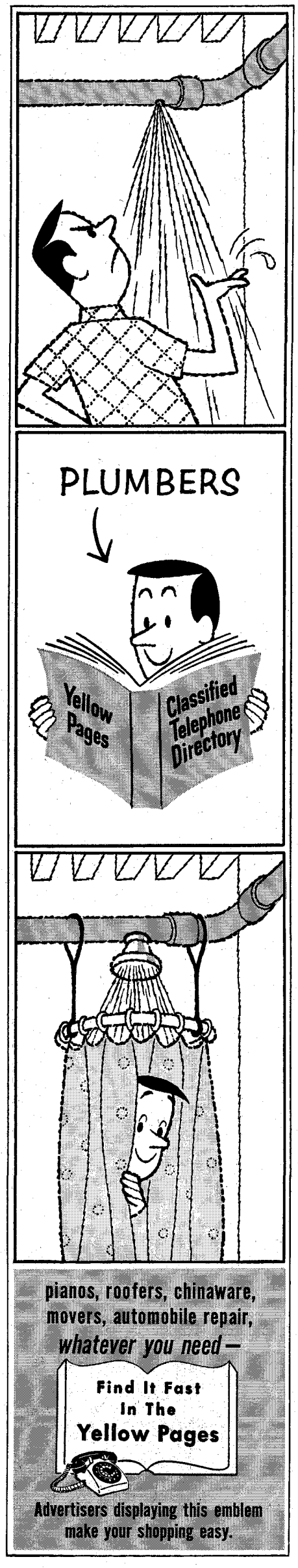
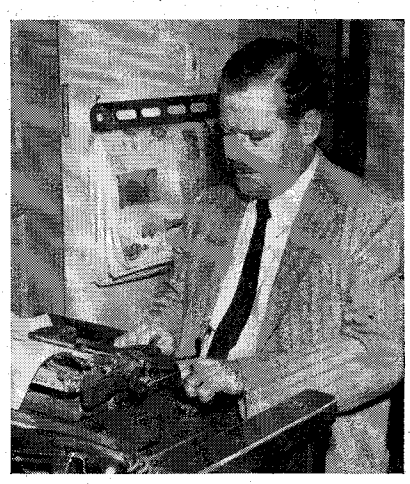


Keeping Posted

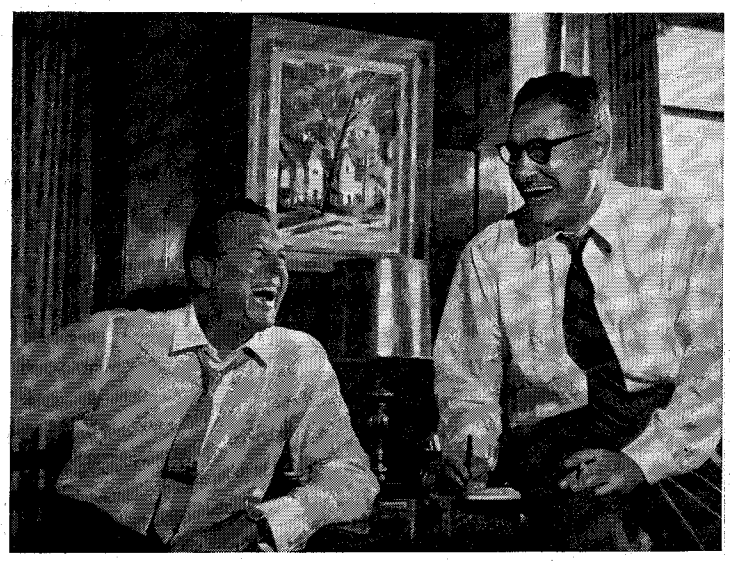
Two Chips Off the Old Block

Tom McMorrow, Jr., of page 37, and **Fred McMorrow,** of page 30, didn't sell their short stories the same day, but their timing was fairly close, and since they are brothers, it seemed logical to put them to bed in the same issue. Last year on September seventh this page ran pictures of Thomas McMorrow, Sr., the popular author who in earlier years had contributed 137 stories and articles to the Post, and of his eldest son, Tom, Jr., who had a story in the Post that week. (Two months later the elder McMorrow died at the age of 71.) Fred, who at the age of 32 makes his Post bow in this issue, is married to Eileen Palmer, radio and TV actress, and they live in Hicksville, N.Y., with six children, two dogs and two cats. He's a newspaperman with the Long Island Daily Press—"I work nights and the characters in the story are composites of the Night People I walk among." As for Tom, Jr. (age 37), he declares he works five days a week as sports editor of Movietone News, two days as producer of Sportsfilms Unlimited, two days as a writer, and rests the tenth day. In this McMorrow's family are three children—including Tom, III.



Fred McMorrow.

Tales of the Authors



Time out for a laugh: actor Ralph Bellamy, author Henry La Cossitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Olderman, pitcher Sal Maglie.

It came naturally for **Henry La Cossitt** to do the page 40 portrait of actor Ralph Bellamy, star of Sunrise at Campobello, because they are old friends. Example of friendship: some years ago when La Cossitt underwent critical surgery Bellamy helped out by giving blood. The writer says, "Our fishing trips over the years have survived the handicap that when together we catch practically no fish." The camera caught that scene of camaraderie in the actor's New York apartment; and by the way, that's one of Bellamy's own paintings on the wall.

Murray Olderman (he describes football coach Bob Blackman, of Dartmouth, on page 31) is a double-threat man; he writes sports and draws sports cartoons for NEA service. "I got into this field partly by training, partly because I couldn't hit a curve ball." His training included garnering a Phi Beta Kappa key at Stanford University, and he does play shortstop in the Leonia, N.J., softball league. He says his red badge of courage in sports was a nasty scalp wound suffered while playing table tennis with Rocky Marciano. Hit his head against a staircase.

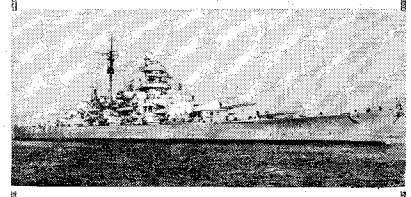
Clay Blair, Jr., became so enamored of the hammocks he slept in on his Yucatán treasure trip (page 23) that he brought one home and it became the sensation of the neighborhood. Yucatán hammocks are so huge that Blair's whole family of five can lie in his, an indeterminate number of children can swing in it, and Blair himself can sleep in it at right angles to the ropes, or catty-corner. "An amazingly soothing device," he sighs. "A triumph of matter over mind."

Henry Shultz, whose magazine stories have appeared in the Martha Foley and O. Henry Award book collections, but who deals in nonfiction on page 49, has spent fifteen years teaching among the Indians in New Mexico. This fall, though, he has switched to the University of Chicago to acquire a Ph.D.

Tommy Devine had an article in the September-twenty-seventh Post about Coach George Wilson, of the Detroit Lions football team (The Uneasy Coach of the Champs), which cited the problem of Detroit's two star quarterbacks, Bobby Layne and Tobin Rote, stressing the rivalry between them. The day after the Post came out the Detroit Free Press said, "Privately some of the Lions are disturbed about some aspects of . . . the article," and it quoted the story's statement by club president E. J. Anderson that Rote, the younger of the two stars, was unhappy about not getting full-time play. On October sixth the Lions gave up trying to solve their problem, or did solve it—they traded Layne to Pittsburgh.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Nine Last Days of the Bismarck"



C. S. Forester, author of the famous Hornblower stories, brings you the factual account of a superdramatic sea fight, the death of Hitler's deadliest battleship.

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